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ANCIENT VIEW OF WESTMINSTER, TAKEN FROM ST JAMES' PARK.
From a Water Colour Drawing in the British Museum.

J.R.Johbins

WESTMINSTER ABBEY,

ITS

History, Pageants, and Royal Memorials.

FROM THE
FOUNDATION BY EDWARD THE CONFESSOR, A.D. 1065,
TO THE FUNERAL OF HENRY V. A.D. 1422.

BY THE
REV. JAMES RIDGWAY, M.A. F.S.A.
LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD;
PRINCIPAL OF THE OXFORD DIOCESAN TRAINING COLLEGE, CULHAM.

"They dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build."—WORDSWORTH.

LONDON:
BELL & DALDY, 186, FLEET STREET.
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TO THE RIGHT REVEREND FATHER IN GOD,

SAMUEL,

LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD,

LORD HIGH ALMONER TO THE QUEEN,

AND CHANCELLOR OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER;

WITH A FEELING OF AFFECTIONATE VENERATION,

KINDLED BY THE RECEPTION OF THE DIACONATE AND PRIESTHOOD

AT HIS HANDS,

STRENGTHENED BY HIS FATHERLY COUNSEL AND PERSONAL KINDNESS;

WITH MANY PRAYERS

FOR HIS TEMPORAL AND ETERNAL WELFARE,

These Memorials

OF ONE SCENE OF HIS EARLY LABOURS,

ARE, BY PERMISSION, RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S FAITHFUL AND ATTACHED SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following pages were written, without any intention of their being published, at intervals extending over two years, amidst constant occupation, and with but little opportunity of referring to "authorities;" for, to any one occupied all day, like the author of this work, the British Museum, which is closed in the evening, affords very small assistance.[1]

Still, at the suggestion of some friends, who heard the substance of these chapters delivered in the form of lectures to a parochial institution,[2] they are submitted to the kind indulgence of the public; and, if they prove as interesting to them, as their compilation has been to the author, they will not have been brought to light in vain. They tell but little that is new, though old things may have assumed a new face; and their object is to connect our national history with the Abbey, which is the greatest ornament of our metropolis, and by means of the latter to illustrate the former, and invest both with a more living interest.

[1] This remark is here made, in the hope that for the benefit of the numerous class, who would gladly avail themselves of the resources of the British Museum if they could, the long-talked-of boon may be granted, and the reading-room opened at night.

[2] Delivered in the schoolroom, Christ Church, St. Pancras, Feb. 1857, and Feb. 1858.

[SOME OF THE AUTHORITIES CONSULTED.]

Life of Edward the Confessor by Aelred de Rievaulx. MS. Lives of the Confessor. Widmore's Westminster Abbey. Crull's Antiquities of the Abbey Church. Dart's Westmonasterium. Harding's, Neale's, and Flete's Histories of Westminster. Harrison's History of Westminster. Hearne's Curious Discourses. Saxon Chronicle. Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle. The Chronicles of Fabian, Thomas Wikes, Henry de Knyghton, Holinshed, Matthew Paris, Matthew of Westminster, and Howe. Dugdale's Monasticon. Fosbroke's British Monachism. Steven's History of Monasteries. Surveys of London and Westminster by Stow, Maitland, and Allen. Gale's Historiæ Anglicanæ Scriptores. Camden's Remains. Antiquarian Repertory. Harleian Miscellany. Malcolm's Londinium Redivivum. Archæologia. Anecdotes and Traditions of English Literature. Political Songs of England. Madox Hist. Exchequ. Liberat. Close Rolls. Strype's Excerpta of the Tower Records. Nichol's Royal Wills. City Records. Patent Rolls. Foxe's Book of Martyrs. Strickland's Lives of the Queens of England. Speed. Stow. Walsingham. Waverley. Michel. Monstrelet. Baker. Wright's Letters on the Suppression of Monasteries. Original Letters of Sir Henry Ellis. Nichol's Pilgrimages of Erasmus. Botfield's Executor's Accounts of Queen Eleanor. Annals of Dunstable and St. Alban's. Howard's History of Edward III. and Richard II. Strutt's British Costume. Gough's Sepulchral Monuments. Weaver's Funeral Monuments. London Chronicle. Larrey's Histoire. Recueil des Historiens des Gaules. Goodwin's Life of Henry V.

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THE

GEM OF THORNEY ISLAND.

ERRATA.

Page 39, line 8, *for* "Holy Island" *read* "Holy Land."
— 44, — 2 of note 2, *for* "pan-nis" *read* "pannis."
— 70, — 19, *for* "have" *read* "has."
— 82, — 3, *for* "stepsons" *read* "half-brothers."
— 92, — 4 of note 1, *or* "of" *read* "for."
— 100, note 3, line 1 from the bottom, *for* "pasitme" *read* "pastime."
— 138, — 1, *for* "152" *read* "148."
— 141, — 2, column 2, line 14, *for* "*Tabellio*" *read* "Tabellio."
— 180, line 18, *for* "were" *read* "was."
— 215, — 2 from the bottom, *for* "Bartholemew" *read* "Bartholomew."

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THE

GEM OF THORNEY ISLAND.

CHAPTER I.

LEGENDARY HISTORY.

THE whole of Westminster together with much of what is now called London, 1,200 years ago, presented the appearance of a long range of rising ground, covered with a vast forest, filled with wild deer, wild boars, and wild bulls, more like the backwoods of Canada, or the bush of Australia, than any scenery now existing in Britain.[1] "The City" at that time was confined within very narrow limits. It certainly could not have extended even as far as the boundary

[1] Some evidence of the original condition of London still remains in the names of a few streets, even in the City, as *Fen*-church, *Fen*-court, *Moor*-gate, *Moor*-lane, *Moor*-fields, *Moor*-street, and *Fens* (Fens)-bury. In the charter of William I. to the College of St. Martin, this part of the City is called "The More." Also, Fitzstephen says of it—"When the great fen, or moor, which watereth the walls on the north side is frozen," &c. This fen, "stretching from the wall of the City betwixt Bishop's-gate," says Stow, "and the postern called Cripple's-gate, to *Fens*-bery and to Holy-well, continued a waste and unprofitable ground a long time, so that the same was all letten for four marks the year, in the reign of Edward II." A.D. 1415, Thomas Fawconer, the Lord Mayor, opened out the Moor-gate, "for the ease of the citizens to walk that way upon causeys towards Iseldon (Islington) and Hoxton: moreover, he caused the ditches of the city, and other the ditches from Soers-ditch (Shore-ditch) to Depe-ditch, by Bethelem into the More-ditch, to be new cast and cleansed: by means whereof the said fen was greatly drained and dried."—*Survey*, p. 159.

marked out by the old fortifications on the north (the name of which is still retained in that of the street, "London Wall"), with its seven gates,—Lud-Gate and New-Gate on the west, Alder's-Gate on the north-west, Bishop's-Gate on the north-east, Ald-Gate on the east, and its four gates on the river, viz:—Bridge-Gate (at London Bridge, which was then an erection of wood), Buttolphe's-Gate, near St. Botolph's Church (this church was given to Westminster Abbey by William the Conqueror), Billings-Gate, built by "Belin," a King of Britain, A.C. 400 (whose ashes were preserved in a brazen urn over this gate), Water-Gate, or Customer's-Key, and Postern-Gate, by the bulwarks of the Tower.

From the hills of Hampstead, the country descended in a gradual slope towards a broad river, somewhat precipitously on the east side, where the stream (called from its rapidity the "Fleet") rushed impetuously past the foot of Old Bourne Hill, and the modern Fleet Street, to empty its waters into the Thames, near the spot where now stands Blackfriars' Bridge. On the western side, the ground declined more gently until it subsided into a deep morass, extending over the whole of that fashionable locality known to us as the aristocratic Belgravia.

Between this barren waste and the river, lay a still more hopeless marsh, impenetrably covered with thick briers and brushwood, somewhat like a "jungle;" this was called "Thorney Island," and though its insular features are now obliterated to all outward appearance, yet the traces of its boundaries, till very lately, partially existed in the names of the surrounding streets. It was formed by a small branch of the Thames, which, leaving that river at the end of Abingdon Street, ran in a westerly direction along the line of College Street, and the south side of Dean's Yard, and after crossing Tothill Street, continued its course along Prince's Street (which until recently retained its name of the "Long Ditch"), from thence it ran in an easterly direction along Gardener's Lane, crossing King Street,

Parliament Street, and Cannon Row (formerly called *Channel* Row), and returned to the river near the southern extremity of Privy Gardens.

[A.D. 616.]—On this solitary, desolate spot,[1] away from house and habitation, a small colony of monks was planted by St. Augustine, and Mellitus, Bishop of London, with the consent of Sebert,[2] King of the East Saxons (Essex), who allowed them some small privileges and a scanty support. Sebert is said to have pulled down a temple of Apollo on the site of the Abbey, and to have destroyed one of Diana when he erected St. Paul's; but Sir Christopher Wren failed to discover any traces of the latter, when digging the foundations of the present Cathedral of St. Paul. He is also said by some to have founded the University of Cambridge. An old tradition says that St. Peter built a Chapel or Oratory here. Lucius (a king of Britain, under the protection of the Romans,) is also said to have been the first founder (A.D. 183), and to have dedicated the chapel

[1] An interesting proof of this original state of the west of the metropolis was afforded during the excavations for the foundation of the Victoria Tower, adjoining the Houses of Parliament, when the workmen came to thick layers of peaty soil. In February, 1857, additional evidence was found in St. James's Park by the labourers employed in digging the foundations for the new suspension bridge. Having penetrated through ten feet of peat, they found a pair of buck's antlers in perfect preservation. Mr. R. W. Mylne, writing about the improvements in the same park, says, "No portion of the *natural* surface of Thorney Island is more than a foot above high-water mark, and even now it has only an *artificial* height of from two to five feet. The lake (which was originally only a creek, and the surface-water of which is about five feet *below* high-water mark) evidently was once connected by brooks and water-courses with Chelsea creeks and ponds, which are now confined within the quay-walls of Grosvenor basin and canal."

[2] *Baronius and Alfordius' Ecclesiastical Annals. Usher's Origin of Churches of Great Britain.*

"The foundation of Westminster by Sebert, a Christian King, not onely in word, but in deed."—*Stow.*

"A curious painting, supposed to be a portrait of Sebert, is to be seen on the stalls near the altar, and has been very carefully engraved by Mr. G. P. Harding, in his *Antiquities in Westminster Abbey.* Walsingham tells us that when his sepulchre was opened for the purpose of translating his remains from the old church to the new, his right hand was found perfect, flesh, skin, nails, and bones up to the middle of the arms,—a statement which is confirmed by Robert of Gloucester."—*Stow's Survey, by W. J. Thoms, Note,* p. 169.

to St. Peter. During the persecution under Diocletian and Maximian (A.D. 313), it was demolished, and a Pagan temple erected on its ruins, and dedicated to Apollo. Three hundred years later this temple was entirely subverted, and its site covered with thorns, or overflowed by the Thames. This, however, is purely legendary, and is not corroborated by any satisfactory evidence, either historical or antiquarian.

Christianity in this country was at that time purely missionary, for the old British Church had been driven into the caves and fastnesses of Wales and Cornwall, by the Pagan invaders from Saxony. The unenviable site chosen for this little monastery (for it is described by the ancient grants as a "terrible place"[1]) suggests in itself the small security that these new-come monks felt, even in the neighbourhood of a great metropolis, whose monarch was their patron and benefactor. Proximity to the river, from whence a supply of fish might be obtained for their daily maintenance, would in this, as in almost every other instance, be the first desideratum; but as St. Augustine himself, on landing in England, sought the secure position offered by the Island of Thanet, no doubt, his followers adopted the same policy for their security, in selecting the barren Island of Thorney, offering no temptations to marauders, and protected by its natural isolation.

Here, by donations from Sebert, and, as some say, by the benefactions of a wealthy London citizen, they erected a small church, and a very humble convent. Still, their lot must have been anything but an enviable one, their subsistence scanty, and their position somewhat insecure. To remedy both,—to increase the former by the labour of others, and strengthen the latter by investing their new abode with superstitious awe, they seem to have resorted to an expedient, not unusual in those days, and to have laid claim to a miraculous sanctification of their little settlement; but others allege that no pretence of this miraculous

[1] "In loco terribili" is the description of the spot in the old charter.

consecration was advanced until some centuries later, when the monastery wished to claim exemption from ecclesiastical supervision, as belonging only to the See of St. Peter.

On a stormy night, so saith the legend, when the Long Ditch surrounding this Island of Thorney was swollen with exceeding great rain, and the waters of the Thames were running in immense torrents, and heaving with mighty waves, a mysterious visitor appeared, on the opposite bank, to one Edericus, a poor fisherman, and offered him large money to ferry him across to the convent buildings on the little island. The fisherman had cast his nets in vain; the night was unpromising for his trade; hunger overcame his fears; and the stranger's promise of reward gained his consent. Arrived after much toil in safety at the bank, the visitor bade him stay for his return, while he entered the new church, which was just completed, and still awaited its consecration at the hands of Bishop Mellitus. No sooner had his foot crossed the threshold, than a miraculous light shot forth from the windows of the building of such transcendent brightness, as to convert the blackness of the stormy night into the meridian splendour of the clearest day. Dulcet strains of celestial music filled the air with their sweetness, as they issued from the mouths of a countless host of angelic choirs; the most fragrant odours were diffused around, and troops of angels ascended and descended from heaven in continual succession, as recorded in the vision of old to the patriarch Jacob.

The astonished fisherman, awe-struck by such a miraculous assemblage, was lost in admiration, until restored to consciousness by the return of his companion, when the angels vanished, the music ceased, the light expired, and they recrossed the river.

When safely landed, the mysterious visitor unfolded his sacred mission, and character, commanding Edericus to bear tidings to the bishop, that St. Peter had, in his own person, consecrated the convent built to his honour; and to relate his own evidence of what he had seen and heard. The

humble waterman, however, though no doubt duly impressed with proper respect for his saintly passenger, yet, still, could not restrain his thoughts from wandering to sublunary matters, and was quite in character the ancestor of our present watermen; so, having recovered from his surprise, he respectfully craved the promised reward. The Apostle bid him cast his net into the water, when a miraculous draught of salmon was the immediate result, of which fish, he assured him, neither himself nor any of his fraternity should ever find a lack, so long as they presented every tenth to the newly-dedicated convent.[1]

When Mellitus was informed of this wonderful event, he hastened to the church; where, finding the Chrism, the droppings from the wax-tapers, and other convincing proofs of consecration, he desisted from his appointed office, and, in commemoration of the miracle, changed the name of the place from "Thorney Island" to the more honourable title of *West* Minster, in contradistinction to the cathedral of St. Paul's, which was the Minster of the *East.*

In spite, however, of all the religious awe with which it was enveloped, we find, in the tenth century, the convent of Westminster a heap of ruins, its monks slain, its sacred buildings burnt to the ground by the cruel Danish marauders, and the Island of Thorney once more a barren waste.

The notable St. Dunstan,[2] and King Edgar, partially restored the edifice and replanted the monkish colony

[1] Tithe-fish continued to be offered by the Thames fishermen as late as the year 1382, nearly 800 years after this event.—*Neale's "Westminster."*

[2] St. Dunstan was Abbot of Glastonbury; was received at the Court of Edgar on the death of Athelstan and Edmund; was made Bishop of London and Worcester together, and, subsequently, Archbishop of Canterbury, where he died in 987. There is a legend, that when the son of Earl Harold was buried near him, in the church of Canterbury, St. Dunstan, unable to find rest, got up from under the high altar to complain of the affront. He was far in advance of his age, and his deep researches into science procured for him the reputation of practising magic. From his skill in music probably arose the serious charge of his harp playing of itself; it most likely was an Æolian harp. His skill as an artificer in brass and iron may have been the foundation of the story of his griping the Devil's nose with red-hot tongs.

[A.D. 969], which, for the next half century, dragged on a languishing existence.

So ends the preliminary, and, one may say, the legendary account of the Abbey, which has been glanced at summarily, omitting much that is entirely in obscurity, or hinted at by but few historians, and retaining only that which seems to gain the general assent of all. But it is rather from this point, viz. the lasting undisturbed foundation of the Abbey, that it is intended to commence this sketch, carrying down the account through successive ages, and by it illustrating our national history.

CHAPTER II.

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

At the time our narrative properly commences, England had been desolated by a savage horde of Danish invaders for near 200 years, during which they had gained so complete a mastery over the kingdom, that their leaders had obtained, first half, and then the whole of the British Crown.

These Danish tyrants oppressed, robbed, and overtaxed the people with the most grinding extortion. The "Danegelt" or "Dane-gold" for one year amounted to £32,147, —no great sum, perhaps, viewed side by side with our own enormous taxation, but infinitely more, if we consider the small wealth of the country at that time, and that this was the worth of no less than 771,056 acres of arable land.[1]

These taxes were collected by military execution; the domestic troops of the tyrant traversed the country to enforce, and even seize the levies. The citizens of Worcester, on one occasion, groaning under such an intolerable burden, drained of money, famished and starving, with corn at a most enormous price, rose *en masse* on the tax-gatherers, and slew these odious functionaries. The tyrant, however, assembling his earls, burnt the city, and destroyed the citizens.

The third and last of these oppressors had suddenly expired without issue, while gracing with his presence a banquet given at Clap-ham,[2] in honour of the marriage

[1] *Palgrave's Anglo-Saxons.*

[2] Clapham, or Clapa-ham, was so called, as being the "*hame*" or *home*, or perhaps more correctly, the *homestead*, or manor-house of Clapa.

of Goda, daughter of Osgod Clapa, a wealthy English Thane, to "Towid the Proud," the marshal or standard-bearer of the Danish king.

We can readily conceive, then, that it was with feelings of unwonted thankfulness, that our enslaved, impoverished forefathers hailed at last the coronation of an Anglo-Saxon king, famed for his gentle, amiable disposition, his love of peace, and kindness to the poor.

Such, in anticipation, was Edward the Confessor (the original founder of that Abbey, the beauty of which is eclipsed by no edifice in Europe), whose name was for centuries extolled and worshipped as a saint, and whose shrine and chapel were among the most costly productions of art, glittering with jewels, overlaid with gold, the centre of artistic rivalry, of religious awe, and devout rapture, which kings and saints delighted to honour, princes and nobles vied in enriching.

Edward, when he had fled as an exile into Normandy, after the perilous visit (in which his brother Alfred was treacherously taken prisoner by Godwin, and, with blinded eyes, consigned to a lingering death in a dungeon at Ely), made a vow, according to the common usage of the times, that, if God should be pleased to put an end to his troubles, and restore him to his home, he would perform a pilgrimage to Rome or Jerusalem (for the accounts differ as to which it was), and return thanks to the Almighty at the Holy Sepulchre, or the tomb of St. Peter.

The unexpected death of Hardicanute, and the craftiness of Earl Godwin, who wanted a simple and inoffensive monarch to sit on the throne, while *he* ruled the kingdom, restored Edward to his country, and gave him its crown.

An answer to his prayers, as signal as it was unlooked for, recalled his vow to his mind, and he lost no time in preparing to fulfil it by summoning a council of prelates and nobles, to appoint a regency during his absence. They, more worldly wise, dreading the absence of a monarch, whose mild conciliatory spirit promised so much prosperity

and peace, persuaded him, however, to sacrifice his feelings of devotion to the more imperative duty of attending to the charge over which God had placed him; and he consented, instead of *going himself*, to *send an embassy* to Rome, asking for a dispensation from the Pope.

The dispensation having been granted, on condition that the expense which would have been incurred by his journey should be devoted by him, partly to the poor, and partly to the foundation of a monastery and church in honour of St. Peter, he at once set himself to perform his task right royally.

As the object of his benefaction he selected the convent of St. Peter at Westminster, either on account of its isolated position, or, as appears more probable, from the suggestion of the Pope;[1] though tradition says that St. Peter himself appeared in a dream to a monk, Wulsinus, and bid him inform the King that "there was a place in the west of London which he loved, and which he had consecrated with his own hands, and hallowed by miracles, which he would have Edward restore, stately build, and amply endow, for it should be no less than the house of God, and the gate of heaven."[2] But we find in history that monks had a very happy knack of dreaming of the fulfilment of what they wished, and the wish was generally father to the thought. Be it as it may, this place having been selected by Edward, the work was at once commenced on a scale of princely magnificence.

[1] The Bull of Leo IX. to Edward runs thus: Deinde præcipimus tibi sub nomine sanctæ obedientiæ et pœnitentiæ, ut expensas, quas ad istud iter paraveras, pauperibus eroges, et cœnobium monachorum in honorem Sti. Petri Apostolorum principis, aut novum construas, aut vetustum emendes: augeas, et sufficientiam victualiam fratribus de tuis reditibus constituas.

[2] Est mihi locus in occidentali parte Londoniarum, a me electus, mihi dilectus: quem quondam mihi propriis manibus consecravi, meâ nobilitavi præsentiâ, divinis insuper miraculis illustravi. Thorneia nomen est loci. Qui quondam ob peccata populi barbarorum traditus potestati, pauperrimus ex divite, humilis ex sublimi, ex nobili factus est contemptibilis. Hunc Rex, me præcipiente, in habitaculum monachorum suscipiat reparandum, sublimandum ædificiis, possessionibus ampliandum: non erit ibi aliud, nisi Domus Dei, et porta cœli.—*Aelred de Rievaulx.*

Having, on his accession to the crown, remitted the Dane-gelt (the greatest source of his income), his revenue was but small; yet he made an estimate of all his property in lands, money, cattle, and every kind of possession, and devoted one-tenth to the pious work.[1]

[A.D. 1049.]—He commenced by pulling the old edifice down to the ground; by removing to its present site the church of St. Margaret (which even at so early a date had been erected) from what was then the churchyard, but which is now covered by the buildings of the Abbey.

This church of St. Peter was built in a style entirely novel to this kingdom, and was copied from the examples with which Edward had become familiar during his exile in Normandy. It afforded a model eagerly followed by future builders.[2] The Anglo-Saxon churches had consisted only of a nave; but this was in the form of a cross, with chancel, transepts, and aisles. The principal area or nave stood on a number of lofty arches of hewn stone, joined together with the greatest nicety; and the vault was covered with a strong, double-arched roof of stone on both sides. The cross, which embraced the choir, rose first with a low, strong arch, and then swelled out with several rising staircases to the single wall, up to the wooden roof, which was carefully covered with lead. At the point where the transepts crossed the choir and nave stood a lofty square tower.[3]

This is all we know of the fabric which owed its origin to Edward the Confessor, the erection of which occupied the whole of his reign. He personally superintended the

[1] Itaque decimari præcepi omnem substantiam meam, tam in auro et argento, quam in pecudibus et omni genere possessionum; et destruens veterem, novam a fundamentis Basilicam construxi, et constructam dedicari feci quinto kalendas Januarii. —*Aelred de Rievaulx.*

[2] Sepultus est Londini in Ecclesiâ, quam ipse *novo compositionis genere* construxerat, a qua post multi Ecclesias construentes exemplum adepti opus illud emulabantur.—*Matt. Paris.*

[3] Sulcardus the monk says, "The new church was supported by divers columns, from which sprang a multiplicity of arches." —*MSS. Cott., Faust A III.*

work, hastening it on as he felt his end approaching, particularly desirous that it should receive the rite of consecration before his own decease, that his bones might rest there.

Edward, and Editha his queen, rather bring to our minds a pious country gentleman and an accomplished country gentlewoman, than the king and queen of the British nation. They were both simple in their tastes, though endowed with such personal attractions as were considered in those days of the highest order. The king was immensely tall and well made; his hair and skin remarkably fair; his complexion rosy;[1] while the queen was the most beautiful, as well as the most accomplished woman of her age. Edward always walked, wherever he went, dressed in the most ordinary garb; and his leisure time was principally spent in superintending the darling project of his life—the building of this abbey—or in works of devotion and study; while his hours of recreation were passed in the society of the abbot and monks of his new foundation. In fact, there can be little doubt that his proper sphere was rather the cloister than the palace.[2]

The queen, too, though clever, beautiful, and accomplished, was equally humble and unassuming. She was exceedingly skilful in needlework, and embroidered with her own hands the robes with which Edward was gorgeously arrayed on "*collar-days.*" Though some historians would tell us that they were an unhappy couple, facts rather lead one to conclude she was as much heart and soul in these pious works as he was; and however he may have slighted her, nothing interfered with her love to him.

[1] *Turner's Anglo-Saxons, Vol. I.* p. 461.

[2] He was so much in love with retirement and devotional reflection, that, being once disturbed at a country seat by the singing of nightingales, he prayed that they might no more be heard in that place, which petition, says the legend, was granted accordingly; a piece of selfishness, by-the-bye, for which we should neither honour nor thank him now-a-days, though it was urged, at that time, as the evidence of the efficacy of his prayers, and, by inference, of the holiness of his life.

CHAPTER III.

DEDICATION OF THE ABBEY.

At last the noble work was completed, and the buildings were ready for consecration. But we must no more think of Westminster as a deserted island, but as a beautiful suburb.

There was the royal palace, with its pleasant gardens stretching to the banks of the Thames, sheltered by stately trees. On one side stood the conventual buildings, with their lines of gabled roofs, their choristers' school and cloisters; on the other, the parish church of St. Margaret; and in the centre of all, the costly cruciform church, with its lofty tower;—as magnificent a pile of buildings as the piety of the royal founder, and the Romanesque architecture, then so highly esteemed on the Continent, could make it.

The day was fixed for the grand ceremonial, and a royal invitation sent from end to end of the kingdom, summoning all the nobles of the realm to assemble at Westminster on Childermas-eve, 1065, and take part in the service of the following day. The customary formal notice was issued by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, for weeks beforehand, to the bishops of their respective provinces, and through them to the clergy, that all, who could, might be present to do honour to St. Peter, and show respect to their king. The whole nation,—sovereign, court, and people,—were on the tiptoe of expectation. So great a

festival, so momentous a day for the Church of England, had never dawned on this country, as was about to shine forth on the approaching feast of Holy Innocents.

On Christmas Eve, when all was ready, and the nobles and prelates were fast arriving; when those most deeply interested could scarcely endure the suspense, and there were but three days wanting to the appointed time, the king fell sick of a fever. For three days he dissembled his illness, and the sacred solemnity, so says his biographer, of that most lovely (dulcissima) of feasts of the most lovely Jesus, filled his mind with excessive pleasure (mentem ejus plurimum jocundabat).[1] So eager was he to be present at the approaching dedication, that he vanquished nature herself; triumphing over his malady, he attended the Christmas services, and, clothed in all the insignia of royalty, retained his wonted seat at the dais in the hall of his palace, surrounded by the prelates and nobles of the realm, during the high feast which he was accustomed to give at that social season.[2]

On the third day (the festival of St. John the Evangelist), he felt that his life was fast drawing to a close,[3] and that the disease could no longer be resisted; he therefore hastened to put the finishing stroke to his designs.[4]

[1] *Aelred de Rievaulx.*

[2] Tribus diebus victor naturæ, et de ipso morbo triumphans regalia instrumenta sustinuit, et sollempni convivio inter episcopos et proceres, cum quâ potuit alacritate, resedit."—*Aelred de Riev.*

Yut bare he the crowne, and helde the deys with other atyre also,
And with gret chere III. dayes helde his feste so.
Robert of Gloucester.

[3] Tertio autem die sentiens vocationis suæ tempus adesse; jubet ut, paratis omnibus, die crastina consecraretur ecclesia.—*Aelred de Riev.*

[4] From the histories and chronicles it is doubtful whether this took place on the evening preceding, or that following the consecration. The "Charter" itself would lead one to conclude it was on the latter day, from using the words "*Posteaquam* Deo *dedicata* illa sancta ecclesia;" but, probably, when the deed was drawn up, it was Edward's intention to sign it after the consecration, but, finding his illness increase, he thought it better to conclude the act beforehand. Robert of Glo'ster and Aelred of Rievaulx both fix the time of signing the Charter on the eve preceding the Dedication.

A Seynt Johen's Day, of all to make good endyng,
He confirmed by his charter in all maner thyng

He summoned to his private room the principal bishops and nobles who were at court, and in their presence signed the deeds, conveying to the Abbey manors, with which he intended to endow, adorn, and enrich it; as also the charters granting the privileges, which were the groundwork of that exclusive immunity from all control and authority, which it enjoyed for many centuries. The king having affixed his signature and attested it by his seal of the cross (the first royal seal ever used by an English sovereign), his Queen Editha added her seal and signature, which were followed by those of the two archbishops, four bishops, four barons, and four ministers.[1]

The grant of estates[2] made to the Abbey was ample beyond all precedent, comprising land to the extent of several counties; but there are only two manors which need be particularised, those of Islip and Windsor.

The former, Islip[3] (or Gyslepe, as it was then called), near

To Westmynstre the fredomes i used yut huder to
And ho that a yenst him ought dude, let sentence ther on doo.

Robert of Gloucester.

[1] List and form of Signatures; —Dated A.D. 1065, Indictionis III.

+ Ego, Edwardus rex totius Britanniæ, præfatam hanc Cartulam cum sigillo sanctæ crucis regali stabilimento affirmavi.

+ Ego, Eadgyth ejusdem Regis conlaterana, hanc regalem confirmationem gaudenter stabilivi.

+ Ego, Stigandus archiepiscopus, triumphalem agiæ crucis tropheum huic regiæ affirmationi gaudenter impressi.

+ Ego, Ealredus archiepiscopus, hanc territoriam Schedulam signo sanctæ crucis diligenter adsignare curavi.

+ Ego, Leofricus episcopus, consolidavi.

+ Ego, Willelmus episcopus, coadunavi.

+ Ego, Heremannus episcopus, corroboravi.

+ Ego, Wulfius episcopus, confirmavi.

Harold, Dux.
Eadwine, Dux.
Gyrth, Dux.
Leofwine, Dux.
Esgar, Minister.
Bondig, Minister.
Rodulph, Minister.
Rodbeard, Minister.

Widmore's History of Westminster Abbey.

[2] Besides Islip and Windsor, Edward gave Wheathamstead, Stevenage and Cadwell, in Herts; the whole county of Rutland (then part of Northamptonshire); Brentford, Middlesex; Petworth, Suffolk; and various other possessions in Middlesex, Oxfordshire, Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, Suffolk, Herts, &c.—*Neale's Westminster*, p. 25.

[3] This manor of Islip, in after years, became the country seat of

Oxford, was his patrimonial estate, and had been the residence of his father, Ethelred, where in the palace, which then stood on the north side of the church, Edward himself was born. In the church of Islip he was baptized; and the very stone font, in which he received that sacrament, was in existence a century ago in that very neighbourhood, in the possession of the Browns of Nether Kiddington, near Woodstock (a family still well known there), who rescued it from profane uses.[1] It then bore the following inscription in Lombardic characters:—

THIS . SACRED . FONT .
ST. EDWARD . FIRST . RECEAVD .
FROM . WOMB . TO . GRACE .
FROM . GRACE . TO . GLORY . WENT .
HIS . VIRTVOVS . LIFE .
TO . THIS . FAYRE . ISLE . BEQVETHD .
PRASE . . . . .
AND . TO . VS. BVT . LENT .
LET . THIS . REMAINE .
THE . TROPHIES . OF . HIS . FAME .
A . KING . BAPTIZD.
FOM . HENCE . A . SAINT . BECAME .

On the reverse side was,

THIS . FONT . CAME .
FROM . THE . KING'S .
CHAPELL . IN . ISLIP .
. . . . . .

Windsor, though given to the Abbey by Edward, was speedily wheedled out of it by William the Conqueror,

the Abbot of Westminster, as it still is of the Dean; and the late Dean was Rector of the Church until his death.

[1] Some lady used it as a trough, out of which she fed her turkeys; but, as all the turkeys invariably died (so runs the story), she desisted, and used some less sacred, but more healthy, utensil. There is also an account that, when struck with any hard material, it emitted a full deep sound, like a rich-toned bell.—*Glossary to Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle.*

who was charmed with the delightful hunting it afforded; and it has ever since been a favourite resort of our royal family.

The privileges conferred by Edward on the monastery were very great. He gave the monks power to choose their abbots from their own body; he exempted them from episcopal jurisdiction as well as from all secular authority, save that of the king only; and concluded his grants and charters by solemnly pronouncing an everlasting anathema, with eternal punishment in the company of the traitor Judas, against all who should annul or violate the privileges he had bestowed. Whether his successor, Henry VIII., ever read this charter, we know not.

This business concluded, Edward ordered the consecration to take place on the following morning,[1] in spite of his increasing indisposition; and he brought forth the various gifts and ornaments, which he had prepared for the enrichment of the choir, or the due performance of the service in the royal church.[2] There were the richest vestments for the abbot, gorgeous hangings for the altar in great numbers, "a Dalmatian embroidered pall, a chalice made of onyx stone, bound [with gold] about the foot, with a paten thereunto, all of pure gold." Next he presented, for use at the coronation of future sovereigns, the ivory sceptre, surmounted by the figure of a dove, a gold spoon, ornamented with four pearls in the broad part of the bowl (erroneously said to be still preserved in the Tower);[3] his own regalia,—golden crowns, robes, sword and sceptres of state,—and lastly, his personal jewels and valuables, among which, as things highly esteemed in that day, are

[1] "On Childermas Day (December 28th, 1065) the new Abbey Church of Westminster was consecrated."—*Saxon Chronicle.*

"King Edward the Confessor commanded the Church at Westminster to be dedicated on Innocents Day."—*William of Malmesbury.*

[2] Paravit ipse donaria, varia protulit ornamenta, diversa vasorum genera separavit, descripsit possessiones, quibus omnibus sanctissimum illud oratorium et dotaretur, et ornaretur, et ditaretur.—*Aelred.*

[3] All these were broken up with the rest of the regalia, and sold during the Great Rebellion.

mentioned, a "pair of spurs, linen gloves, and a tortoise-shell comb set in gold."[1]

After all, he committed to the archbishops and bishops the sacred relics,[2] without which no church was considered of any importance, and which were as necessary parts of its furniture as the pulpit or the altar; in fact, in those days, relics supplied the place which a popular preacher occupies in these. They were then carried to some sacred place, where, according to the injunctions of the ritual, they were religiously watched by a party of ecclesiastics, who engaged in prayer and devout exercises around them during the whole night; and the prelates and nobles withdrew to prepare for the morrow, while the declining

[1] *Dugdale's Monasticon*, Vol. I. p. 268.

[2] A list of these relics is given by Dart:—"A part of the place and manger where Christ was born, and some of the frankincense offered to him by the Magi; a piece of the table used by our Lord at the Last Supper; a portion of the bread which He blest; a part of the seat where He was presented in the Temple; some sand from the wilderness where He fasted forty days; some stone of which the gaol was built in which He was imprisoned; a fragment of the seamless coat; a piece of the sponge, spear, and the scourge with which He was tortured; a stone from the sepulchre in which He was laid, and part of the linen napkin that was wrapped around His head; some portions of Mounts Golgotha and Calvary; a great part of the Holy Cross, enclosed in another cross particularly beautiful and distinguished, with many other pieces of the same, with great part of one of the nails belonging to it; and likewise the cross that floated against wind and wave over the sea from Normandy hither, conducting Edward back from his exile; many pieces of the vestments of the blessed Virgin; of the linen she wore; pieces of the window at which the Angel stood when he saluted her; some of her milk, of her hair, of her shoes, and of her bed; also of the girdle worked by her own hands, which she wore, and which she was said to have dropped to St. Thomas at her assumption; some hairs from St. Peter's beard, and a part of his cross; sundry relics of St. Paul, viz., a certain cloth in which his head was wrapt when it was cut off; one of the fingers and some of the blood of the same Apostle; many bones of St. Andrew, and part of his cross; a bone of St. James the Greater; relics of St. Philip and St. James, the Apostles; arms of the Apostles Bartholomew and Thomas, with relics of the Apostles Barnaby, Matthew, and Matthias; a great part of the body of St. Botolph, the Abbot, with one of his cowls, and other relics; the head, pouch, and ivory staff of St. Andrew the Bishop; and relics of the SS. Giles, Jerome, Ethelwold, Erkenwald, Theodoric, and many others; the head and other bones of St. Margaret, and fragments of her clothes; oil from the tomb of St. Katherine; relics of St. Cæcilia and of St. Tecle, with half a jaw and three teeth of St. Anastatia."—*Dart's Westminster*, Vol. I. p. 37.

monarch sought what repose his feverish disorder would permit.

At last, the long expected day arrived, and at early dawn, on the feast of Holy Innocents (1065), long befor it was light, crowds of people, rich and poor, young and old, assembled round the new-built edifice. Almost every bishop, noble, baron, and chief of the realm, was there.[1] There was Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Aldred, Archbishop of York; Wulfstan, Bishop of Worcester, whose holy simplicity of life had greatly endeared him to the king; Leofric, Bishop of Exeter, who, when Edward transferred the see to that city from Crediton, was installed in his own cathedral with every mark of royal respect, the king leading him by the right hand and the queen by the left; [2] there was Herman, Bishop of Old Sarum (Salisbury); William, Bishop of London, who shortly after (for he died A.D. 1170) obtained from William the Conqueror the charter of liberties for the city of London; Duke Harold, the king's brother-in-law,—himself so soon the future ill-starred monarch; Dukes Eadwine, Gyrth, and Leofrine; and, above all, the royal founder himself (ill though he was, and with difficulty able to discharge his kingly office, or even bear the weight of his costly robes);[3] and the assiduous Editha, at once both king and queen, making up by her excessive zeal for her husband's involuntary deficiencies. Busy in providing every requisite, diligent in making every arrangement, anxious about every *thing*, attentive to every *person*, and alive to every *want*, she fully performed the duties of both; thus the cloud which would have thrown a sickening gloom over that joyous day, was scarcely even perceived.[4]

[1] Illucescebat sanctorum Innocentium jocunda festivitas, et convenientibus in unum episcopis, cunctisque regni proceribus sacra dedicationis sollempnitas inchoatur. —*Aelred de Riev.*

[2] *Speed.*

[3] *Fabian. Robert of Gloucester. Aelred de Rievaulx.*

[4] Rex, quantum valetudo permit tebat, favebat officio; sed regina omnia disponens, omnia procurans, sollicita de omnibus, intenta omnibus, utriusque vicem implevit.—*Aelred.*

At early dawn, the two archbishops,[1] attended by a long train of bishops, clergy, and nobility, followed by the choir and monks of the new Abbey, and many an abbot and prior from the numerous monasteries which had felt the monarch's favour, or been blest with his substantial bounty (such as Bury St. Edmunds, Croyland, Ottery St. Mary, and innumerable others), issue in solemn procession from the palace, singing the antiphon, "Zacchæus, make haste and come down; for to-day I must abide at thy house." The attendants light twelve candles, which are placed in massive silver candlesticks round the outside of the church, three on the north, three on the south, three on the east, and three on the west; while the archbishop, accompanied by the clergy and choir, chants forth the initiatory prayer:—

"God, which by the preaching of Thine Apostles, didst open to Thy Church the kingdom of heaven, and didst call them the lights of the world, grant, we beseech Thee, that, being assisted by their prayers, by whose teaching we are guided and splendour illuminated, we may make these our actions pleasing to Thy Divine Majesty." At the conclusion, the whole company moves slowly round the walls three times in solemn procession, chanting the litany as they walk, the people uniting in the responses.

A deacon now enters the empty church alone and locks himself in, while those without sing the antiphon, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates," &c. And again the procession moves solemnly round the outside walls, chanting the twenty-fourth Psalm, until they reach the south porch, when the archbishop strikes the side-post with his crozier,

[1] *Roger of Wendover* says, that Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury, was suspended from his episcopal functions by the Pope, and Robert of Jumiéges installed in his place; but, during the disturbance made by the Saxon nobles at the insolence of some of the King's Norman favourites, Robert was obliged to fly the country, and Stigand recalled by the Saxon party. It is, therefore, concluded he officiated on this occasion as Primate, especially as his signature was attached to the Charter the evening before.

thrice repeating the antiphon, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in;" to which the deacon inside responds, "Who is the King of Glory?" Again the procession encircles the church; arriving at the south door, the archbishop and deacon repeat the ceremony; and a third time the church is perambulated, when the archbishop, thrice striking the door, and receiving the deacon's response, the whole choir, clergy, and people, with one loud burst of song break forth with the pealing chorus, "The Lord of hosts, He is the King of Glory."—At once the doors fly open, and the whole assembly fill the church with the thunder of their voices.

As the archbishop, after traversing the nave, followed by his clergy, enters the choir, he gives the Apostolic blessing, "Peace be to this house, and to all that are in it: Peace to them that come in, and to them that go out."—"Bless, O Lord, this house, which the sons of men have built for Thee: hear those which shall come up to this place: hear their prayers in the lofty throne of Thy glory." They then proceed to the high altar, while the choir chants the eighty-seventh psalm, "Her foundations are on the holy hills," &c.

The abbot and monks of the Abbey, with the choristers of Westminster School, sing the litany; the congregation fill the nave, and multitudes throng round the door, unable to gain access, while the whole episcopacy of England lies prostrate on the ground before the altar.

The litany ended, the archbishop rises alone, and, with the end of his crozier, writes in ashes on the floor two Roman alphabets, one from east to west, and the other from north to south. Having done this, he blesses the water, mixed with salt, ashes, wine, and chrism, and, pouring this liquid on some lime ready prepared, he makes the mortar for closing up the relics in the basement of the altar.

He then purifies the church by sprinkling it with holy

water,—three times inside, to signify faith in the Trinity, and once outside, to symbolize one baptism—the choir singing appropriate psalms; and, standing in the middle of the church, he solemnly dedicates it, according to the prescribed ritual. Then, reverently approaching the altar, he makes the sign of the cross at the four corners, and, going round it seven times, sprinkles it with hyssop, and anoints the walls with chrism in the shape of a cross in twelve different places (six on each side), in symbolism of the twelve apostles; after which, the priests, ascending the turrets to the roof, sing, "Jacob beheld a ladder reaching to the heavens," and, by their song, proclaim to the people that the whole building is hallowed to God.

And now, "O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him for ever," resounds from every part of the church. The deacons and acolytes bring forth the costly altar-linen, and gorgeous vestments, the corporal, patens, chalices, censers, and other Eucharistic vessels, to receive the archiepiscopal blessing, while the altar-cross, the bells, font, and churchyard, receive in succession their hallowing benediction.

After this commences the most imposing scene of all: the tabernacle being consecrated, the whole body of bishops and clergy leave the church and proceed to the place where some of their number have watched,—in prayer and fasting all night long,—the holy relics, for whose reception the church has been especially designed. Again a litany is sung; and a number of bishops, most renowned for the holiness of their lives, raise upon their shoulders the shrine in which these sacred treasures are deposited; in grand procession, with priests in full robes, bearing crosses and banners, censers filled with incense, candlesticks of gold and silver, and tapers innumerable, they slowly advance towards the church, chanting, as they go, canticles and graduary psalms.

Arrived in the choir, a veil is drawn down to conceal the holy shrine from the gaze of the people in the nave,

while the archbishop with his own hands deposits the relics in the aperture prepared for them in the altar, having first anointed it with chrism; and, adding three particles of the Holy Eucharist and three grains of incense, he closes it up with the mortar, previously prepared by himself.

Thus ends the Consecration service, properly so called.[1] The archbishops, bishops, and clergy retire to the sacristy, and put on their sacramental robes; meanwhile the altar is vested with its gayest and most costly attire; the church is decorated with evergreens, garlands, and flowers, and illuminated with hundreds of tapers; and a full and solemn mass (accompanied by a sermon on *The Dedication* by the archbishop) concludes the greatest Christian ceremony England had ever witnessed.

But, how strangely, in this world, are joy and sorrow mingled together! How often do we plunge almost instantaneously from the one extreme to the other! Nay, even physically, they seem to be in some mysterious way connected together; and excessive grief not unusually produces hysteric laughter.

And as the decorating flowers and festive holly of the Abbey Church droop and wither away, so simultaneously with them droops and withers the royal founder himself. As the flames of the dedication-tapers flicker and wave, so does the life-lamp of the king grow paler and more dim. At the first mass is consecrated his Holy Viaticum, and the last anthem is but faintly dying on the air, before it is re-echoed in the plaintive strains of the funeral requiem.

The prelates and nobles are summoned to the bed of the dying king, who, sustained hitherto by the excitement, had overstrained his strength, and smothered a fever, he

[1] This ceremony of Consecration is taken from the Appendix to *Durandus*, and also from the *Archæologia*, Vol. XXV. p. 238. It was compiled by St. Dunstan, and was first used at the consecration of the Cathedral at Winchester (at which ceremony King Ethelred was present), of which Wulstan, the monk, has left a descriptive poem.

ought to have treated with care and promptitude. But now, the ceremony past, his vow fulfilled, the charters, privileges, and grants secured, and his fondest wishes accomplished, even beyond his hopes, the supernatural vigour which had for days supported him gave way, and his exhausted nature sank into a death-like swoon.[1] For two days he remained to all appearance a lifeless corpse. On the third day he suddenly rallied, and summoning his friends and peers, committed to them his dying request, that his own church should receive its founder's body, at its first funeral. He then, with that prophetic spirit which is not unusual at the last moments of life, foretold the sad season of trouble which was shortly about to overwhelm the kingdom; and, being unable satisfactorily to arrange the disputes about his succession, he desired them to choose their own sovereign, and commended the kingdom to their patriotic valour.

When all his worldly affairs were arranged, he received the last communion from the hands of the archbishop, or the Abbot of Westminster, in the presence of his faithful friends and servants, whose tears and cries greatly disturbed the solemn scene. At its conclusion, noticing his queen, Editha, weeping more bitterly than the rest, he tried to soothe her excessive grief with words of comfort: "Weep not for me, for I shall not die, but live; and in retiring from the land of those who die (morientium), I trust I shall see the good things of the Lord in the land of those who live."

This is his last recorded act; having taken an affectionate farewell of his sorrowing friends, he rapidly declined, until "on the Eve of the Epiphany" (Thursday, January

[1] Peractis itaque omnibus pro tantâ sollempnitate, quasi diceret rex, "Consummatum est," inclinat in lectulo caput et exhinc cœpit gravi dolore fatigari.—*Aelred de Rievs.*

It was not unusual for saintly men, as they departed, to say, "It is finished." It appears that John de Cella, Abbot of St. Alban's, used the same ejaculation immediately after receiving Extreme Unction.—*Foxe's Martyrs*, p. 209.

5th, 1066),[1] just eight days after the consecration of the Abbey, "the pacific King Edward, the glory of England, the son of Ethelred, exchanged a temporal for an eternal kingdom."[2]

"With him ended the line of English kings, which, commencing with Cerdic, the first king of Wessex, had continued unbroken for 571 years, except by a few Danish sovereigns, who, for the sins of the English nation, reigned a short time." "With him," says his biographer, "the whole happiness of England was destroyed, the liberty of its people perished, the whole strength and vigour of the nation withered away."[3]

The reign of King Edward cannot be better summed up than in the words of a "threnodion" (or funeral ode), quoted in the Saxon Chronicle,[4] and illustrative of the rude poetry of that age:—

Here Edward King,
of Angles lord,
sent his stedfast
soul to Christ.
In the kingdom of God
a holy spirit!

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[1] *Fabian*, in his Chronicle, and *Robert of Gloucester*, say he died January the 4th; but all the rest agree that it was on the 5th.

[2] The building in which the House of Lords recently sat, until they removed to the "New Palace," contains portions of the walls of the chamber in which the Confessor died, and which possibly, from that circumstance, was first named "St. Edward's Chamber." Subsequently it was called the "Painted Chamber;" for there oil-painting was in use two centuries before Van Eyck, as it used to be thought, discovered the art. In 1800, on the removal of some old tapestry, the walls and window-jambs were found to be covered with pictures representing the battles of the Maccabees, incidents relating to the life of the Confessor, and other subjects. In a Roll, 20th Edw. I., the accounts are still in existence of payments made for mending these paintings. The materials amounted to three shillings. The artist was Master Walter, who was paid a shilling per day for seven days, and he had three assistants for a part of the time, who received sixpence a-day. It was in this chamber that the warrant for the execution of Charles I. was signed; and all Parliaments, for many centuries, used to be opened in it.

[3] Cum quo tota pariter Anglorum felicitas ruit, periit libertas, vigor omnis interiit. Dici non potest, quantus mox omnes timor invaserit, occupaverit mœror, quomodo totam quoque insulam tenebrosus quidam horror impleverit.—*Aelred de Rievaulx. Roger de Wendover.*

[4] *Saxon Chronicle*, pp. 255, 256, 257.

He in the world here
abode awhile,
in the kingly throng
of council sage.
Four and twenty
winters wielding
the sceptre freely,
wealth he dispensed.
In the tide of health,
the youthful monarch,
offspring of Ethelred!
ruled well his subjects:
the Welsh and the Scots,
and the Britons also,
Angles and Saxons,—
relations of old.
So apprehend
the first in rank,
that to Edward all
the noble King
were firmly held
high-seated men.
Blithe-minded aye
was the harmless King;
tho' he long ere
of land bereft,
abode in exile
wide on the earth;
when Knute o'ercame
the kin of Ethelred,
and the Danes wielded
the dear kingdom
of Engle-land.
Eight & twenty[1]
winters' rounds
they wealth dispensed.
Then came forth
free in his chambers,
in royal array,
good, pure, and mild,
Edward the noble;
by his country defended—
by land and people.
Until suddenly came
the bitter Death,
and this King so dear
snatched from the earth.
Angels carried
his soul sincere
into the light of heaven.
But the prudent king
had settled the realm
on high-born men—
on Harold himself,
the noble earl:
who in every season
faithfully heard
and obeyed his lord,
in word and deed:[2]
nor gave to any
what might be wanted
by the nation's King.[3]

Far and wide spread mourning and sorrow when the news was known, and there was no part of England which felt it not, and no heart which was not sorely grieved, save that of Harold, the good king's brother-in-law.

[1] That is, from A.D. 1014—1042.

[2] This does not appear to be true, if we may believe the chroniclers, who narrate the atrocities of Harold and his brother; how they lawlessly pillaged the country, and insulted the King; how, especially on one occasion, when the King was about to visit a distant part of the country, they anticipated his visit, and, killing the servants, cut up their bodies, and placed them on the table among the dishes prepared for the King, laughingly hoping he would enjoy the repast.

[3] Vivente Edwardo, quæcunque contra eum bella incensa sunt, virtute suâ compressit.—*William of Malmesbury.*

CHAPTER IV.

FUNERAL OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

AND now it is the first festival that Westminster Abbey, in all the beauty of its youthful freshness, has ever witnessed, saving only that one baptismal day—its dedication to God.

We enter the church. It is the Lord's Epiphany; that great anniversary of our Saviour's love in manifesting Himself to the Gentiles. Here is a church built for His honour, in a Gentile, and well-nigh a heathen land, by a Gentile king, who well might rank with those illustrious three, who, on this same day (ten centuries and a half before), had offered their costly presents to the infant Jesus. It was dedicated to that great Apostle, whose special glory it had been to convert the first Gentile family to Christianity. But there are no signs of joy, or of feasting, such as become the great occasion.

It is Friday, the day of our Lord's death; and he who had followed so closely in His blessed steps (though rich becoming poor), who had cultivated His temper of patience and humility, of chastity and purity, of mildness, gentleness, and love, had departed to his rest the preceding night, and on this day was to be laid in the tomb, prepared under his own directions, in front of the high altar in the church, which he himself had built.

There are the same persons who a week ago had traversed the same spot, and entered the same building, decked in their gayest holiday attire. But now how different! There are no flowers, no garlands, no bright vestments, no joyous music. The church is hung with black; the bells are muffled, the music plaintive and subdued, the priests pale with fasting, sad with grief, and the people bathed in tears.

At the palace close by all is dark and gloomy. He, who at all times had been so "blythe-minded,"—the life and light of rich and poor, was heard and seen no more. The appointed dependants approach to perform the last sad offices. His relatives and friends stand weeping over his remains, and now withdraw the veiling napkin to take one last look at that dear face, ere it is enclosed in its coffin, and hid from their view for ever. Calm and serene, as in life, his features retain their wonted beauty; and, as they still fondly gaze, a heavenly bloom seems to suffuse those long-loved cheeks; his eyes seem touched with celestial sweetness; his whole face to shine like an angel. Great as was their wonder and admiration at the sight, it is marvellously enhanced, as their attention is directed to the rest of his body, so enlightened by the brilliant transparency of snowy whiteness, that even the most incredulous were bound to admit, that its miraculous splendour indubitably attested his wonderful holiness, and well-nigh unexampled virginity.[1]

His body, wrapped in white linen, then enclosed in coloured silk, and afterwards further enshrouded in a gorgeous cloth of velvet,—beautifully embroidered,[2]—is laid in

[1] Stabant ad exuvias sacras regis cognati ejus et amici, cùm subito cadaver exanime quoddam futuræ beatitudinis præferret insigne, cujus vultus cœlesti rubore perfusus omnium assistentium in se convertebat aspectus. Mirantur omnes, sed nudati corporis gloria anteit admirationem, quod niveo candore coruscans ita resplenduit, ut virginitatis illius decus etiam incredulos latere non posset.—*Aelred de Riev.*

[2] Parantur regales exequiæ, preciosis et optimis palliis corpus involvitur, pauperes Christi copiosis eleëmosinis sublevantur.—*Aelred de Riev.*

a costly coffin. A crucifix of pure gold (four inches long), richly enamelled, is suspended from his neck by a golden chain (24 inches in length), secured at the throat by a locket of massive gold, adorned with four rubies of extraordinary size. About his head is placed a diadem of gold (an inch in breadth), encircling his royal temples,[1] and on the finger of his right hand the splendid jewelled ring[2] which, so says the legend, he gave one day to a poor beggar, who excited his compassion, and which was miraculously given the same day to a palmer in Palestine by St. John the Evangelist himself, who bid him return it to king Edward as the reward of his charity, and a premonitor of his approaching dissolution. His state-crown, rich in gems, his ivory sceptre, surmounted with a figure of a dove (both of which were for six centuries used at the coronation of our sovereigns, until destroyed by the fanaticism of the regicides), and his jewelled staff, were borne before the coffin, as the funeral cortége moved solemnly towards the church.

The bier is carried on the shoulders of the highest nobles, while archbishops, bishops, and abbots support the pall. The sad procession, with solemn tread, crosses the open space between the palace and the Abbey, and slowly enters the nave, amidst the cries and wailing of a countless multitude of men and women, old and young, who have flocked together, not only from every part of London, but from many a city, town, and village of the kingdom,[3] to show respect to the departed monarch, under whose peaceful sway they had experienced such happy days, as had been unknown

[1] This golden cross, locket and diadem, together with several pieces of gold, coloured silk, and linen, were found by Mr. Keepe, when the old coffin was accidentally broken, in the reign of James II. He presented them to the King. The skull (which was entire), and the other remains, were replaced in the old coffin, and the whole enclosed in a new one.—*Archæol.* Vol. III. p. 890.

[2] From this legend the Royal seat of *Havering*-at-Bower, said to be the very scene of the transaction, derived its name.

[3] Innumerabilis multitudo utriusque sexûs de vicis et civitatibus regis exequias *convolârunt*. *Aelred de Ricv.*

in Britain, since the last few years of the great King Alfred.

The body is deposited in front of the altar. The archbishops and bishops (many of whom owed their sees to his patronage) are mourning around it: and behind them, the monks of the new monastery, with grateful remembrance of their kind patron, who had removed them from their dwindling settlement at Crediton, to the munificent regal foundation at Westminster.[1] Foremost among the group, is Abbot Eadwyn; and, as he stands before the altar, his emotion becomes greater and greater, until his utterance is well-nigh choked, as he proceeds to chant forth the burial service over one who had been to him an affectionate *brother*, rather than *King;* and with whom he was warmly associated, not only from feelings of gratitude to a benefactor, but of deep love for a friend.[2]

There, too, were present the scholars and choristers of Westminster School, clothed, maintained, and educated at the late King's expense, who were familiar with him as a kind, indulgent father. Among them, no doubt, was the young Ingulphus (whose Chronicles have handed his name down to our own times), who records the favours he received from Edward and his Queen; their kind inquiries, and familiar talk; the pocket-money with which they often supplied him, as he returned from school; and the pleasant repasts with which they used to treat him at the palace.[3]

[1] The monks being few at the time of Edward's re-foundation of the Abbey, he removed thither a body of Benedictines from Crediton, near Exeter.

[2] Edward is said to have passed much of his leisure time in social intercourse with the Abbot, who is said to have gone daily, for the rest of his life, to pray at the tomb of his departed master.—*Fox's Monasteries.*

[3] "I have seen her" (Editha), says Ingulphus, Abbot of Crowland, "often, when, being a boy, I came to see my father dwelling in the king's court; and often coming from school, when I met her, she would oppose me, touching my learning and lesson, and, falling from grammar to logic, wherein she had some knowledge, she would subtilly conclude an argument with me, and, by her handmaiden, give me three or four pieces of money, and send me into the palace where I should receive some victuals, and then be dismissed."

The choir is filled to excess with an overwhelming crowd of priests and inferior clergy, of abbots and monks, dukes, counts, lords, and knights,[1] who had assembled from every part of the kingdom to witness the glorious ceremony at the consecration, or the more melancholy spectacle of their sovereign's funeral.

As the abbots, priests, and monks chant forth the solemn requiem, the music of the densely-crowded choir is well-nigh drowned by the wailing, tears, and groans of those within and without the body of the church.[2] Joy at the release of a holy man, who had finished his work on earth,[3] and was gone to his rest in heaven, was strongly yet naturally blended with grief for the loss of one who had been a father to his people, and a bounteous benefactor to his church. All, too, were painfully conscious, that he, who was peaceful in his life and conferring peace on his subjects, had by his death bequeathed carnage and bloodshed to his survivors.

But now the solemn mass is offered for his departed soul; the body is lowered into the grave, and the stone closes over it.[4] How sadly do the spectators of that touching scene disperse to their homes, casting over in their minds the issue of the darkening clouds, that were lowering in the distance.[5]

[1] Adsunt pontifices, sacerdotum et clericorum frequens turba occurrit, duces regni cum comitibus proceribusque conveniunt; agmina concurrunt monachorum.—*Aelred de Riev.*

[2] Hinc Psalmi resonant, illinc lacrimæ gemitusque prorumpunt; ubique gaudia mixta dolori; cùm omnes et in rege cernerent unde gauderent, et in se sentirent unde dolerent.—*Ibid.*

[3] Quasi diceret rex, "Consummatum est."—*Ibid.*

[4] Deferunt ad Ecclesiam illud pudicitiæ templum, virtutis domicilium, offertur pro eo sacrificium salutare. Et sic in loco, quo ipse decreverat, honorifice sepelitur, in die novissimo beatâ resurrectione donandus per Jesum Christum Dominum nostrum, cui est honor et gloria in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.—*Ibid.*

[5] "The nones of January—the day of Edward's death—(or the day before, as Aelred of Rievaulx says) was marked as a solemn day in the Church of Westminster; while, to such as religiously observed it, were granted indulgences for 19 years and 45 days, with the remission of a seventh part of their sins."—*Dart's Westm.*, Vol. I.

Such was the spectacle, and such the feelings displayed by the numberless concourse of people at the funeral of our last Anglo-Saxon monarch, as described by Aelred de Rievaulx, who lived but forty years after that event took place.[1]

[1] "So Seynt Edward adde thys itold, he closede bothe hys eye,
And the verthe daye of Janyuere in thys manere gan deye,
Al the franchyse of Engelonde, and al joye and blysse,
Myd hym was vaste y bured, though me bured hym y wys,
And that me voud sone afterward myd mony deluol cas.
At Westmynstre a twelfthe day thys gode man y bured was."

—*Robt. of Gloucester.*

CHAPTER V.

STATE OF ENGLAND AT THE DEATH OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

ON the self-same night that Edward was laid in the grave, and before the bishops and nobles had returned to their sees and castles in the country, Harold had placed the crown on his own head,[1] and wrung from the barons a reluctant acknowledgment of his sovereignty. But his reign was inauspiciously begun. Northumbria entirely refused its allegiance, and many other earldoms gave but a very dubious homage. The nation was distracted by rival factions even in Edward's reign, and the relief from the Danish tyrants had bred a lawless licentiousness in the Saxon nobles, which turned England, in the earlier part of that monarch's life, into a riotous anarchy.

Politically, the country was in a state of utter disorganization,—a prey to any adventurer. Ecclesiastically, it was entirely without religion *as a nation*, and the Church lurked in holds and fastnesses, save where, as in the case of Westminster and other large monasteries, it was upheld by aliens. It was, then, rather from fear of a foreign invader, than from any particular liking for the lawless youth, who

[1] Ingulphus, who lived at the time, says he was crowned by Aldred of York, p. 138, ed. Giles. Palgrave, in his *Anglo-Saxon Period* (on what authority is not mentioned), says that "Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury, who had been suspended by the Pope, was the only prelate who acknowledged his authority," p. 361. After consulting all the authorities, we are inclined to think that no prelate crowned him, at least with any religious ceremony; and the Church generally stood aloof until after the Battle of Hastings.

had so recklessly despoiled and ill-treated them, that the Saxon barons acquiesced in Harold's assumption of the crown. It was more from partiality towards one of their own race, than from conviction of the justice of his claims, that he wrung from them the promise of assistance, if not of allegiance.

The Church, however, was less favourable to his cause than even the civil element. True, Augustine had established a firm settlement at Canterbury; but our Saxon forefathers, fond of feasting and drunkenness, had a far greater predilection for paganism than they had for Christianity, while the Danes had never even feigned conversion: so the Church, in those days, dragged on a miserable and declining existence. Mellitus, the Bishop of London, who baptized Sebert, and induced him to found the first convent at Westminster, had been expelled the kingdom by that same Sebert's pagan sons, because, when, during the celebration of the Holy Eucharist, they burst into the church, at the head of an armed force, and demanded a participation in the sacred elements, he resolutely refused. When he escaped to Canterbury (scarcely with his life), he found the Archbishop in no better case; and, unable to find an asylum in England, accompanied by the Bishop of Rochester, he fled to France.

Even on Edward's accession to the throne, the bishops were for the most part rough and illiterate men, such as ill-befitted the dignity of God's Church.

Besides, Edward himself, though by birth a *Saxon*, was by education and in taste a *Norman*. In early years he had been sent to Normandy, partly for instruction, partly for safety. There he had seen a Church vigorous and deeply-rooted—the very reverse of his own. He had moved in society civilized and polished. He had met with a priesthood literary, devoted, and self-denying. No wonder, then, that, as soon as his prayers were heard, and he was not only restored to the land of his fathers, but also seated on its throne, he was greatly impressed with the unfavourable

contrast between the country of his exile and that of his nativity. But, with all its faults, England was still dearest to his heart; and, in the spirit of a true patriot, he sought to engraft on what he found already existing, the good he knew it needed; and he insensibly paved the way for that Norman Rule, which laid the foundations of our future greatness, by creating the Anglo-Saxon middle class—the bulwark and root of enterprise in Great Britain.

From the chronicles of that age, we find that even Stigand, the Saxon Archbishop of Canterbury, was a "lewde[1] and unlettered man, and made fairs of hooley Churche thynges."[2] As soon as Edward was firmly established in his kingdom, this prelate was suspended by the Pope, no doubt at the King's instigation, and Robert, a monk of Jumiéges, appointed in his stead. Many others of a similar sort were gradually weeded out, and their places supplied by the Norman chaplains of the Court. Thus Hermann, a Norman, filled the see of Old Sarum; William, another Norman, that of London; while Ulf held the bishopric of Dorchester (Oxon); and Leofric of Burgundy had been placed by Edward's own hand in the episcopal chair of Exeter. He also increased the power and independence of the monasteries by relieving them from the jurisdiction of the bishops, and by founding alien priories, as offshoots of Norman abbeys. Even his new church at Westminster, as has been before remarked, derived its most important features from the foreign examples,[3] which had become familiar to him during his exile.

This partiality for the land of his involuntary adoption had not only increased the power of the Church in a marvellous degree, but had also tempted over considerable numbers of Norman settlers, so that there was scarcely a

[1] "Lewde," in old English, only meant "rude," "boorish," "illiterate," and had not the grosser meaning which now attaches to it.

[2] *Fabian's Chronicle.*

[3] "It was built of a new and costly style of architecture, which was afterwards followed by others."—*Roger de Wendover.*

city or large town where a colony of Normans could not be found, enjoying all the privileges and freedom of complete citizenship. England, in fact, was already semi-Norman; and the ecclesiastical part of it was *entirely* in sympathy, and *almost* in reality, Norman too: so that, when Harold, on the evening of Edward's funeral, without seeking the blessing, or even asking for the approval of the Church, placed the crown on his own head, we need not wonder that "he made enemies of Pope Alexander, and of all the prelates of England."[1] Nor need we marvel that with predilections thus ready-made in favour of one and against another aspirant to the throne, the religious feeling of the age depicted William of Normandy as the chosen champion of heaven, Harold, as the accursed of God, rushing headlong to ruin.[2] For, whether justly or not, our Christian forefathers viewed Harold as a perjured man, entering the lists in defiance of the Church, and contempt of God's blessing;[3] while William,—relying on Edward's offer of the crown, armed with the Pope's command, bearing a consecrated standard—the Gonfanon of St. Peter—and a precious ring, enclosing a relic of the chief of the Apostles (both sent to him expressly from Rome), under the blessed auspices of St. Valery's shrine (brought down to the shore to secure him a prosperous voyage) is wafted across the Channel on the Eve of St. Michael—his country's patron saint. Harold—the son of that Godwin, who had deluged the land with civil blood, who had died without a moment's

[1] Matthew Paris, in note to *Roger of Wendover's Chronicle*, p. 329.

[2] William of Malmesbury, p. 53. Henry of Huntingdon says, emphatically (p. 210), "Millesimo et sexagesimo sexto anno gratiæ, perfecit Dominator Deus de gente Anglorum quod diu cogitaverit. Genti namque Normannorum asperæ et callidæ tradidit eos ad exterminandum.

[3] Commencing this narrative with a strong predilection in favour of Harold, and his right to the crown, the writer has been not only compelled by the weight of evidence (which the Chronicles uniformly give) to disbelieve altogether the justice of his claim, but to conclude he has no right to our sympathy; that he never had the favour of Edward, except, perhaps, in his declining years; and that his barbarities had previously rendered him hateful to the Anglo-Saxon nation.

warning, perjury on his lips, and the curse of heaven brooding over his still obnoxious estate (the Goodwin Sands), himself still reeking with his brother's blood, shunned by the Church, hated by the laity, with a small band of mere mercenaries, prepared to resist his formidable opponent on the field of Hastings.

With such antecedents the combatants make ready for battle; and with such prejudices the clergy and barons of England await the issue of the struggle. The fear, prevalent in both camps, is equally characteristic. On Harold's side, in addition to the apprehensions natural even to the most stout-hearted, on the eve of a morrow whose close they may never witness, there was the dread of Papal excommunication, the curse defied in support of an usurper. When informed of the enemy's approach, the soldiers swore, and passed the night in sottish debauch, "Waas-heal," and "Drink-heal," boisterously re-echoing from tent to tent. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," is their last watch-word, and the wine-cups pass gaily round and round by the blaze of the sentry-fires, alternating with the ballads of ribald mirth, loudly sung by the drunken carousers.

In the Norman camp no voice is heard save the solemn response of confession and litany, or chant of penitential psalm resounding from every lip. The imminent peril of the morrow is chased from their minds by tranquillizing prayer; and, as early dawn gilds the mountain tops, the whole army kneels to receive the sacramental Body and Blood of Christ, and, strengthened in body and spirit, prepares to meet their drunken foes, invoking the aid of Heaven, and singing the national anthem of Rollo. But we must leave them to their encounter.

The Norman conquest, then, if not essentially a Church movement, was greatly aided by the Church; and we cannot but think, that, Harold slain, and the battle of Hastings lost, the nation as a whole *gladly* received the Conqueror: and when, on the following Christmas-day, he entered the Abbey Church of Westminster to return

thanks for his victory, he received from Aldred, the Saxon Archbishop of York, the regal crown, and from the assembled prelates and nobles a unanimous oath of allegiance.

But, when William had obtained the crown, and shown his gratitude to his deceased benefactor by offering "fifty marks of silver (100*l.*), and a rich pall, on the altar of St. Peter, two palls on the tomb of the Confessor, and two palls and two marks of gold on the great altar;"[1] and, having enshrined the bones of Edward in a costly tabernacle of gold and silver, had prevailed on the thankful monks to give him, in return, the beautiful manor of Windsor —he forgot both Edward, the Abbey, and the Great Charter, whose enactments he had sworn to observe, and the Saxons began to wish for their good King Edward back again.

[1] *Dugdale's Monasticon*, Vol. I., p. 268. Strutt says, it was usual for our kings at their coronation to offer on the altar of Edward a wedge of gold of 1 lb. weight, as well as some vestments. No doubt this was the first introduction of that custom.

CHAPTER VI.

WESTMINSTER UNDER THE NORMANS.

HENCEFORTH Westminster begins to assume a different aspect, and to occupy an important position in the annals of the kingdom. If Edward did not intend it to be a safe retreat for himself and his royal successors—and with this design built his own palace on the marshy island, connecting it with the Abbey by means of high walls and strong towers, thus enveloping it with a religious sanctity as inviolable as the Cities of Refuge in the Holy Island—it is certain, that our Norman kings found it a bulwark of protection, and "felt more secure under the shadow of the great Sanctuary, than even in their own fortress in the Tower."[1]

From the time of the Conquest, two distinct cities began to grow up side by side:—London, the city of the Saxon burghers (the *conquered* race), strong in its antiquity, and castellated walls;—and Westminster, the city of the kings and Norman conquerors, round which gradually sprang up "the Chambers," first one, and then both Houses of Parliament, which eventually absorbed even the palace itself. The Treasury, first kept under the security of the Abbey-sanctuary, afterwards became a distinct building,[2] while the body-guard of the conquerors was by degrees developed

[1] *Stanley's Lectures on Modern History.* [2] Ibid.

into the modern "Horse-guards." In all these successive stages of constitutional growth, however, the Abbey was of secondary regard, save only as it was useful to the monarch for protection to himself and his property, or for the replenishment of his exchequer, for which purpose the Norman Sovereigns favoured both this and other religious houses very extensively with their royal patronage; and even a considerable portion of the First Richard's ransom was obtained by a forced contribution from the monastic bodies.

But, before this time, the monks of Westminster had begun to tell romantic tales of the golden days of the good King Edward. The barons, despoiled of their estates, and harassed by the hard service of their new vassalage, sighed, as they heard their fathers tell of the glorious times before the Normans came, when every noble was a king on his own domain, and robbed and murdered as he pleased. So, in the eyes of such interested spectators, the times of the last Saxon became, by this unfavourable contrast, invested with a traditionary reverence they scarcely deserved; and Edward (the real founder of the now obnoxious city of Westminster) was viewed by ecclesiastics as a saintly son of the Church, content to devote his life and his wealth to the honour of God, and the maintenance of his poor; and by the laity, as the great founder of English liberty. Thus the former laboured for the canonization of his soul, which they wrung from the Pope only a few years before the latter extorted from the Plantagenet John the confirmation and extension of the Confessor's Charter: the one laying the foundation of our present glorious constitution, the other, that of our noble Metropolitan Church of Westminster, which towers in the centre of the seats of Government. The two, springing from one stock, have grown together, and the material fabric stands as a visible monument of the more glorious but invisible structure, in which our real greatness lies—the free and liberal constitution of our country.

But we must view these matters in the light in which

our ancestors viewed them. Notwithstanding the charter of Edward, the unique and costly buildings, the gorgeous vestments, and the magnificent vessels, the Abbey Church of Westminster still lacked one thing, without which it could never occupy that prominent position in the Church of England, and among the churches of Christendom, that the royal cathedral of what was now becoming a great nation, ought to attain. It has before been said, that sacred relics were at that time more attractive to an English congregation than the most talented preacher; but the great desideratum of all was the body of some illustrious saint or martyr. The new church possessed neither. It had indeed, so *said* the ecclesiastics (perhaps so they *believed*), a piece of the real cross, of the manger in which the infant Saviour was laid, some of the frankincense offered by the Magi, a portion of sand from the wilderness in which Christ was tempted, and a few stones from Calvary and Golgotha; a few pieces of the Virgin's linen, a lock of her hair, a portion of her shoes, and another of her bed; some hairs from St. Peter's beard, with arms, legs, thighs, and divers bones from each of the other Apostles.[1] But so had *every other* church of any importance: while Durham Cathedral possessed the bones of St. Cuthbert; St. Alban's, the remains of the earliest English martyr; Bury, in Suffolk, those of St. Edmund; and Ely, those of St. Ethelreda.

The time was now come for this want to be supplied, at least so thought the monks; and a deputation was accordingly despatched to the Pope, soliciting the canonization of King Edward. When Osbert de Clare, the Prior of Westminster, arrived at Rome, he pleaded well (for he was a man of extraordinary learning), narrating all the good deeds of Edward, the wonderful miracles imputed to him when alive, and said to have been performed by his remains after death, and, above all, his prophecies and

[1] These are some of the relics given by Edward the Confessor, and sealed up in the altar of the Abbey Church, at its consecration.

effectual prayers. But, neither the virtues of Edward himself, nor the eloquence of Prior Osbert, could wring a compliance from Innocent II., who either disbelieved the one, and was proof against the other; or, as some historians relate, he refused his assent, because the too covetous Abbot of Westminster had neglected to remit, from his golden treasures, the most powerful argument of all. A *new* Pope, however, gives hope to a *new* Abbot; and Abbot Laurentius preaches a sermon before all the nobility (assembled at a great festival in the Abbey Church), strongly laudatory of the virtues and miraculous powers of the old Saxon King. He tells them, how by the touch of his hands many had been cured of that peculiar disorder, still known from that fact as the "King's Evil;" how six persons had been recovered from blindness by bathing their eyes in the water in which the holy king had washed his hands; and another by the touch of his finger. The story, too, of the ring given by him to the poor beggar (who proved to be no less a personage than St. John the Evangelist), was not forgotten. He reminded them of the remission of the Dane-gelt,—a powerful argument to the over-taxed Saxons of his congregation, now bereft of their lands, and smarting under their vassalage to another conqueror. He pictured in glowing terms his quiet submission to the pilfering of his exchequer before his very eyes. He enumerated the various miracles performed through his agency since his decease; how those afflicted with palsy recovered the use of their limbs, while praying at his tomb; how six [1] blind men by his intercession regained their sight; while a man, blind of one eye, had even seen Edward himself come from his tomb at midday and walk to the High Altar; how two persons were healed of the quartan ague, and a monk of three diseases at once; while a girl, presuming to blaspheme his sacred memory, was struck with paralysis. To crown

[1] The number *six* being the same in both instances of the blind men, it would seem as if the two miracles were identical.

all, he recalls to their remembrance the well-known legend [1] of Wulstan, the good old Bishop of Worcester.[2]

So powerful was the appeal, and so favourable the state of mind of his audience at that time, that the last words had scarcely passed the abbot's lips before the whole congregation with one voice demanded, that so bright an ornament should be exalted to his due place in the calendar of the church. Laurentius was too glad to make the best of the opportunity: the petition was at once produced, and the king himself (Henry II.) was the first to attach his signature. This time Osbert de Clare was more successful (or the abbot more liberal), and Alexander II., with many apologies for the refusal of his predecessor, directed that "the body of the glorious king should be honoured here on earth, as he himself was glorified in heaven."

On the return of the deputation, Henry II., at the instigation of the famous Thomas à Becket, just made Archbishop of Canterbury, and then in the zenith of his power, (the first Saxon since the Conquest who had ever been admitted to any high office in Church or State), caused a costly shrine [3] to be made for the reception of the bones of the sainted monarch.

The third of the Ides (13th) of October (A. D. 1163) was, however, the commencement of a new era in the history of the abbey and its great founder. At the solemn hour of midnight (the time always, as it appears, selected for this purpose [4]), the abbot and some of the monks of Westminster, assisted by Archbishop Becket and others, all vested

[1] For the Legend, see Appendix.

[2] There is a much more interesting episode in the life of Wulstan extant, and bearing greater marks of truth;—that, by his bold and incessant preaching at Bristol, he obtained the total abolition of the unchristian practice of exposing slaves for sale in the market-place there, which, in his time, was a common occurrence.

[3] "A precious feretory" it is styled.

[4] For a similar ceremony of translation, and the prescribed order of ritual, see an extract from the *Chronicle* of Jocelyn of Brakelond in Appendix. Also, see *Stanley's Memorials of Canterbury*, p. 192.

in albs of purest white, approached the tomb, chanting, as they went, appropriate psalms. The archbishop, the abbot, and those who were most celebrated for the sanctity of their lives, after a long preparation of fasting and prayer, removed the coffin from the reliquary, in which it had been enclosed by William the Conqueror. Having opened it, the holiest persons present, on their knees, removed the outward pall of embroidered velvet, then the covering of silk, and lastly the fine linen cloth in which the corpse was shrouded, when they, for the first time, beheld with tears of joy the remains of the now exalted Edward. "Remains," however, in the modern acceptation of the term, we can hardly call that life-like body which, when revealed to their view, was found, to the admiration of all, in a state of perfect preservation. Although for 97 years it had lain in the tomb, it betrayed no symptoms of decay: his joints retained all the flexibility of life: there was still, too, pervading the uncorrupted flesh that brilliant white transparency, which tradition asserted was the wonder of his friends who wept about his death-bed. The abbot took from his finger the sacred ring, said to have been sent by St. John from Paradise,[1] and deposited it among the holy relics of the church, to be kept in commemoration of his miraculous incorruption, while from the gorgeous coverings of the king he had three magnificent copes made for the service of the altar.[2] He then permitted the assembled clergy reverently to kiss the body, and having again inclosed the coffin in its original reliquary, solemnly translated it to the more gorgeous golden shrine, which had been just prepared for its reception.[3]

[1] Laurentius dedit .... Regis Edwardi, annulo ejusdem, quem Sancto Johanni Evangelisto quondam tradidit quem et ipse de Paradiso remisit, elapsis duobus diebus et dimidio, postea in nocte translationis de digito regis.

[2] Laurentius quondam Abbas hujus loci de tribus pan-nis, in quibus Sanctus Edwardus requievit tres Capas brudatas, fieri jussit.—*Catalogue of Relics*, quoted by *Dart*, Vol. I., p. 53.

[3] It was at this time, and at the conclusion of this ceremony, that Gilbert Foliot, one of the Prelates excommunicated by Becket, was consecrated Bishop of London. On

No sooner was Edward canonized, and his body placed in its costly receptacle, than riches flowed to it in offerings from every quarter. Thomas à Becket presented a beautiful image of ivory, which stood on one side of the shrine, the opposite side being afterwards supplied with a corresponding figure of silver,—the munificent gift of Henry the Third's Queen, Eleanor. In the centre was suspended a lamp, which day and night incessantly burnt before the now sacred tomb of the Anglo-Saxon king and saint. A constant succession of pilgrims flocked to it continually in one vast stream for the next three hundred years. The annual festival of this translation was most religiously observed, and indulgences of nineteen years and one hundred and three days, with participation in all spiritual benefits, and a remission of one seventh part of their sins, was granted by the Pope and confirmed by his successors, to all who devoutly kept it.[1]

Henceforth Westminster begins to assume a dignified position. In addition to the old mansion of Edward, with its humble yard and small rustic gardens, there was the more majestic palace and its noble hall, with an imposing staircase to the water's edge, which owed its birth to the Norman dynasty.[2] The abbey began to rank *amongst* the highest, if not considered really *the* greatest ecclesiastical attraction of the kingdom—for Canterbury had not yet received its martyr. Abbot Laurentius, besides the canonization of Edward, had gained from the Pope the liberty of wearing the mitre, ring and gloves, which conferred on his successors (for he did not live to enjoy it himself) the honour of a seat in Parliament, with all the dignities and immunities of a baron of the realm:—a privilege, too, which this abbey retained long after any other, for John Feckenham (the last Abbot of Westminster) was the only mitred abbot who took his seat on the episcopal bench at the meeting of the first parliament under Queen Elizabeth.

this same occasion, Aelred, the Abbot of Rievaulx Abbey, presented Henry II. with his "Life and Acts of St. Edward the Confessor," dedicated to Abbot Laurentius.

[1] Appendix III.

[2] *Strickland's Lives of the Queens of England*, Vol. I., p. 257.

Already synods had begun to be held, and the highest concerns of Church and State, transacted on what was once the deserted island of Thorney. Even earlier than the canonization—on September 9th, 1125,—on this very spot, "John of Creusa, Cardinal priest of the Apostolic Church, Legate Extraordinary of Pope Honorius," presided over one, when William of Corboil, Archbishop of Canterbury (the first primate who was a Pope's legate[1], Thurstan, Archbishop of York, twenty bishops of various English dioceses, forty abbots, and a great concourse of clergy and laity are said to have been present. But St. Katharine's chapel,[2] at the south-east corner of the Church of Westminster, was the scene of a still more famous synod, in which arose (or rather culminated) the great contest for precedency between the Archbishops of York and Canterbury, the former pleading antiquity in his favour, the latter, the superior claims of Augustine (A.D. 1176). "About Midlent, the King with his sonne" (who at that time was associated with him in the kingdom, and, having been crowned at Westminster, was generally called "the young king," and sometimes even "Henry III."[3]), "and the Legat" (Hugo Petri Leonis),

[1] *Churton's Early English Church*, ch. xvi., p. 309.

[2] St. Katharine's Chapel appears to have been chiefly used for Synods. There were several held there in the time of Henry II. There was a very remarkable one in this chapel in the thirty-seventh year of Henry III. (A.D. 1252), when that monarch, laying his right hand on the Gospels, took a solemn oath to maintain the rights and privileges of the Church. The archbishop and bishops, who were present, held lighted candles in their hands, anathematized and excommunicated every one who should dare to violate them. At the conclusion, these Prelates blew out the candles, and cast them, stinking and smoking, upon the ground (projiciebantur candelae fœtentes et fumigantes), the archbishop saying, "Thus, thus, be extinguished, stink, and smoke, the damned souls of those men who violate, or wrongly interpret, this injunction."—*Matt. Paris*, p. 576. The Chapel of St. Katharine, or "the Infirmary," was first built about the Confessor's time; rebuilt in 1300, and taken down in 1571.

[3] *Stanley's Memorials of Canterbury*, p. 47.

At the feast of this young Prince's inauguration he sat at the table, while his father waited upon him. Being reminded that he ought not to allow his father to submit to such an indignity, he replied it was fit it should be so, for he was the son of a king, but his father was not.

so runs the narrative, "came to London, where at Westminster a convocation of the cleargie was called.[1] When the Legat was set, and the Archbishop of Canturburie[2] on his right hand, as primat of the realme, the Archbishop of Yorke coming in and disdaining to sit on the left, where he might seeme to give pre-eminence unto the Archbishop of Canturburie (unmannerlie inough indeed) swashed him downe, meaninge to thrust himselfe in beetwixt the Legat and the Archbishop of Canturburie. And, when belike the said Archbishop of Canturburie was loth to remove, he set his buttocks iust in his lap; but he scarselie touched the archbishop's skirt, when the bishops and other chaplains with their servants stept to him, pulled him away, and threw him to the grounde, and beginning to lay on him with bats and fists, the Archbishop of Canturburie, yeelding good for evill, sought to save him from their hands. Thus was verified in him that sage sentense, 'nunquam periculum sine periculo vincitur.' The Archbishop of Yorke, with his rent rochet, got up and awaie he went to the king with a great complaint against the Archbishop of Canturburie: but, when upon examination of the matter the truthe was knowne, he was well laught at for his labour, and that was all the remedie he got. As he departed, so bebuffeted foorth of the convocation-house towards the king, they cried upon him, 'Go, traitor, that diddest betray that holy man Thomas,[3] go, get thee hence, thy hands yet stinke of bloud.'

[1] It was on this occasion that Walter, formerly prior of Winchester, and recently elected Abbot of Westminster, made his first appearance in the newly-acquired insignia of his abbacy,—mitre, ring, dalmatic, tunic, and sandals. He was appointed Abbot at a meeting held at Woodstock, when Henry, being at variance with the Church, summoned before him the monks of eleven different abbeys (whose abbacies were then vacant), and, "to keep up the royal authority," forbad them to elect an abbot from their own body, which, in the case at least of Westminster, was in direct violation of Edward's Charter.—*Neale's Westr. Abbey.*

[2] Richard Baldwin.

[3] The Archbishop of York was Roger of Bishop's Bridge, who, during Becket's exile, had crowned Henry's son "the young king," for which Becket excommunicated him; and, fleeing to France, he was one of the instigators of the murder of Thomas à Becket.—*Stanley's Memorials.* See Appendix.

The assemblie was by this meanes dispersed, and the Legat fled and got him out of the waie, as he might with shame inough, which is the common panion and waiting woman of pride, as one verie well said, 'Cito ignominia fit superbi gloria.'"[1]

[1] *Hollinshed*, Vol. II.

CHAPTER VII.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE PRESENT ABBEY, BY HENRY III.

We must now pass over those reigns (or rather those times of anarchy) when the lawless Richard and the weak and impious John sat on the throne of England, when the civil prosperity of the State would have been extinguished, had it not been for the determination of the barons, and the vigorous intellect and untiring zeal of Archbishop Langton, which wrung from the reluctant John the first Magna Charta.

The Church, meantime, was oppressed by the crown and forgotten by the people, save when the Pope's interdict made it felt in every nook and corner, by the total cessation of all religious rites and services. But it slumbered rather than declined, and only gathered fresh strength, with which, under the more favouring patronage of Henry III., to burst forth with mightier vigour.

But England, and more especially *her kings*, had undergone a great change since the absolute monarchism of the Conqueror, and the unquestioning submission of his vassals. A very apt illustration of the gradual fusion of the Norman and Saxon elements of this nation—then at variance, but now blended,—occurs in the following extract, which vividly pourtrays the condition of the English State, when Henry III. took the reins of government; and, without a right knowledge of this, the great link of connexion between the history of the fabric of Westminster and the fabric of our Constitution will be lost.

"The traveller who stands in autumn on the river-bank above Mayntz, and watches the confluence of Rhine and Main,[1] who sees the latter stream, swollen with rain, rushing through the red sandstone districts of Franconia in a ruddy flood, and who marks how the united rivers flow for miles, the green waters of the Rhine on the left hand, and the red current of the Main on the right—two rivals in one bed—will have before him an exact counterpart of the way in which the Norman and Anglo-Saxon nationalities existed side by side in England for nearly two centuries after the Conquest. The right, the upper, hand is usurped by the smaller but more impetuous tide of men which poured into England under William, and ran its blood-stained course apart from the old inhabitants. The left, the lower, hand is the lot of the larger but less energetic race, which, thrust on one side by its adversary, continues its course alone. So things remained for a century and a half—that is to say, through the reigns of the Conqueror, of William Rufus, of Henry I., of Maude and Stephen, of the second Henry, and of Richard Lion-heart. So long did the red stream of Norman power pour unceasingly into England; so long were the Duchy and their large foreign fiefs paramount in the minds of the kings of England; so long did the conquering race keep itself unmixed with its subjects in manners, customs, and language. But with the reign of John, at the beginning of the 13th century, the loss of the greater portion of their foreign possessions cut off the stream of Norman blood which had so long flowed into England; the alien race, deprived of the recruits who had kept up its numbers to a constant level, was left to struggle against the opposing nationality as it best could; the kings began to look at home, and no longer lived in England with their thoughts in Normandy; now the rival streams began to

[1] That of the Rhône and Arve, about a mile below Geneva, affords a much more striking illustration, where the clear, deep ultra-marine blue of the former refuses to blend with the muddy, grey, melted snow of the latter.

mix more and more in manners, customs and language; the red line of division grows fainter and fainter—a little longer, and the river is indeed one mighty united stream, in which you cannot tell which is Anglo-Saxon or which is Norman, for all are English; and thus at last, but not till three centuries after the Conquest, we have an English nation and an English language."[1]

This mixture, however, was slow, and not effected without many a broil and many a disturbance, in which both the Palace and Abbey of Westminster bore no inconsiderable part. When our monarchs, cut off from the Continent, began to feel themselves for the first time kings of England, and to live at home, taking an interest in the affairs of their adopted country, the Norman nobles, for the same reason, lived in more intimate connexion with their Saxon serfs. Their attention being thus exclusively directed to English affairs, and undistracted by foreign wars or external ties, they sought for power or independence at home, rather than glory and plunder abroad. Hence the powerful nobles soon came into collision with the weak sovereign, and took advantage of the emptiness of his head, or of his exchequer, to extort some privilege hitherto denied. Collisions between the crown and the nobility became frequent; each in turn endeavoured to enlist on its side the Anglo-Saxon burghers, valuable, not so much for their influence as their numerical strength, and the wealth with which commercial enterprise had filled their pockets:[2] and each in turn held out promises of liberal charters, free local government, and large protection to the towns which abetted its cause. Thus Westminster, being now the city of the Palace, comes into frequent antagonism with its rival city of the burghers; and the long reign of Henry III. is well-nigh a constant scene of strife, and even of bloodshed, between London and Westminster.

[1] Review of Dean Trench, "*On the Study of Words*," in the *Times* of January 20, 1856.

[2] How even Kings were glad to avail themselves of the riches of City merchants, we have a striking proof in Henry the Third's expedients for replenishing his treasury.

There was, however, for some time one bond of union between these otherwise contending parties. The Anglo-Saxon burghers of London held Edward the Confessor in pious reverence, as the last representative of the glories of their race. Henry III., on the other hand, weak and well disposed, seems to have had his boyish fancy fired by the romantic beauty, and superhuman piety and virtue, with which the monkish legends had invested St. Edward's life, and from early childhood had adopted him as his patron saint, and great exemplar. He had no sooner ascended the throne, than, child though he was (for he was only thirteen years of age), "having effaced his irregular[1] coronation at Gloucester by a more solemn ceremony at Westminster,"[2] he at once set to work to pull down the eastern part of the Abbey, with its chancel, tower, and transepts, that he might erect a more noble and stately structure, worthy of the illustrious saint whose remains it contained.

The new foundation seems to have been laid in the year 1220, just before he assisted at the imposing ceremony of Becket's translation to the sumptuous shrine in Canterbury Cathedral.[3]

But a more impressive scene, begun under still brighter auspices, was the foundation of the Lady Chapel. Henry had just returned from his nuptials with Eleanora-la-Belle, of Provence, which had been solemnized with extraordinary pomp at Canterbury, by that great archbishop, who was subsequently canonized as *St. Edmund of Canterbury*. Preparations of the most extraordinary magnificence were being made for the coronation of the beautiful queen. Henry, on his part, had made great

[1] It does not appear that he was even crowned by any bishop. His father's crown had been lost by John, in crossing the Wash. King Edward's was at Westminster, and the critical state of affairs did not admit of delay; so he was crowned with a gold throat-collar belonging to his mother.—*Strickland's Queens*, II., 54.

[2] *Stanley's Memorials of Canterbury.*

[3] *Ibid.*

domestic preparations. His palace had been repainted from top to bottom, wherein "a good green" seemed to be his favourite colour. He had adorned the chamber intended for his royal consort with historical paintings and French inscriptions, out of compliment to her native country. The worthy citizens of London, in honest practical zeal to do honour to their new queen, set about, in good earnest, the Herculean task of cleansing their streets from the mud and offensive filth, which rendered them almost impassable. At the close of these improvements (themselves almost an epoch in our country's history), and when the costly pageantry was receiving its final adjustment, within three days of the grand ceremony, to which everybody was eagerly looking forward, on Whitsun-Eve (Saturday, May 16th, A.D. 1220), King Henry, with his own hand,[1] laid the foundation-stone of the Lady Chapel of that noble Abbey, which has survived all the wars of the Roses, the convulsion of the Reformation, and the destructiveness of Cromwell's soldiers, and still stands a link between ourselves and our early Plantagenet sovereigns.

In order to carry out his scheme of re-building this church, Henry was compelled to resort to every kind of artifice. He most unjustly exacted large sums of money from the Jews, who at that time were always considered fair game for any king who had abundant power, and small pecuniary resources.[2] He mulcted the wealthy

[1] "Sabbatho autem, in vigiliâ Pentecostes, inceptum est novum opus Capellæ Beatæ Virginis apud Westmonasterium, Rege Henrico existente fundatore, et primum lapidem operis in fundamento ponente."—*Matt. Paris, Hist. Maj.*, p. 310, ed. 1640.

In 1245 the design was extended:—Rex Ecclesiam Sancti Petri Westmonasteriensem jussit ampliari, et dirutis cum turri muris partis orientalis, præcipit novas videlicet decentiores suis sumptibus construi, et residuo, videlicet occidentali parti, cooptari. —*Matt. Paris*, p. 661.

[2] William I. brought a colony of Jews from Rouen, and settled them in Old Jewry; and William II. so favoured them, that he swore by St. Luke's face, if they could overcome the Christians, he would become one of their sect. Henry II. grievously punished them for corrupting his coin. Richard I. forbad them to be present at his corona-

companies of the city, and established a fair in Tothill Fields, at "St. Edward's Tide," which lasted fifteen days, and brought abundant funds into the coffers of the abbey, as all other shops were closed during that fortnight, and a tax was paid to the abbot for every article sold at the fair. And, moreover, in order to compel every one to make their purchases at Westminster, he issued a royal proclamation, suppressing all other fairs (of which one even at Ely is especially mentioned), which were usually held at that season, forbidding any wares to be exposed for sale, "within the citie of London, either in shop or without," much to the annoyance and discomfort of our ancestors, who, with their large flowing cloaks, and long-toed boots, found Westminster-Fair by no means convenient. Their markets were made, as the chronicler informs us, "not without great trouble and paines to the citizens, which had

tion, for fear of enchantments, and many were killed for disobedience. John, in the 11th year of his reign, ordered all Jews to be imprisoned, and plucked out their eyes, at least, unless they gave their money. One famous Jew resisted, and kept his money, though one of his teeth was daily extracted, until, having lost seven, he ransomed the others for 10,000 marks of silver. In the 17th year, the Barons broke into the Jews' houses, rifled their coffers, and, with the stone of their houses, rebuilt the gates and walls of the city. In the 16th of Henry III., they built a synagogue, which the king took from them, dedicated to our Blessed Lady, and gave to the brethren of St. Anthonie of Vienna (St. Anthony's Hospital). In the 20th year, seven Jews were brought from Norwich for stealing and circumcising a christened child, whom "they minded to have crucified at Easter." In the 26th, the Jews were constrained to pay to the king 20,000 marks, or be kept in perpetual imprisonment. In the 35th, he took of Aaron of York 14,000 marks for himself, and 10,000 for the Queen; and of the same Jew he had previously taken 30,000 marks of silver, and 200 of gold for the Queen. In the 40th year, 202 Jews from Lincoln were brought to London, for crucifying a child; Hugh of Lincoln and eighteen were hanged. In the 43d, a Jew of Tewkesbury fell into a privy on a Saturday, and refusing to be taken out from respect for the Sabbath, Richard Clare, Earl of Gloucester, would not have him released on Sunday, from respect for the Christian Sabbath; so on Monday he was dead. In Camden's *Remains* (p. 304), this scene between Clare and the Jew is thus expressed dialogue-wise:—

"Tende manus, Salomon, ego te de stercore tollam.—
Sabbata nostra colo, de stercore surgere nolo.
Sabbata nostra quidem, Salomon, celebrabis ibidem."

The Crusaders under Peter the Hermit turned their expedition into a general massacre and plunder of the Jews.

not roome, but in booths and tents, to their great disquieting and disease, for want of necessarie provision, being turmoiled, too, pitifullie in mire and durt, through occasion of raine, that fell in that vnseasonable time of the yeare."[1]

About the same time the Abbey of Westminster obtained a further extension of its privileges. The Bishop of London claimed spiritual jurisdiction over it, which the Abbot refused, on the ground that, having been consecrated by St. Peter, the Abbey owed subjection only to his representative, the Pope. The cause was argued at Rome, by appeal, and the dispute, after much controversy, was settled by the arbitration of Stephen Langton (Archbishop of Canterbury), Peter de Rupibus (Bishop of Winchester), Richard Poore (Bishop of Sarum), and the Priors of Merton and Dunstable. The decision was, that the Abbey owed subjection to the Pope only; but, as a compensation to the Bishop of London, the *manor* of Sunbury was transferred from the Abbey to him, while the *church* of Sunbury was given to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's.

Besides a general levy, the King made the citizens present him with valuable New Year's gifts. On another occasion, he constrained them to make him a purse of £2,000;[2] all of which he employed in the building of the Abbey, in addition to large contributions by the abbot and monastery of the foundation itself, and many large sums received from private individuals, who were moved by the king's example, or their own religious zeal.

On St. James's Day (July 25th, 1222), there was a wrestling match between the men of the two cities, when those of Westminster were beaten, and especially the steward of the Abbey, who was the great champion. Another day was fixed for a return match, during the excitement of which the steward fell upon the Londoners

[1] *Holinshed*, Vol. II., p. 416.

[2] Stow, in his *Survey of London*, says this £2,000 was paid by the citizens, to redeem themselves from the compulsory fair at Tothill Fields, which seems very probable, though it is mentioned by other historians as an *additional* tax.

with a body of armed men, beating and driving them back into the city. The Londoners, however, at the instigation of one Constantine, returned in great force, and pulled down the house of the steward and others. But when Hubert de Burgo, the Lord Chief Justice, heard of it, he demanded the ringleaders, who were given up by the Lord Mayor; and Constantine and two others, in spite of their offer of 15,000 marks, were hung on the spot.

Hence arose continual quarrels, strifes, and even blood-shed between the city of the court and aristocracy, and the city of the merchants and middle-classes. On one side was might, pride, and extravagant poverty; on the other, worth, weakness, and frugal wealth. The King, curtailed of his pecuniary supplies by the well-drained barons, exacted from the burghers of London what he could not enforce from the former. In spite, however, of the benefits which Henry derived from his mercantile subjects, he ever held them in the greatest contempt; and he was wont to style them, "Those rustical Londoners, who call themselves *Barons* on account of their wealth." This aversion was materially increased, when [A.D. 1248] he was compelled to replenish his exchequer by the sale of his own private valuables, and a Plantagenet was humbled by the sight of his royal plate gracing the tables of the city mansions, and his own jewels adorning the persons of mercantile magnates, in return for the ruinous pittance, which his poverty obliged him to receive. Writhing under this excessive mortification, his funds exhausted, and nothing left to him to sell or pawn, he determined to share his subjects' wealth at a cheaper rate; and keeping Christmas of that year in the city (instead of at Westminster, as was his wont), he extorted large presents from the leading merchants.

In the following year, he so far degraded the royal dignity as to crave loans and gifts from every person of distinction who came into his presence, alleging that it would be a greater charity to bestow their alms on their King, than on the beggars at their gate. He put his

servants on short allowance, reduced their wages, and refused the gratuities which from immemorial custom the Kings and Queens of England had been wont to give. Their majesties, from motives of economy, ceased to wear their robes, and, to save expense, daily invited themselves, with a chosen band of favourite courtiers, to dine with the wealthiest citizens, and were much displeased if they were not presented at their departure with costly gifts, as a matter of *right*, not as a token of loyal affection.

[A.D. 1249.] By this time the grievance had become so insupportable, that, in addition to certain tumultuous riots of minor importance, in which the Londoners were brought into conflict with the inhabitants of Westminster,[1] much blood shed, and property destroyed, the spirit of dissatisfaction had spread throughout the kingdom, and eventually led to the imprisonment of the King by Simon de Montfort, after the battle of Lewes.

But we are not so much concerned with general history, and will therefore confine ourselves to the contentions of our two rival cities. The Londoners eventually made a friend of the Prince of Wales (afterwards Edward I.), and represented to him, that they found themselves "greeved verie sore for such liberties as the King granted to the Abbot of Westminster to the great hinderance and decaie of the franchises of their citie." The Prince espoused their cause, and finally, by his help and that of the Earls of Cornwall and Leicester, they obtained a restitution of their rights.[2] Such were the political relations between Henry and his subjects during the building of the present Abbey.

[1] *Foxe's Martyrs*, p. 269. *Fabian's Chron.*, p. 336, ed. 1811.
[2] *Holinshed*, Vol. II., p. 419. See Appendix.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FESTIVALS OF ST. EDWARD UNDER HENRY III.

In early times it had been customary to erect churches over the tomb of some martyr, which, as being the most sacred spot in the building, became its altar. When Christians increased and churches multiplied, it was not possible to obtain a martyr's sepulchre for every altar, and therefore relics, such as bones, articles of use or clothing belonging to some holy man, were placed in the altar to supply the deficiency. After the Holy Wars, when ecclesiastical architecture and taste began to run into greater luxury, there was a disposition to push out the extreme East-end of the church, in order, if possible, to erect a building more holy than the altar itself behind it. In this, which was generally called the Lady-Chapel, the bones of the Patron or the most distinguished Saint, were placed, as in a Holy of Holies. The Abbey has had at least two such erections, viz., the Chapels of Edward the Confessor and Henry VII. The former, however, alone is to be regarded in the light of a "Most Holy Place," because the latter was rather the great mausoleum or burial-place of the Tudor Kings; whereas devotion for the sainted bones of Edward, and grief at their being so poorly enshrined, led Henry to prepare a more costly building, in which, from an exalted position, his revered predecessor might at once become an eminent object of veneration, and a luminary, shedding a spiritual light on the worshippers.[1]

[1] *Thomas Wykes*, a contemporary Chronicler.

From the time of the Confessor's canonization, his festival (October 13) had been most religiously observed, and so continued for full three centuries after the first translation. An altar had been erected at the East-end of the shrine, on which most costly offerings were continually made: here vows were paid, thanks returned, prayers offered up, and benefits solicited; superstition and real piety were equally zealous in their devotions; and persons of every rank in life, from the king to the beggar, flocked hither to pay their homage, and contribute their oblations.

On the Feast of St. Edward, the Lord Mayor and Corporation (big with their new honours, and proud of the very novelty of their youthful dignity),[1] used to visit the shrine in solemn procession, followed by all the religious communities, bearing waxen tapers in their hands:—the Knights Templars and Hospitallers; the Preaching Friars;[2] the Black Friars; the Knights of St. John;[3] the Hospitallers

[1] The first election of Aldermen in the City of London took place A.D. 1242.

[2] Both these bodies were branches of the Dominicans, founded by an illustrious Spaniard, Dominic, to whose hatred of heresy the "Inquisition" owed its sanguinary character. They were founded expressly to preach against the errors which had crept into the Church. Their rule was very severe, as instanced by the injunction to abstain occasionally from anything liquid for eight days, and the vow of absolute poverty. Notwithstanding this, they had *houses* in every part of England. Their first was opened in Oxford (A.D. 1221), of which evidence still remains in "Friars' Entry," and "Friar's-street." Peshell, in his *History of the City of Oxford* (p. 160), says, "From hence we come to the street leading from W. Gate to St. Ebbe's Church, and into the W. end of Peny Verthing-street, called Freren-street, and Freres-street, lying on the N. of the habitations of the Grey Friars, who had an entrance or passage therein." It is mentioned in a Deed 11 Henry VII., "in a street therein called Freren-street, opposite to the house of the Friars Minor." Four hundred of them were supported in London by the King, Queen, and Abbeys of Westminster, St. Alban's, Waltham, &c. A.D. 1276, Gregory Rokeby, Lord Mayor, and the Aldermen of London gave them two whole streets near the Thames, where they erected a large convent, whose site is still marked by the name "Blackfriars." At the dissolution of monasteries they had no less than forty-three houses.—*Foxe's Monasteries. Stow's Survey.*

[3] The Knights of St. John of Jerusalem had a priory built for them, A.D. 1100, by Jorden Briset (Baron) and his wife Muriell, near Clerkenwell (where the same persons had previously founded a nunnery). This Church of St. John was dedicated by Eraclius, Patriarch of the

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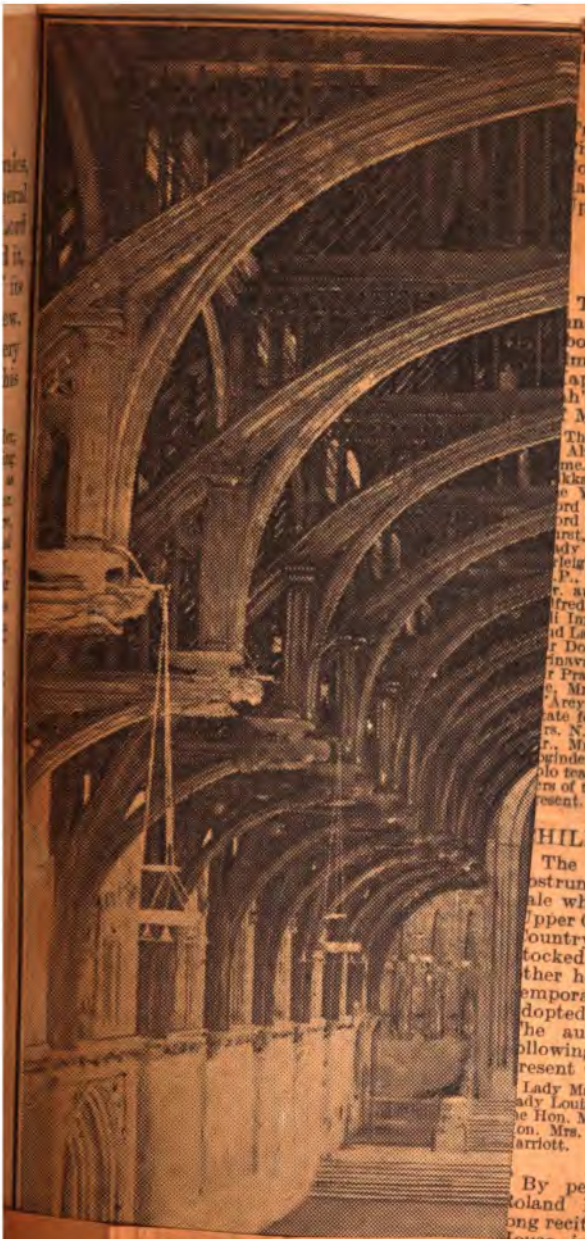
of St. Giles;[1] and the various guilds and city companies, each in the dress peculiar to their order. It was a general holiday, and was not improbably the origin of our Lord Mayor's Show, at least in form it very closely resembled it, as far as we can conjecture from the miserable ghost of its former self, which that pageant now presents to our view. Then, every one, who was not detained by sickness or very urgent business, went to make his offering and say his

Holy Resurrection of Christ at Jerusalem, A.D. 1185, and was the principal seat in England of the Knights of St. John, whose chief business was to defend Christians against Pagans, and to fight for the Church. Their habit was a black upper garment, with a white cross on the breast. Their good service was so highly esteemed, that when the order of the Knight Templars was dissolved, Parliament granted their lands and possessions to those of St. John. After the loss of Jerusalem, they recovered the Isle of Rhodes from the Turks, and, having formed a settlement there, were called the Knights of Rhodes; but A.D. 1523 they lost this island, and moving to Malta, manfully opposed the Turkish invasion; hence they were called Knights of Malta. A.D. 1381, the Kentish rebels, under Wat Tyler, in the reign of Richard II., burnt their priory near Clerkenwell, and, preventing any one from extinguishing it, allowed it to burn for seven days. It was again rebuilt A.D. 1504, and though the revenues were confiscated by Henry VIII., the building was allowed to stand, and used by that monarch as a storehouse for his nets and tents for hunting, &c.; but in the third year of Edward VI. the church, with the great bell-tower (which Stow describes as a most curious piece of workmanship, graven, gilt, and enamelled, to the great beautifying of the city, and passing all other that he had seen) was blown up with gunpowder, and the stone used for building Somerset-house in the Strand, as a palace for the Lord Protector. The priory was refounded there, and partially repaired by Cardinal Pole, in the time of Queen Mary, but again suppressed in the first year of Elizabeth: nothing now remains to mark its site but the names of a cluster of streets, "St. John Street," "St. John Square and Lane," "St. John's Gate," "Wilderness Row," "Turnmill Street" (where no doubt the *mill* of the priory stood), and perhaps "*Whitecross* Street," which closely adjoins this group. The history of these Knights has been well related by Raushnick, in the German Taschenbuch, *Vorzeit*, and by Villeneuve Bargemont, in his *Monumens Historiques des Grands-Maitres de l'Ordre de St. Jean de Jérusalem*, Paris, 1829.—*Stow's Survey*, p. 162.

[1] This Hospital (now St. Giles'-in-the-Fields) was founded by Matilda, the queen of Henry I. (about A.D. 1117), "for the support of fourteen leprous persons of the city of London and shire of Middlesex." A frightful picture of the ravages caused by this disease may be seen in a curious note by Le Grand d'Aussy in the fifth volume of his Fabliaux ou Contes (p. 102—105), from which it appears that Louis the Young left legacies to *two thousand* hospitals for lepers.—*Stow's Survey*, p. 164.



...ed Angela, youngest daughter
...r. Henry William Burgess and
...f Byron Hall, Worthing.

MR. F. C. PILLEY AND MISS

The engagement is announced
...red C. Pilley, son of Mr. and
...illey, of Five Oaks, Ryecroft-road
...ommon, S.W., and Miss Irene
...aughter of Mr. and Mrs. J.
...plands, Pangbourne, Berks.

LUNCHEON.

THE MAHARAJAH OF KAPURT

The Maharajah of Kapurthal
...ncheon at the Savoy Hotel ye
...bout one hundred guests. Subs
...m was shown of the wedding fe
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...h's only daughter was married to
... Mandi. The guests included :—

The Maharajah Jam Saheb of Navanagar, U
Alwar, the Maharajah of Rajpipla, the Per
me. da Gama (wife of the Ambassador for
kka Saheb and the Tikka Rani Saheb of
e Yuvaraj of Limbdi, Viscount and Visc
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urst, the Dowager Lady Michelham, Lady
dy Hermione Lytton, Lady Michelham,
leigh, the Comte and Comtesse de Madre, Ba
P., Viscount Ednam, M.P., and Viscoun
r. and Mrs. Edwin Montagu, Sir Herbert
fred Mond, M.P., and Lady Mond, Sir Sajy
i Imam, Sir William and Lady Duke, Sir
d Lady Bomanji, General Sir Edmund and L
r Dorab and Lady Tata, Lady Henry, the
inavasa Sastri, Captain Maharaj-Kumar Ar
r Prabashankar Pattani, Sir Rajendra and
, Mrs. Brand, Sir Walter and Lady Gibb
Arey Bannerman (Political Secretary to the
tate for India) and Mrs. and Miss Bannerm
rs. N. C. Sen and Miss Sen, Sir Haji Sait,
r., Mrs., and Miss Sims, Mr. and Mrs. Yo
winder Singh and Major Jaswant Singh (p
lo team), Mr. F. H. Brown, Dr. S. A. Kapad
rs of the staffs of the Maharajah and other r
resent.

HILDREN'S COUNTRY HOL

The Countess of Brecknock occu
ostrum for part of the time during a
ale which opened yesterday afterno
pper Grosvenor-street, in aid of the
ountry Holidays Fund. The house
tocked with furniture, rugs, linen,
ther household articles, and while
emporary auctioneer, Lady B
dopted the novel course of bidding fo
he auction will be resumed to-
llowing days until completed. Am
resent were :—

Lady Margaret Jenkins, Lady Charlotte Gr
ady Louis Mountbatten, Lady Carson, Lady
e Hon. Mrs. Lionel Tennyson, the Hon. Lady
on. Mrs. R. C. Cubitt, Lady Moir, and Mr
arriott.

By permission of Mr. Gordon
oland Hayes, the African tenor,
ong recital yesterday afternoon at La

...Caxton Hall. In the evening the Council and
...officers of the Union will attend an "At
...Home" by the invitation of Mr. and Mrs.
...David Davies, at the Whitehall Rooms,
...Hotel Great Central.

...The Royal Aero Club has
...following telegram from the K
...Majesty's sincere congratula
...the King's Cup."
...Please convey to Mr.

f the late
s. Burgess,

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Samuel, Sir
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Dhunjibhoy
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SOCIAL AND SPORTING EVENTS.

The following is a list of the chief social and sporting events which have been arranged to take place in Scotland during the coming season :—

To-day to July 20.—Highlands Agricultural Show at Inverness.
To-day and to-morrow.—Highland Gathering at Dunfermline.
July 18 and 19.—Lanark Races.
July 19 and 20.—Highland Fair, under the patronage of Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, at Oban, in aid of the West Highland Cottage Hospital. The Fair will be opened by the Countess of Eltham (daughter-in-law of the Marquess of Cambridge).
July 20 and 21.—Bogside Races.
July 21.—Alva Games.
July 23.—Scottish Amateur Golf Championship opens at Troon.
July 25.—Highland Games at Alyth.
August 4.—Strathallan Gathering.
August 6.—Border Union Agricultural Society's Show at Kelso.
August 7.—Dumfries Agricultural Show. Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles, to receive the Freedom of Glasgow. Viscount Lascelles to be elected an honorary member of the Incorporation of Weavers and of the Trades House of Glasgow.
August 10 and 11.—Ayr Races.
August 11.—Callander Gathering.
August 25.—Cowal Gathering at Dunoon. The great Highland Gathering in the West of Scotland. The Sir William Wallace anniversary to be celebrated by a pageant and procession in Glasgow under the auspices of the Scottish Home Rule Association.
September 6.—Braemar Gathering.
September 11 and 12.—Oban Games.
September 15.—Earl Haig unveils Glasgow Cenotaph.
September 19 and 20.—Inverness Gathering.
September 19 to 21.—Ayr Races.
September 20 and 21.—Northern Counties Meeting and Ball at Inverness.
September 24 and 25.—Lanark Races.
September 26 and 27.—Edinburgh (Musselburgh) Races.
September 28 and 29.—Perth Hunt Meeting and Ball.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION.

The fourth annual meeting of the General Council of the League of Nations Union will be held at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, on Thursday, at 11 a.m., when the election of officers for the year 1923-24 will take place and the annual report of the Executive Committee, together with the statement of accounts for the past year, will be presented.

At 1 o'clock the delegates will attend a luncheon arranged by the Westminster Branch of the Union, at which the Prime Minister has expressed his intention of being present if possible. At 2.30 p.m. Lord Robert Cecil,

[illegible] and of Calcutta (personal
HEAD, Mr. Robert Charles, [illegible] West Norwood, late of M[illegible] builders, plumbers, and [illegible] Lingfield, Surrey (net per
HENDERSON, Mr. James, of [illegible] don, warehouseman (net per
HIND, Mr. Charles (65), of M[illegible] coal merchant's manag[illegible] £7,417) .. ..
GAVIN, Mr. James Henry, of W[illegible] Holloway, N., builder ne
SOPER, Mr. Arthur Lewis, Barons Court, W., lately [illegible] and Guilds of London Ins[illegible] £6,314) .. .. ..
ELSWORTH, Mr. Anker Stuar[illegible] Hogg-lane, Sandygate, Sh[illegible] John Elsworth and Sons, manufacturers (net person
LAYMAN, Mrs. Charlotte (85), Bickley, Kent, widow of Layman, of Wright, Lay[illegible] Limited, soap manufactur[illegible] £5,244) .. .. ..
BRUNO, Lieutenant-Colonel H[illegible] (69) (late Naval Ordnan[illegible] Moorings, Valley-road, Cl[illegible] (net personalty, £6,048) ..
DUFFIELD, the Rev. Charle[illegible] Stowling Rectory, Ashf[illegible] headmaster of Applebr[illegible] and later of Maidstone Gr[illegible] personalty, £1,748) ..
ARMITAGE, Mrs. Dorothy Je[illegible] mans, Stroud, Gloucestersh[illegible] late Mr. J. R. Pine-Coffin, niece of the late Sir Jo[illegible] personalty, £1,724) ..
WORSLEY, the Rev. Edward, [illegible] Brackley, Northants, hon[illegible] borough, vicar of Evenley (net personalty, £1,098) ..

ALBERT CH[illegible]

The General Secretary [illegible] Film League, Mr. H. R[illegible] "May I draw attent[illegible] almost universal coinc[illegible] notices of the late Al[illegible] aspect of his career w[illegible] one. That aspect was [illegible] with the cinematograp[illegible] that this was more tha[illegible] it represents a public [illegible] prevalent habit of thou[illegible] in this country. For ins[illegible] was mentioned in con[illegible] called *My Old Dutch*. A[illegible] fact is that he was also [illegible] called *My Old Dutch*. *My Old Dutch* is the [illegible] being suggested by a [illegible] place, it was the first t[illegible] appeared in a film. I[illegible] film of *My Old Dutch* [illegible] first time, a new sequ[illegible] second.' "

MR. COURTNEY [illegible] BY THE

prayers at St. Edward's tomb.[1] The splendour of this festival was often greatly increased by the Royal presence. Henry III. most scrupulously made a point of attending; Richard II. and Anne, his queen, on a later anniversary, sat in the church during mass, arrayed in royal robes, with crowns on their heads, and sceptres in their hands.

But this festival possesses an interest in our eyes totally distinct from its religious association. It was on this day, that Henry III. convened the first parliaments that ever sat in England. That time was fixed, that all the prelates and nobles being present to honour the saint, the public affairs of importance might be discussed before they again dispersed to their country seats. The place of meeting was the Abbey itself, so that the high-mass was a sanctification of the business to be transacted, like the Latin Litany and Communion Service at the commencement of each Term in Oxford. Thus was born the infant Parliament, that powerful ruler of this Empire, which, from being merely an adviser of the crown, voting supplies on some great emergency, has gradually all but absorbed the regal power and authority, just as the building itself has symbolically and simultaneously swelled its dimensions from the small gathering in the Abbey (by the courtesy of the Abbot), gaining possession of the Palace Hall,[2] then of the whole building, until now the very palace, courts, and even pleasure-grounds of Henry's time, are covered with the stupendous Houses of Parliament, which, at the present day, adorn the banks of the Thames, coupled with their numerous official adjuncts, personifying, as it were, the mighty sway of *two* of the Estates of England.

[1] Abbot Berkyng, who lived in this reign, and held the abbacy from 1223 to 1246, granted at the request of Henry, that the three days following the Feast of the Translation should be strictly observed with solemn service and ringing of bells.

[2] When Westminster Hall was being rebuilt in its present form, by Richard II., a sort of shed was erected close by for the Members of Parliament; it was open both at the ends and sides, that all might witness their deliberations; and was guarded by a number of bowmen, with their arrows ready fixed.—*Stow's Survey*, p. 174.

These thoughts will help us to picture the imposing spectacle which the great Feasts of the Confessor must have afforded in their best days. It would be a Lord Mayor's Show (not the shabby wreck we now witness, but the vital body, vigorous in youth, gorgeous in fashionable and costly attire, of which that is but the dusty mouldering corpse) united with the state procession at the Queen's opening of Parliament, swelled to a gigantic size by the bands of Knights Templar and Errant, and the various monastic and other religious bodies, which have long ceased to exist, enhanced by a high-festival service in Westminster Abbey, made as beautiful and glorious as decorations, rich robes, and brilliant illuminations could render it, the whole being concluded by an enormous feast at the Palace and Abbey.[1] Henry III., who first advanced it to this costly magnificence, and whose talent especially shone in pageants and fêtes, was so anxious that nothing should mar its due observance, that when [A.D. 1255[2]] he was in the North, and prevented by the critical state of affairs in Scotland from being present, he issued letters-patent, dated at Werk (in Northumberland), "authorising and commanding Philip Luvel, his treasurer, and Edward of Westminster,[3] in the faith and love whereby they were held bound to the king, that they keep the said feast, together with the venerable fathers, the Bishops of Sarum, Norwich, Bath, Chichester, and the neighbouring Abbot and Prior, whom he had invited; and that they solemnly celebrate it at the king's cost." So determined was he, too, that nothing whatever should interfere with his free and full enjoyment

[1] Some notion of Henry's feasts may be gained from the fact, that Nov. 23, 1243, on the occasion of the marriage of the Earl of Cornwall, the king's brother, with Cincia of Provence, sister of the queens of England and France, the tables are *said* to have groaned under the weight of 30,000 dishes, and the chronicler calculates how much space they would cover, supposing them to have been one foot in diameter.—*Stow's Survey.*

[2] The year in which he confirmed Magna Charta.

[3] This Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward I., was so named by his father in memory of his great predecessor the Confessor.

of the feast, that in the following year, when it fell upon a Saturday (a day on which he had bound himself by oath never to eat flesh-meat) he despatched a special embassy to Rome, and obtained a bull [1] from Pope Alexander, allowing him to dispense with his vow, on condition that he entertained at the feast one hundred poor people. This he was nothing loth to do, for of all kings we have ever had, he was the most expensive in his entertainments, and most lavish in his personal expenses. He delighted in a general holiday, and revelled in a glittering pageant and a gigantic banquet.[2] At the coronation of Eleanor, his queen [Jan. 20, 1236], curious devices of all kinds were represented throughout the various thoroughfares along which the procession passed; various-coloured silks, garlands, and banners were suspended by day, while lamps, cressets, and variegated lamps illumined them by night. Three hundred and sixty citizens, holding goblets of gold and silver (in right of their office as royal butlers), shining with gold and decked with gayest silk, rode forth preceded by the king's trumpeters, the shining bits, new saddles, and brilliant caparisons of the horses vying with the elegant attire of their riders.[3]

Matthew Paris thus concludes his spirited account of this scene:—"But why need I recount the train of those who performed the offices of the Church; why describe the profusion of dishes which furnished the table; the abundance of venison, the variety of fish, the diversity of

[1] This bull had a leaden seal, with strings of yellow and red silk. It runs as follows:—"To our dear son in Christ, Henry king of England, greeting, &c., whereas it is signified to us," &c.—*Strype's Excerpta from Tower Records.*

[2] At Christmas, 1236, or rather December 29th (no doubt in commemoration of the original consecration), Henry gave orders to his treasurer to provide a feast for six thousand poor people, at the royal charge.—*Stow's Survey*, p. 172.

[3] A very good specimen of the pageants of the time is given by Stow in his description of that which was exhibited at the demonstrations of joy evinced [A.D. 1293] after Edward the First's victory over the Scots, when "every citizen, according to their several trade, made their several show, but especially the fishmongers, which in a solemn procession passed through the city, having amongst other pageants and

wine, the gaiety of the jugglers, the comeliness of the attendants?—whatever the world could produce for glory or delight was there conspicuous."

No wonder, then, that his arrangements for St. Edward's day were on the most magnificent scale; nor are we left to mere conjecture, as we have a tolerably exact description of his actual custom on these occasions. The eve or vigil before the feast was spent by the King and those nobles who attended the solemnity, in strict fasting and acts of charity; the *night* they passed in the Abbey-church, clad in white, and engaged in prayer and watching by the Confessor's tomb. When morning dawned, Henry withdrew to his palace, leaving orders that the church should be decorated with the gayest ornaments, and illuminated with innumerable tapers; at high-mass the Abbot and monks were arrayed in most costly robes, even the choir being vested in richest silks, which were presented by the King exclusively for these anniversaries; while the choicest selections of sacred music, and the most joyful chants, rendered it the grandest service of the year. At the offertory Henry himself set a noble example of munificence, which was largely followed by his nobles and other subjects, both great and small. There was the usual custom of touching the silver cross on the high-altar during high-mass, his donation of a piece of gold (an ounce in weight) at the shrine during the mass for King Edward's soul, and further alms in money "for the poll" of the King, the Queen, and their children.[1]

shows, four sturgeons, gilt, carried on four horses; and after them six-and-forty armed knights riding on horses, made like luces of the sea; and then, one representing St. Magnus (because it was upon St. Magnus' Day), with a thousand horsemen," &c.—*Stow's Survey*, p. 37; *Matt. Paris; Speed; City Record.*

[1] "Scil. de 36 Almuciis nomine eorum offerri." In an order given on one occasion to William de Haverhull, his treasurer, he directs, that "the king's children being weighed and measured, their weight and measure be distributed among the poor for their good estates."—*Stow's Survey.*

This custom is the origin of that now in use with our royal family of giving Maundy money on Maundy Thursday.

The religious part of the observance being ended, the monks of the Abbey were entertained at the royal charge. The two Halls of Westminster were filled with guests of every station in life: there was the Pope's Legate[1] on the right of the King, and the Archbishop of Canterbury on the left, the nobles and barons arranged in order, according to their rank, whose places the King himself appointed: nor were the poor forgotten; for on one occasion we find he feasted *six thousand*, and on another *ten thousand*, in and about the palace—the weak and aged in the greater and lesser hall, and "those that were strong and in reasonable plight" in the King's Chamber, and the children in the Queen's. Outside and around the palace was every kind of amusement; wrestling among the young men of the city in the fields and open country about Charing Cross; tilting, jousting, and quentin by the juvenile nobility in the court-yards and ball-courts, where now stand the Horse-Guards and Admiralty; dancing by the city maidens round the rustic wells—Holy Well, Clerks' (or Clerken) Well, and St. Clement's Well;[2] while those who preferred a rustic walk with a friend or companion,—the young knight and his betrothed, the fellow-apprentices, or the school-playmates,—could enjoy their solitude and fresh air by a ramble along the rural lane which led from the last suburban church of St. Martin-*in-the-Fields*, under the walls of the Convent (Covent) Garden, and the newly cultivated corn land (still retaining the name *Long Acre*), through the thick forest which covered almost the whole intervening space as far as Hampstead.

[1] In the year 1241, the King, at his Christmas Feast, gave the chief seat to the Legate, which gave great offence to the laity.—*Stow.*

[2] "There are also round London, on the northern side, in the suburbs, excellent springs, the water of which is sweet, clear, and salubrious,

'Mid glistening pebbles gliding playfully:'

amongst which Holy well, Clerken well, and St. Clement's well, are of most note and most frequently visited, as well by the scholars from the schools as by the youth of the city, when they go out to take the air in the summer evenings."—*Fitzstephen.*

There are, however, two extraordinary anniversaries, which are worthy of particular mention, because the details present so vivid a picture of the state of London, socially and politically, in the thirteenth century.

The first was the occasion, on which Edward of Westminster (afterwards the great Edward I.) received the honour of Knighthood, and the Dukedom of Aquitaine. A royal summons was sent to all, who from their high birth and great fortune were thought worthy of receiving the knight's spurs in company with the Prince of Wales. At the time appointed, three hundred noble youths (the sons of earls, barons, and knights of the realm) assembled in high glee, pregnant with expectation, at the Palace of Westminster. Cloth and velvet robes of the deepest purple, silk of the brightest hue, linen of the finest texture, and tunics wrought with gold, were, without lack or stint, gratuitously distributed to each. But the Royal Palace, large though it was, would not suffice to provide even dressing-rooms for so unwonted an influx of visitors, so the walls surrounding the Temple, which extended to the river, were thrown down without more ado, and the orchards destroyed, to make way for the erection of tents, in which these youthful would-be knights might array themselves in their golden dresses.

On the night preceding the ceremony, the Prince of Wales (accompanied by the youths of highest rank), according to the rules of knighthood, watched his armour, fasting and praying by the tomb of his sainted namesake in the Abbey. The rest of the aspirants kept their prescribed vigil in the round Church of the Temple. At the former place, however, the midnight services of the monks were sorely disturbed by the enthusiastic songs, pipes, and trumpets of these young watchers, who were unable to restrain the exuberance of their spirits; and the alternate chanting of the choir could not be heard from one side to the other.

On the following morn, the King at early dawn sum-

moned the Prince to the palace, and, investing him with the knightly belt, conferred on him the Duchy of Aquitaine. As soon as Edward was belted, he hastened to bestow the same dignity on his young companions, and forcing his way through the dense crowd which filled the Abbey, with great difficulty succeeded in reaching the high altar, where he found all attempts to perform his allotted task with befitting decorum were totally fruitless; for, though each of the aspirants had at least three others to conduct him to the altar, and to guard him, two of the number were crushed to death, several were carried out fainting and almost lifeless, while Edward himself was compelled to save himself from the press by mounting upon the very altar. Even *there*, in so sacred a place, and surrounded by a body-guard of his brave companions, this popular Prince with difficulty buckled the military belts on the young knights, and completed their installation.[1]

But the second grand spectacle was one more especially religious, and devoted to the honour of St. Edward. In the year 1247, Henry III. issued circular letters to all the nobles and prelates of the kingdom, commanding their attendance at the feast of the Confessor for the following reasons:—

1. To do honour to that most glorious King and Martyr, and commemorate his translation.

2. To be present at the initiation of his half brother, William de Valence,[2] and other youths, to the order of Knighthood.

3. To hear some very agreeable news of an inestimable benefit recently conferred by Heaven on the English nation.

On the appointed day the nobles duly assembled, full of excitement and curiosity as to what the mysterious boon

[1] *Matthew of Westminster.*

[2] The son of Henry's mother (Isabella of Angoulême) and her second husband, the Count de la Marche. He was afterwards Earl of Pembroke, and died 1249. His brother Aymer (buried in Westminster Abbey) was Bishop of Winchester.

could be, and loudly clamouring, that their suspense might be at once relieved. The King, in answer to their impetuous demands, came forward, and informed them, that, in the previous year, the Master of the Templars and Hospitallers had presented him with a portion of the very blood which flowed from our Saviour's side as he hung upon the cross. Of its genuineness, he assured them there could be no doubt, as it had been brought from Palestine by some Templars on their return from the Crusades, who, seeking no remuneration, were not interested in forging a falsehood; above all, it was incontestably authenticated by the testimony, duly signed and sealed, of persons no less worthy of credit than Robert the Patriarch of Jerusalem himself, together with several Archbishops, Bishops, Abbots, and other prelates of the Holy Land. This precious relic had been carefully treasured up in the Church of St. Thomas Acres, in Cheapside,[1] and now, in the Cathedral of St. Paul, was awaiting its triumphal removal to St. Edward's shrine at Westminster.

Early in the morning of St. Edward's day (October 13th, 1247), a vast number of priests and of laity from town and country, various monastic bodies, guilds and fraternities, might be seen wending their way towards St. Paul's Cathedral.[2] All the city was in a bustle, as if some great event were expected. The latticed windows and open balconies of Ludgate Hill were filled with gay spectators of both sexes, and gaily decked with silken hangings, flags, and garlands, while all along the Strand and down to the very banks of the River, immense crowds lined each side of the road. Every face full of expectation is eagerly turned towards St. Paul's, from whence, after some little delay, a long procession is seen to issue. First comes a

[1] This church is now "The Mercers' Chapel."—*Nichol's Erasmus.*

[2] "It was conveyed," says Fabian in his *Chronicle*, "with most solempne procession, ye Kynge with greate noumbre of his lordys beynge present, from St. Thomas of Acres in Cheapside, vnto Westmynstre, in right solempne wyse, with processyon, and other accordynge observaunces to such a relyke apperteynynge."

row of choristers, clerks, and choirmen, clad in white robes, each carrying a tall waxen taper (blazing away from amidst its costly garniture), and bearing banners emblazoned with monograms and other symbolical devices, thickly interspersed with an immense number of gold and silver crosses. Behind them follow (almost without exception) the whole clergy of London, arrayed in copes, chasubles, and albs or surplices, wearing the hoods of their respective orders. After them appears the King himself, walking on foot, and clothed in a humble dress—a poor cloak, undyed,[1] retaining the natural colour of the wool, without any trimming or even hood—bearing in his hands, raised high above his head, the sacred blood, enclosed in a costly vase of pure crystal. His eyes are devoutly raised to heaven, or fixed stedfastly on the holy treasure he is carrying.

Two nobles of highest estate support his arms, while four others hold over him a gorgeous canopy resting on four spears. A splendid retinue of barons, knights, gentlemen, and other attendants, followed by the Lord Mayor (Peter Fitzalwin), John Viel and Nicholas Bat (the two sheriffs), the newly appointed aldermen, and civic-companies close this wonderful procession, blazing with torches, glittering with rich picturesque costumes of both males and females,—a sight so imposing, that an eye-witness[2] tells us a separate volume alone could adequately describe it.

Slowly they move down Ludgate Hill, and crossing at its foot the wooden bridge over the river Fleet, emerge into the open country, ascending the hill by the church of St. Bride, and passing the few scattered mansions (or inns, as they were then called), the town residences of the bishops and nobility, when in attendance on their duties in Par-

[1] There happened to be a scarcity of woad for dyeing at that time, and Henry set his subjects the example of wearing cloth undyed, which soon became very fashionable.

[2] Matthew Paris, who was present at the whole ceremony, and expressly ordered by Henry to record it in his history.

liament or at the Court. Now they pass the Convent of the White Friars or Carmelites[1] at the corner of Water Lane (names not wholly passed from our memory even now), where doubtless the members of this new community would do homage to the holy relic and join the procession. Now they arrive at Clifford's Inn,[2] the stately edifice belonging to the Earl of Richmond, and afterwards his residence. At the corner of Chancelar (Chancery) Lane, they are met by the converted Jews, who were comfortably maintained in great numbers, at the King's expense, in a hospital which he had built for them, better known to us, since Edward the Third's time, as the Rolls' Court.[3] At this point, too, the proud and haughty Templars swell the cortége with their numbers, as they issue from their wealthy palace, and take their place among the nobles,[4] sadly changed from the poverty depicted on their corporate seal, which represented one horse as forced to serve for two riders at once. But now, this glittering array of king, nobles, clergy, and citizens, have reached the country suburbs, and as the road becomes rugged and uneven the enthusiastic monarch grasps his sacred treasure with firmer hands, and keeps his eyes more intently fixed on the crystal vase. Passing by the Holy Well, with its green sward and miraculous waters, the rural churches of St. Clement and St. Dunstan,[5]—the one

[1] Fratres Beatæ Mariæ de Monte Carmelis—the Friars, or *Brothers*, of St. Mary of Mount Carmel—received this house and their foundation from Sir Richard Gray, only six years before this event.—*Stow's Survey.*

[2] This mansion, in the next reign, was taken from Malculines de Hurley by Edward I., for a bad debt.—*Stow.*

[3] A little beyond this House of the Converted Jews, was the residence of the Bishop of Chichester (Cursitor's Office), and on the opposite side, that of the Bishop of Lincoln, which still retains its old name, Lincoln's Inn.—*Stow.*

[4] The Templars, at that time, were noted for their pride and avarice. They were in the habit of entertaining the highest peers of the realm, and even the Royal Family, at their convent. They were the great bankers and usurers of England; and a few years later their wealth was reputed to be so great, that when Edward I. wanted money for the Scotch wars, he broke into the Temple, and helped himself to their gold and silver.—*Stow.*

[5] This church, in 1237, was given by the Abbey and Convent of Westminster to Henry III., who handed over the profits arising from it to

recalling the savage times of Danish slaughters, the other, of Saxon ascendency, the legends of its patron, of Edgar and his murdered queen—they leave the Savoy Palace,[1] to the left—then the Queen's private residence, but a century later (1357) made more illustrious by receiving for its inmate King John of France, when led prisoner to London by the Black Prince after the battle of Poictiers. Leaving on the right the little lane, leading up to St. Martin's Church, and to the still more rustic church of St. Giles—at which, in later times, the traitors about to be hung at Tyburn, were offered their last refreshment,—to the left of Bethlehem Hospital (better known as Bedlam), the stately pageant turns the corner (where now stands the grim mansion of the Duke of Northumberland). As they come in sight of the Abbey, a company of clergy—headed by the Bishops of London (Fulco Basset), Norwich, and many others, in mitres and chasubles, with croziers in their hands, and the Abbot of Westminster in full pontificals, followed by the monks of the whole community (more than one hundred in number) vested in white, bearing banners and tapers—meet the royal procession at the gates of the Episcopal Palace of Durham (at that time the residence of Henry's bitter enemy the Earl of Leicester, and where at one time he was himself imprisoned). The two bodies united burst forth in one triumphant song of holy exultation, mingling their joyous Psalms with tears of gladness. On the wide open road from the spot where five and forty years later Charing-Cross was erected in memory of Henry's daughter-in-law, they pass the solitary residence of the Bishop of Norwich (now Whitehall);[2] and the priceless blessing—the glory

the "Domus Conversorum," or House of Converted Jews.

[1] This palace was built by Queen Eleanor's uncle, and presented to her by him. It was selected as the residence of the French king, during his imprisonment, "because it was the fairest manor in England."—*Stow's Survey.*

[2] This palace afterwards belonged to the Archbishop of York, whence it was called "York House," a name which is still testified by that of some of the surrounding streets;

of England — is conveyed in triumph to the royal Abbey.

Having entered the gates,[1] the King still maintains his hold, and devoutly bears his treasure through every room and chamber in his palace, that the whole house may be blessed by its hallowing presence. At length he reaches the church, and still he carries the crystal vase around its walls, and up the chancel steps, until, on his knees, with most humble reverence, he dedicates it on the altar "to God, to the Church of St. Peter, to his beloved Edward, and to the holy brethren, who minister at that place to God and His saints." This done, Henry seats himself on his throne, his nobles stand around him, the clergy take their appointed places, and the rest of the company arrange themselves, as they can find room, while Walter de Suffield,[2] Bishop of Norwich, celebrates mass, and ascending the pulpit, delivers an eloquent sermon on the inestimable value to all Christians of our blessed Saviour's blood,—the price paid by the Son of God for man's redemption. He then reverts to the occasion which had assembled together on that day so many of the noblest personages in the realm; and, recounting the various proofs and testimonies they had received in favour of the present offering being the veritable blood shed upon the cross, he concludes by impressing on the vast assembly,—which thronged the church to suffocation,—the pride which the whole nation ought to feel in the possession of such a treasure, proclaiming a pardon of "six years and one hundred and sixteen days," which had been granted by the Bishops in convocation, to all that come to reverence it.[3]

but when Cardinal Wolsey (then Archbishop of York), was indicted in premunire, it was confiscated by the Crown, and the name changed to "Whitehall."

[1] The great gates of the Abbey formerly stood at the bottom of King Street.

[2] It is to the pious munificence of this prelate that we owe the splendid Lady Chapel of Norwich Cathedral. — *Winkle's Cathedrals*, Vol. II. p. 84.

[3] Strange as this ceremony may appear to us, a very similar one has taken place in Spain since this account was written, which will afford an interesting corroboration: the

At the conclusion of the ceremony the King puts off his humble cloak, and arrays himself in a robe of costly baudekin (such as never before had been seen in this country); and, with a chaplet of gold on his head, seated in state on his throne, he confers the order of Knighthood on his half-brother and his compeers.[1] He then invites the prelates and nobles to a sumptuous breakfast in the palace, including Matthew Paris (the chronicler),[2] in his invitation; and, having ordered the monks to be entertained at his expense, in their own refectory, this wonderful festival is concluded with a feast unexampled for its princely magnificence.

Such are two specimens of the greatest spectacles which the Abbey exhibited to our forefathers on the anniversaries of its great founder's canonization. But, not only was the

Correspondencia Autográfa contains the account as follows:—"Yesterday, at five in the afternoon, took place in the royal apartments the ceremony of placing the nail possessed by the Chapel Royal (one of those which suspended Jesus Christ) in the magnificent and unequalled reliquary that Her Majesty the Queen has had constructed to replace that which was stolen, when, on May 27th of last year, the most holy nail disappeared. The ceremony commenced with the benediction of the reliquary by the Patriarch of the Indies. The reliquary being afterwards placed in the oratory of the same royal habitation, the Patriarch returned to the chapel, and, with all the clergy and music of the same, conducted the holy nail in procession to the royal apartment, where their Majesties, with her Royal Highness the Princess of the Asturias, and the Infanta Donna Christina, were waiting upon their knees, with the chief officers of the palace, &c.; the music played the prayers, which the Church possesses even for such unusual cases as this, and the procession having reached the Royal Chamber, the holy nail was placed in the new reliquary, and the officiating divine offered for adoration this inestimable instrument of our Redemption, their Majesties adoring it first. Many persons of those present in the chapel also adored it, and it was subsequently deposited in the sacred place, where it is to be preserved, in spite of sacrilegious hands, for the greater honour and glory of God."—From the *Times* newspaper of May 18th, 1857.

[1] It was during this part of the day's proceedings, that Henry, recognising Matthew Paris among the spectators, summoned him to a seat by his side, and bid him note down all he had witnessed, that it might be handed down to future ages. There is in the British Museum the original manuscript copy of Matthew Paris' Chronicle, containing beautiful historical illuminations, presented by him to Henry III.

[2] He died in the same year as Edward I., A.D. 1307.

Confessor's shrine visited by a vast concourse of people on these annual commemorations, but at Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, and any other great holy-day, numberless votaries flocked thither to pay their homage, and make their offerings. No shrine in England, save that of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury, received adoration so universal and so intense.

CHAPTER IX.

CONSECRATION OF THE PRESENT ABBEY.

For fifty-one years already Henry had been occupied in building the choir of the present Abbey, behind which was a chapel, designed at once to be a burial-place for himself and family, and a receptacle worthy to receive the remains of the sainted Edward. Still two years were wanting before even this part of the edifice would be finished, and full twenty before the entire fabric[1] would be completed, when the state of political affairs interfered in a very alarming manner with the progress of the work, and even threatened at one time to destroy all that the King's zeal and liberality had so nobly performed. Mention has already been made of the uncomfortable feeling which existed between Henry and his subjects, before the Norman dynasty became amalgamated with the vanquished Saxons; and it was during the civil contest which this process of fusion produced, after Henry had admitted the Saxon commons into a share in state-deliberations, that he was reduced to the mean artifices, previously narrated, by which he humbled the royal dignity of England, and crouchingly craved even the means of subsistence. Thousands of pounds he had lavished on splendid shows, and gigantic entertainments; tens of thousands he had spent on the chapel of the Confessor, until the commons of England,

[1] The abbot and monks had undertaken to rebuild the nave and transepts. From a note to one of the Harleian Manuscripts, it appears that certain of the Cheshire barons contributed to the building, and had their arms set up in the church in consequence. — *Harl. MSS.* Vol. II. p. 534.

weary of the perpetual drain on their pockets to support a weak monarch, who so unsparingly squandered away whatever came into his coffers; and the barons, conscious of their own power, and eager for an aristocracy, which they could share,[1] united under the ambitious Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, broke out into open rebellion, and shook the throne to its very foundations. It was at this crisis, that Henry was aroused from his schemes of magnificent building, when his hopes were all but consummated, and summoning his Parliament in haste, asked from them that pecuniary assistance, and those military supplies, which no Norman king had ever asked before; but which, unsolicited, no subjects of England under their rule, had ever neglected to provide. On this occasion, however, they refused the grant, and the King was reduced to the greatest straits; for the middle-class were not hostile to the movement, if indeed they did not favour it.

The city of London was speedily in possession of the malcontents, and even Westminster was not allowed to escape uninjured. Gloucester's riotous troops broke the windows of the palace, and defaced the buildings; they plundered the private houses, stripped the parish church of St. Margaret, and even burst forcibly into the Abbey; but so strong a hold had reverence for St. Edward on the minds even of a lawless mob, that, though they freely spoiled it of all the property belonging to the state, or to private individuals, which had been placed there for greater security, they scrupulously abstained from appropriating or injuring a single one of the costly jewels which adorned the shrine and altars, or any article which belonged to the service of God, or the use of the monks.

In this emergency, Henry, less punctilious, or more needy than his disaffected subjects, borrowed all the gold, jewels, precious ornaments, and other valuables, which had been offered to the shrine,[2] and pawned them to

[1] See *Goldsmith's England*, p. 87.
[2] *Hollinshed*, Vol. II. p. 471; *Matt. Westm.* p. 546.

various merchants in England, and on the Continent (the most part probably to the Templars, who at that time were bankers and money-brokers to all Europe),[1] binding himself most solemnly to return them within a year; which promise he faithfully fulfilled.[2] The vast wealth thus obtained speedily furnished him with a formidable army of mercenary troops (principally Scotch and French), which at once restored peace to his dominions.

At length, after fifty-three years of building and preparation, the chapel of the Confessor, and the choir and transepts of the church, were completed; and as Henry felt his strength decline,[3] he became more anxious, without waiting until the whole building was ready, to put the finishing stroke to his great aim by removing the bones of its original founder to the exalted throne prepared for them.

[A.D. 1269.] Sunday, October 13th,[4] was the joyful anniversary of the last translation of his bones, in the reign of Henry II., and was selected for its more magnificent repetition. The day was singularly auspicious. The Confessor's funeral, as before remarked, was on a Friday, the day of our Saviour's burial; and now in the year of his exaltation to rest in glory, his own festival fell on that blessed rest-day, on which our Lord rose from the tomb to greater glory, with His glorified body.[5] Such a fortuitous circumstance would doubtless have great weight with the principal actors in the scene, especially as Aelred, the Abbot-biographer of Edward, draws out so many, even

[1] *Strickland's Queens*, Vol. II. p. 99.

[2] This presents a striking precedent for the more general gift of college and church plate to Charles I. to aid him against the Parliament. For the terms of the bond given by Henry to Westminster Abbey, see Appendix.

[3] See the ballad, "Adam O'Gordon," quoted in *Strickland's Queens*, Vol. II. p. 130.

[4] "Translatio Sti. Edwardi Regis facta est iiij. idus Octobris et datus est regi xx. denarius (a twentieth penny) de bonis laicorum, et decima (a tithe) cleri per triennium, annuente Papâ."—*Hen. de Knyghton, Canon. Leycestr.* lib. ii. Henry III.

[5] The author by no means advances this as a mere speculation of his own, but points out, what, in times like those which he is describing, he is convinced would be the feelings of Henry, himself well versed in monkish chronicles, and of others, as far as may be gathered from the tone of their writings.

fanciful points of resemblance, between the death of our Lord, and His royal servant.

To every part of the dominions had the King's summons been sent; and there was hardly a person, young or old, great or small, who knew not the proclamation,—"That Henry, Lord King of England, from the pious devotion with which he was instinctively endued, no longer able to bear, that the venerable relics of the most blessed King Edward (whom above all saints he adored with excessive veneration) should humbly recline in so small and lowly a spot, had determined to transfer his remains to the new building, which he had raised at a vast expense—that so shining a light might no more remain hid under a bushel, but rather be exalted on a candlestick, to shed more abundant light on all who enter in or go out of that holy fane."[1]

We have all seen the preparations made for celebrating the return of peace to our country after the Russian war. We can well recall the curiosity with which we viewed all the arrangements, the intense anxiety and expectation with which all ages and ranks of society waited for the appointed day: how thousands of visitors from every part of the country poured into London to be present at that day's festivities; how for weeks the preliminaries engaged the attention of all,—statesmen, tradesmen, and private families.

Most of us, too, can remember the excitement which prevailed at the inauguration of the Royal Exhibition in 1851:—the gigantic assemblage, the gay attire, the exquisite ornamental brilliancy of the Crystal Palace itself, its novelty, its national importance; and, above all, the imposing scene, when, in the presence of royalty, surrounded by the highest and noblest of the land, the Primate of all England sought the blessing of Heaven on the unprecedented and wondrous undertaking, and sanctified its opening with a religious service.

A union of both these spectacles, joined, in addition, to a great religious festival, would hardly convey an adequate

[1] See Appendix.

notion of the unprecedented sight, which the people of this kingdom were summoned to witness in the year 1269. For full half a century the most skilful workmen had been employed on the choicest materials to construct a temple, which should be the brightest jewel of England, the gem of Europe, and the wonder of the world. The abbot, Richard de Warre, when at Rome (to which he had gone to receive consecration from the Pope's own hands), had engaged the most distinguished artists,[1] and purchased the most costly porphyry to be inlaid in the new feretory, the flooring round the shrine, and the pavement in front of the high altar. At last, this great specimen of art was to be exposed to public view. The designers and artificers were anxious to display, and the whole country eager to see, it. All were on the tip-toe of expectation for that day to arrive which was to mark, as it were, an epoch, from which other events would be reckoned. And, as the eve approaches, London is crammed with an unwonted population of excited expectants.

The King and those nobles who were to assist him, passed the vigil in the church, watching and fasting. At midnight, the abbot and monks removed the Confessor's bones into a new coffin of gold; the old one was reserved, by Henry's express desire, as a receptacle for his own body, imagining that its saintly occupant had endued it with peculiar virtue. Again enclosed in its former reliquaries,[2] in which the coffin had been previously placed by William the Conqueror and the second Henry, they carried it from "the side of the queere, where the monks used to sing the service," and placed it upon the high altar.

Almost at early dawn spectators began to arrive,—all the

[1] *Archæologia*, Vol. XVII. p. 33.

[2] *Reliquary*, a small box, chest, or casket, to contain relics, made of wood, iron, or other metals, and occasionally of stone. *Feretory*, a bier or coffin, tomb or shrine, properly a portable shrine, in which the relics were carried in procession; but shrine, feretory, and reliquary are used indiscriminately.—*Gloss. of Arch.*, Vol. I. p. 163.

Hugh, Bishop of Durham, caused a feretory of gold and silver to be made, wherein were deposited the bones of Venerable Bede.—*Ant. Rites of Durham*, p. 77.

prelates (and among them the Archbishop of York,[1] and Henry Sandwich, Bishop of London), earls, counts, abbots, and priors, with a long train of burghers and citizens, headed by Hugh Fitz Ottonis (or Thomas), the lord mayor, Thomas Basing, and Robert Cornhill, the sheriffs, followed by a large concourse of the lower orders.[2]

When the church is crammed to the very doors, and even outside to the gates of the monastery, two poor men, sorely afflicted with demoniacal possession (Benedict, a clerk of Winchester, and John, a layman from Ireland, who had travelled all the way to London on purpose to be present at the ceremony), enhance the interest of the occasion by being conspicuously placed, with the hope that the Saint, as he passed to his glorious resting-place, might compassionately restore them to their senses. All being thus arranged, the King and his chosen friends approach the altar, and prepare to receive their sacred burden. The bier is placed on the shoulders of Henry himself, his brother Richard (King of the Romans), his two sons, Edward (afterwards King of England), and Edmund (so-called King of Sicily), the Earl of Wareham, and Lord Philip Bassett.[3]

[1] The Archbishop of York performed the sacred rites on this occasion (in the absence of Boniface, Archbishop of Canterbury, who at that time "was beyond the seas"). During the whole ceremony he had his crozier carried before him, as Primate of England, which gave great offence to many Bishops, "who had never seen the like before."—*Tyrrell's Hist. of Eng.* Vol. II. pt. ii. p. 1085.

[2] It appears, that owing to a dispute between the mayors of London and Winchester, as to the right of presenting the cup (de Pincernariâ) to the King at the banquet, which the King was afraid to decide, he did not wear his crown at the consecration of the Abbey.

In this year (1269), say the Waverley Annals, the body of King Edward was translated from the old to the new feretory; on the same day a convocation of bishops, counts, barons, abbots, priors, and many others being summoned, "proposuit Rex portare coronam, unde vindicantibus sibi jus, et consuetudinem de Pincernariâ Wintoniensibus et Londoniensibus civibus, noluit Dominus Rex, ut quis eorum serviret, propter discordiam et periculum quod possit imminere, sed jussit utramque partem discumbere; unde Londonienses indignantes recesserunt, Wintonienses vero remanserunt comedentes, et bibentes in curiâ, et cum licentiâ Domini Regis recedentes remearunt ad propria."—*Waverley Annals.*

[3] Henry had witnessed a similar scene, with a like procession, when Becket's remains were translated to

Numerous other noblemen eagerly press forward, and raise their hands to support so noble a burden. On the shoulders of this royal and distinguished band, the glittering chest is borne aloft, and the gay procession moves forward. Surely such a sight has seldom been seen as that presented to the view of the admiring multitude which that day thronged the church, when these four Kings slowly and solemnly carried their saintly load around the sacred building. Onwards they move, up the steps of the choir, and beyond the high altar to the costly pedestal, on which it was intended to rest for the future. There, at length, in the presence of Eleanor, the queen, and the still more illustrious Eleanor (the *future* queen), of the whole royal family, nearly the whole episcopacy of England, and all the nobles of the Court, the remains of the Confessor are elevated, to the great delight of both king and people, and the still greater joy of the two demoniacs, who are relieved from their evil possession the moment the sacred body touches its jewel-studded resting-place.

High-mass was celebrated by Abbot Warre. The Queen presented a silver image of the Blessed Virgin,[1] and many other rich gifts, an example extensively followed by the members of the Court, and many of the assembled worshippers. Then, for the first time, the richly tapestried curtain, which divided this most holy place from the body of the church, was drawn aside, and the new work in all its inconceivable splendour exposed to public gaze.

The monks were regaled, as usual, at the royal expense, in the refectory of the Abbey; while in the palace,—in that finest of European halls (built by William Rufus, and successively enlarged and embellished),—there had never been gathered so interesting a company, and seldom been seen

their new shrine in Canterbury Cathedral, from which, no doubt, he derived the idea of this ceremony. —See *Stanley's Memorials of Canterbury*, p. 193.

[1] According to some it was not *presented* on this occasion (perhaps only then first exhibited), but in the thirtieth year of Henry III.

so sumptuous a feast, as that which "stunned the senses" of Henry's guests.[1]

The meeting that day in Westminster Hall was a memorable one on many accounts. It was almost the first at which for many years the royal family had met their barons with anything but uneasiness and fear. But the bravery of Edward, and the death of the Earl of Leicester, had raised the royal supremacy once more beyond an empty name; and Henry and his nobles were again restored to their proper positions. There met, too, on that occasion the whole royal family: the King and Queen, both far advanced in years; the gigantic Prince Edward, in the full pride and vigour of youth, with his prominent chest, Roman nose, deep forehead, and light curly hair; and by his side the lovely Eleanor of Castile (illustrious for her devotion in saving her husband's life), the most beautiful lady in the kingdom, supporting her infant children—the baby Henry, the little Eleanora, just three years old, and their eldest son, John, to whom the nobles at that fête solemnly swore allegiance, in case his father should perish in the holy wars he was on the eve of joining. It was then, that the nobles used every argument to dissuade the faithful Eleanor from accompanying her husband on so perilous an enterprise, when she made the devoted and memorable reply, "Nothing ought to part those whom God hath united; and the way to heaven is as near, if not nearer, from Syria than from England, or my native Spain."

That day, too, was a proud one for the old King. It was the realization of his happiest hopes. And, as he sat by the fire of coals—a curiosity, seen almost, if not quite, for the first time[2]—and, looking complacently round on the assembled party, saw his brothers, his sons, stepsons, and grandchildren, all united in one happy family; his rebellious subjects turned into faithful and even obsequious

[1] *Matthew of Westminster.*

[2] A charter had just been granted to Newcastle to get coal, which for many years subsequently continued to be regarded as an expensive luxury.

friends, vying with each other in the adulations they heaped on the heir-apparent and his princess, and lavishing caresses on their children; he would indeed seem to have arrived at the blissful termination of a troubled life, and to be ready, like Simeon of old, to depart in peace.

But it was like the last Christmas-gathering of a family before the dispersion of its members to fulfil their respective duties in the world. There are few who cannot recall such a day. When once it is over, and the family broken up, when there is but one absentee, how seldom can it be re-united! It was just so with those collected together in the great Hall of Westminster on the evening after the consecration of that Abbey, which still remains the greatest ornament of our metropolis. They never all met afterwards. Before St. Edward's day came round again, Prince Edward and his devoted wife were serving their crusade in Palestine. Two out of the three beautiful children, they had seen fondled by the nobility, died in their absence. A year later (1271), Richard, King of the Romans, whose shoulders had helped to bear the Confessor's remains to the new shrine, was seized with paralysis at his seat at Berkhampstead; and, losing the use of his limbs, speech and reason, in a few days he breathed his last. Henry himself, two years afterwards, left almost alone—his son far away in the east—two of his grandchildren already in the grave—was laid by the side of his revered predecessor, the Confessor, leaving the kingdom to the mercies of his old enemy, Gilbert de Clare, under a solemn oath, however, to proclaim Edward king, which he faithfully discharged as soon as the old King's life was extinct.

But, to return to the Confessor's Chapel as it was left by Henry III. What it really was, we can but conjecture, though sufficient still remains to form by no means a very faulty notion of its youthful beauty. The *building* is almost what it then was,—worn indeed by time, and defaced by wanton injury;— there are the same light, elegant arches of Caen-stone, tier above tier, supported by the banded

columns and taper-shafts of Purbeck-marble. But, the beautiful stained glass, representing the various scenes in Edward's life, the figure of St. John the Evangelist (his patron saint), and others of a similar kind, perished during the Rebellion. The shrine we must endeavour, in some sort, to restore.

In the centre of all, high above the arras-screen,[1] behind the high altar, so as to be visible to every person in the church, stood this great work of art. It was nine feet in height, five feet four inches in width, nine feet five inches in length, and was built entirely of stone. On each side were three recessed arches (or niches), trefoil-headed, separated from each other by marble pilasters; the back, sides, and soffits of every arch were enriched with mosaic panellings of various patterns, no two exhibiting the same design. These were constructed for the comfort of the wretched pilgrims, maimed, sick and lame, who came to be healed by the Confessor's miraculous powers, and whose knees have left indelible marks, remaining even to our day. Above these niches was a range of seven compartments, panelled with the most exquisite mosaic[2] lozenges of gold and porphyry (alternately placed horizontally and perpendicularly), within borders, twisted somewhat like the figure 8. At the east end the entablature was supported by two spiral pillars (one of which may still be seen), and at the west by

[1] This chapel was separated from the choir by arras hangings, representing on one side the story of Edward and Hugo the thief, and of Edward and the pilgrim, with descriptive verses; on the other the coronation of our kings, with the following distich:—

Hanc Regum sedem sibi Petrus consecrat ædem:
Quam tu, Papa, regis, insignit et unctio regis."

Dart's Westm. p. 63.

[2] Although the tesserse were fixed in a very strong cement, they have been mostly picked from the niches, not so much for the sake of plunder, nor even from mere wantonness, but to be treasured up as sacred relics or precious mementoes, by sacrilegious sight-seers. Round the middle of the marble frame, there used to run a Latin inscription, composed by Abbot Warre, as follows:—

Anno milleno Domini, cum septuageno
Et bis centeno, cum completo quasi dexo,
Hoc opus est factum, quod Petrus duxit in actum
Romanus civis, homo, causam noscere si vis
Rex fuit Henricus sancti presentis amicus.

But this inscription has been erased, and one of later date occupies its place.

a mosaic facing borne by similar pillars. On the summit of all was seen the coffin itself, covered with plates of solid gold, and surmounted with a gabled roof of the same costly metal, besprinkled with gems.[1] From the ground to the crown (about twelve feet) it was one blaze of jewels, cameos, gold,[2] and porphyry.[3]

But rich and exquisite as were the materials, all writers concur in the assertion, that the skilful workmanship of Pietro Cavallini,[4] and his Roman artists, far excelled even *their* beauty. The gorgeous diaper, in lozenge patterns, surrounded by serpentine guilloche borders, all formed in the minutest mosaic (a kind of work not uncommon in Italy, but without any example in England, save three other tombs,[5] ornamented by the same artist), completely dazzled the eyes of all beholders.[6]

On the left of the shrine stood the beautiful ivory figure of the Virgin, so highly prized by Thomas à Becket; and on the opposite side, a corresponding figure of the Virgin, made in silver, wearing a diadem of gold, ornamented

[1] *Dart's Westminster; Neale's* Ditto; *Weever's Funeral Monuments; Nichol's Erasmus*, p. 170.

When not exhibited, the gold coffin was covered with a wooden box, which was raised by means of pulleys.

[2] There are, in the royal accounts of that reign, continual payments by the king's treasurer, of money to the goldsmiths engaged at the Abbey. A.D. 1241, there is mentioned an order to Edward Fitz Odo to pay a *sufficient* sum for the goldsmiths, and 60 marks (720*l.*) for the works of the shrine of the Blessed Edward (ad operationes pheretri Beati Edwardi).

[3] For an engraving of the shrine, see *Dart's Westm. Abbey*, Vol. II. p. 24.

[4] The artist was engaged by Abbot Warre during his sojourn at Rome, as being the most distinguished which Italy (and therefore Europe) could produce; though, according to some, it could not have been *Pietro* Cavallini, as they say he was not born till the year 1279.

[5] That of Henry III., the mosaic under Becket's crown, and the shrine of the martyrs Simplicius and Faustina, now at Strawberry Hill (all known to be Cavallini's).—*Neale's Westminster*, p. 70.

[6] There were some English artists employed, as Fitz Odo and his son (goldsmiths), commonly called Otho and Edward of Westminster; John of Gloucester, mason and statuary; William, a monk of Westminster, who painted for Henry; Master Walter, the king's painter; William of Gloucester, the goldsmith who cast the monumental figure of Katherine, infant daughter of Henry; Walter of Colchester, sacristan of St. Alban's, whom Matthew Paris (himself a good artist) calls "pictor et sculptor *incomparabilis*."

with an emerald and a ruby, taken out of two rings bequeathed by the Bishop of Chichester to Henry III.[1] Over it waved a standard or ensign of red sammit, or silk, sparkling[2] all over with gold, on which was beautifully embroidered in gold bullion the figure of a dragon, whose eyes were sapphires; his tongue resembling burning fire, appeared to move continually, while precious jewels disposed about his body, enriched the costliness of his appearance.[3] In front of all, a massive chandelier (or corona) of silver,[4] contained the wax candles, with which, on great festivals, it was illumined; and a lamp perpetually burned before the sacred spot. At the head (where now stands the Chapel of Henry V.) there was a room, strongly protected, in which all the most highly-prized offerings were cautiously guarded by Edward Fitz Odo, "the keeper of the King's works," except when exhibited to the awe-struck devotees, and privileged pilgrims.

And now began that excessive devotion for Edward which made his memory and his tomb renowned, not only throughout England, but throughout Christendom. But his chapel, henceforward, presents a new and even more interesting aspect, in which it teaches us of the present day, a historical lesson; for it becomes from this time the mausoleum of our Plantagenet sovereigns, and is almost the only remaining link between them and us. On Sunday, November 14th,[5] 1272, the feast of St. Edmund, Henry III. was laid in Edward's disused coffin, and buried

[1] This image was the gift of Queen Eleanor, the diadem that of her illustrious consort.—*Strype's Excerpta of Tower Records.*

[2] "Extensellatus," from *estincelle*, the French for "a spark," from whence comes our word "tinsel." The mandate ordering this standard was executed at Chippenham, June 17, 1244.—*Bentley's Excerp. Hist.* p. 404.

[3] The dragon was frequently used on the standards of our early kings; see *Retrospective Review*, New Series, Vol. I. p. 94.

[4] "One great crown of silver to set wax candles upon in the said church."—*Strype's Excerpta of Tower Records.*

[5] Fabian says he died Nov. 16th, and within four days after, with as much solemnity as the time would admit, he was buried on the south side of St. Edward.—*Fab. Chron.* p. 369.

at the Confessor's side, by the wealthy Knight Templars (whose order his father had founded), at their own expense, with such extravagant pomp, that his contemporary chronicler declares his gorgeously-decked effigy, surmounting the coffin, vested in all the robes and insignia of royalty, presented a far more magnificent spectacle than he himself had ever done in his most glittering pageants, when alive.[1] There may his tomb[2] still be seen, fixed (according to the order contained in his will)[3] on the north side of the shrine, while his half-brothers (William, and Aymer de Valence), and his youngest son, Edmund Crouchback, lie just outside the strict limits of the chapel.

Henry, however, left, as has before been mentioned, the new building in an unfinished state, and imposed on his son the duty of completing that part which he had undertaken, the abbot and monks continuing the rest.[4] Eleven years before his death [A.D. 1261] the construction of the eastern part had cost him no less a sum than £29,345 19*s.* 8*d.*, besides £260 still due for Caen-stone, lime, and wages, altogether equivalent to nearly £90,000 of our money. This portion of the edifice was not completed until twenty-three years later [A.D. 1284],[5] so that

[1] "Sepultus est in nobilissimâ basilicâ Westmonasteriensi, regni magnatibus exequias debitas impendentibus, cum eâ qua decuit honorificentiâ tumulatus; sane corpus ipsius pretiosissimis indumentis, et diademate regio, prout decuit, adornatum, omni assistentium judicio a nobilioribus regni ad hoc officium prælectis in locello portatili (in the humble place of *bearers*) deferretur ad tumulum, ampliori splendore decoris effulgebat mortuum, quam prius dum vixerat, appareret."—*Thomas Wike's Chronicle.*

[2] The following verses were "wryten in a table hangynge vpon y^e tombe of the sayd Henry:—

Tertius Henricus iacet hic, pietatis amicus;
Ecclesiam stravit istam, quam post renouavit.
Reddat Ei munus, qui regnat Trinus et Unus."

Fab. Chron. p. 369.

[3] *Camden's Britannia.*

[4] *Widmore's Hist. of Westminster Abbey*, Appendix.

[5] The part built in the time of Henry III. consists of the Confessor's Chapel, the side aisles and chapels, the choir (to somewhat lower than Sir Isaac Newton's monument), and the transept. The four pillars of the present choir, which have brass fillets, appear to finish Henry's work: the conclusion of which is also marked by a striped chalky stone, which forms the roof."—*Gloss. of Arch.* Vol. III. p. 88.

its cost cannot have fallen short of £150,000, exclusive of the nave, which must at least have absorbed another £100,000. To this enormous sum is to be added the incalculable expense of the various monuments successively erected in the Confessor's Chapel, as well as the offerings made to the shrine and altars; when the amount of wealth expended on this one church will appear perfectly fabulous. For the enrichment of the shrine, Henry left by his will a sum of 50 marks (£600),[1] and all his personal jewels, which, as he was the greatest fop in his dominions, could not be either few or inexpensive, and we may safely estimate them at the price we know he actually paid for those of his queen, viz. £30,000. A catalogue[2] still remains of some, which, during his troubles, were carried over to France for security, and afterwards pawned there, to supply him with troops in his struggle against the rebellious barons. Attached to each article is the nominal value for which they were pledged, amounting to very nearly £10,000, exclusive of a golden crown, which was not valued at all.[3]

In addition to these, there was the golden cross, presented to him by the Countess of Kent, and directed by his will to be placed on the altar of St. Edward, which stood by the shrine, together with an elegant white altar-cloth, and a silver image of the Blessed Virgin.[4]

Such are a few of the gifts of Henry III. Many more are mentioned, though not particularized: "*royal* or rather *imperial* gifts, consisting of altar-cloths, gems, and wonderful vases, which excited wonder in all who beheld them, and stunned their minds with amazement, so that among all the churches on this side the Alps, and even beyond the Alps (if we may speak of them), the Church of Westminster

[1] A mark was 13*s.* 4*d.*, equal to 12*l.* of our money, if we consider how much could then be bought for 13*s.* 4*d.*

[2] See Appendix.

[3] "Unam coronam magnam, preciosissimam, non appreciatam."—*Rymer's Fœdera*, anno 1272.

[4] "Crucem ..... cum imagine Beatæ Virginis argenteâ."—*Will of Henry III.* (A.D. 1253), *Hearne's Liber Niger*, Vol. II. p. 534. See Appendix.

was filled more abundantly than they all, with a treasure worthy of an empire." [1]

Nor were the presents and bequests of this monarch confined exclusively to the shrine and chapel of St. Edward: the adornment of the rest of the church was prodigiously enhanced by his benefactions; the altar was vested at his expense; the choir, as has been before noticed, had special robes of silk provided for their use on the great festivals; the abbot received [A.D. 1246] from the keeper of the exchequer, at the King's command, "as precious a mitre as could be found in London." [2] In short, a whole volume would not suffice for even a catalogue of the various gifts and offerings made to this shrine and abbey, and the highly-esteemed relics treasured up in the strongly-guarded room at its eastern extremity.

We must not, however, view all these oblations with the eyes of the nineteenth century, and at once condemn them as the follies of unenlightened fanatics. We must remember, that, except in churches, there were no public collections of works of art; there were no museums, for the preservation of curious specimens, or relics of antiquity. The Church was the treasury of the State; it was the bank of our merchants, and of private individuals. Under the shadow of its sanctuary alone was there any guarantee of security for those valuables, which otherwise might become the prey of a riotous mob, or the armies in a civil war. Besides, all that feeling, which now prompts us to make collections of antiquities, specimens of art and manufacture, whether national or private, found a vent only in enriching the shrine of a favourite saint. Our nobles were roving in taste, and military by profession. They felt no desire to

[1] "Donaria regalia, vel potius imperialia in palliis, gemmis et vasis mirificis, quæ oculos intuentium in admirationem, et corda moverunt ad stuporem, ita ut inter omnes ecclesias Cisalpinas, et si fas est dicere Transalpinas, ecclesia Westmonasterii thesauro regali copiosa abundaret."—*Matthew of Westminster*, p. 321.

[2] *Strype's Excerpta of Tower Records.*

accumulate statuary, or galleries of paintings, in their fortified castles, built rather for protection than comfort; and, as there was then no British Museum or National Gallery, if any such objects of vertu fell in their way, they presented them to some monastery to adorn the church. This custom soon excited rivalry, and one vied with another in the honour of contributing to some renowned sanctuary a more costly or exquisite specimen of workmanship, or antique relic, than his predecessors. Though we may regard our ancestors as fanatical or wasteful, yet it was a natural taste of the age, displayed under a somewhat different form from our own (though closely resembling it); and to it we are greatly indebted for the preservation of many articles, whose possession we now value most highly. We may even question, whether there was not more real refinement, and less selfishness, in offering what was costly and inestimable, to God, than in treasuring it up in one's own house, or flattering our national pride.—But it is not necessary to draw a contrast between the two: the actions of childhood seem foolish to those of mature age, and nations have their infancy as well as men.—But, in warlike times and days of lawless anarchy, it opened a field for the development of that taste, which has since expanded in other directions. For instance, the lavish expenditure of money by Henry III. on the Confessor's Shrine, was a positive boon to the workmen and artists of the country, and fostered a talent which otherwise might have become extinct. The most distinguished architects, sculptors, and painters of Europe, the best artificers of England, were engaged upon it and the Abbey for no less than eighty-seven years. Thus it stimulated the talents and exertions of our scientific men, just as the new Palace at Westminster has afforded a similar opening in our own times.

From this historical account of what actually took place in our own country, and the causes why such wealth was

accumulated in our churches, we may fairly be more credulous, than, as a people, we generally are when, in our visits to foreign countries, which have never gone through the religious convulsions that our own has, we behold the enormous wealth displayed by the foreign priests, though totally disproportioned to that of the impoverished inhabitants. Yet we see Englishmen, in their travels for amusement, totally disregard these links of bygone ages, or disbelieve their antiquity, and smile incredulously, when told that the front of the shrine of the three kings at Cologne is gold, and the 1,560 jewels, cameos and signets, which literally cover its entire surface, are real gems. Still, it very closely resembles in appearance the descriptions given of many which formerly existed in our own land, as Becket's at Canterbury, and St. Cuthbert's at Durham. Even supposing it to be a modern imitation, it is well worth an antiquarian's visit, if only as a representation of what the mind's eye can but faintly realize from the historical records of those which have perished. When, however, we cross the Alps, and enter the atmosphere of ancient Christianity in Europe, the tales we before viewed with suspicion, attain far more powerfully a living reality in our minds. As we gaze with amazement on the life-size silver images, studded with jewels, which adorn the altar of the cathedral at Milan; or are stupified by the grandeur of the noble building itself, as the white marble of which it is entirely composed, and the 5,000 statues with which its exterior is so elegantly adorned, glitter in the Italian sun; or as we stand wonder-struck in the chapel of St. Charles Borromeo, and see the embalmed body of that bishop through its transparent coffin of crystal; or revel in the exquisite bas-reliefs around the golden altar with its countless jewels in the church of St. Ambrose, we cannot help thinking, that, if the gold be but gilt, it is a wonderful imitation, and only less costly than gold itself, and the gems more brilliant than any it has been our privi-

lege to see;[1] to suppose them mere imitations requires more credulity than to believe them real.

[1] The author cannot but think that the small display made of these precious possessions is a strong argument of their being genuine, apart from every other evidence. The altar of St. Ambrose, for instance, is carefully concealed by false fronts and sides, all strongly locked; its existence is not mentioned in the guide-books, and but for the pertinacity of an antiquarian, the author would have left the church without knowing that so wonderful a sight was there. A small fee was required before it was exhibited; but on no occasion has he found the ecclesiastics eager to obtain money by this means, but rather the reverse; for the money is not their own perquisite, as in England, but is expended in the maintenance of the fabric.

PART II.

THE CHAPEL OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR,

ITS HISTORY, FROM THE CONSECRATION TO THE TIME OF THE GREAT REBELLION, TOGETHER WITH SOME OF THE MOST STRIKING HISTORICAL SCENES WHICH HAVE BEEN ENACTED WITHIN ITS PRECINCTS.

CHAPTER X.

FUNERAL OF ELEANOR, QUEEN OF EDWARD I.

HENRY III. left the shrine unfinished, but it is the historian's part to record both its progress and decay.

Until A.D. 1284 (the twelfth year of Edward I.) the work was still going on; the English and Italian workmen continued to adorn both it and its fellow—the tomb of Henry III.—with the beautiful mosaic, of which we can even now trace some faded remains; and we must not leave even this part of our narrative without pointing out one episode in our country's history, of which it is a valuable memento. The inlaid mosaic, so seldom seen in the records of a past age, still surviving amongst us, recalls a fact, which, but for it, might have passed from our memory: that the Court and Abbey of Westminster were, at that time, very closely allied with Rome. Richard de Warre, the abbot, as we have said above, made a purpose journey to that capital, to be invested with his pall by the Pope's own hands, whom, alone on earth, he acknowledged as his superior: the porphyry [1] which adorns these tombs, and the artists who fixed it, we owe to that visit. But even more than this, before their task was accomplished, Theobald, Archbishop of Liège, the old and much-loved tutor of Edward I., his faithful companion and bosom friend during his sojourn in Palestine, had ascended

[1] Some say the porphyry for Henry's tomb was brought by Edward from Palestine, on his return from the Crusades, on purpose to adorn the monument of his father. If so, it is even of greater interest still, though he more probably obtained it, not in Palestine, but at Malta, where he received the first news of his father's death.

the Papal throne, under the title of Gregory X., and was the first to condole by an autograph letter with the King, and his royal mother, on the death of Henry III.

We must, however, bid adieu for a time to the Confessor's shrine, and devote a few chapters to the various scenes which it has witnessed within the chapel which encloses it, and especially to some of those great personages whose tombs lie around its base. It has already been said that this chapel is the mausoleum of the Plantagenet dynasty (from the time at least of Henry III.); and every sepulchral ornament that forms so picturesque a part of that brilliant group, recalls a chapter of English history to our memory, and even those which are not there, but ought to be, tell a sad tale of the dark episodes in our country's life.

Those who are acquainted with the cities of our European neighbours have doubtless felt the contrast between the sights in many of the continental capitals and in our own.

In France, especially, the history of the country is emblazoned to the life in the pictures, full of incident and detail, which adorn its public galleries and its palaces. In England, however, we look in vain for such national illustrations of the glorious achievements of our country's heroes: but many a time-honoured building and architectural relic supply the deficiency. The border castles, the chantry chapels (as on Wakefield-bridge, and at York), the memorial crosses, the tombs in our cathedrals, and especially those in Westminster Abbey, recall vividly to our minds almost every important feature of our past history with more force than the imaginative painting of the most talented artist could accomplish.

Within a few square yards, almost the whole life of England, from its birth to its manhood, may be traced by the tombs and monuments in and around the Confessor's Chapel. There are the remains of Lucius, an early British, and Sebert, a Saxon, king; of Edward, the last of that race, and Editha his wife, the daughter of Godwin, Earl

of Kent, and sister of Harold II.; of Maud, the wife of Henry I.; of Henry III., his infant daughter Elizabeth, his son (and, at a short distance, the tombs of three other of his children, as well as his two half-brothers); and of his great son and successor, Edward I., reminding us of Wallace and of Bruce, the annexation of Wales, and primary subjugation of Scotland. The tombs of Edward III. and his memorable queen,—

"Faire Philippe, William Henault's child,"

of Richard II. and the "good Queen Anne," adorn the south side, while the sword and shield said to have been carried before Edward III. in his triumphal processions in France, rest on the grave of Margaret, daughter of the fourth Edward. And, though that of Henry IV. is wanting from the group, yet his sudden seizure by the hand of death on that very spot, leaves its association, and supplies the broken link; while the shrine of his son, Henry V. (unexampled in the richness of its architectural beauty), and the relics of Agincourt suspended above it, complete the illustrated gallery.

The first who was laid to rest after the founder himself (Henry III.) was his noble-minded daughter-in-law, Queen Eleanor, renowned in *history* as the fairest of her sex, the best of queens and of mothers, and, in *romance*, as the devoted wife who saved her husband's life, at the risk of her own, by sucking the poison from his wound.

For eighteen years Edward I. had swayed the sceptre of England with such happiness and profound tranquillity to the nation, as had not been known since the reign of his great namesake, the Confessor. The golden coronet, sceptre and jewels of Llewellyn, hanging in the centre of the shrine, had been offered to St. Edward by Alphonso,[1] his second

[1] This prince was so called from Eleanor's brother, Alphonso X. of Castile, who was so greatly absorbed in astronomy and mathematical calculations that his subjects deposed him, as a useless monarch and a sorcerer; he died in prison. He is even said to have declared, that had he been the creator of the universe, "he could have devised a better way of ordering the movements of the celestial bodies."

son; and the principality of Wales (conferred on the unfortunate Edward of Caernarvon) had been annexed to the English crown. The Scots, though not entirely subdued, were crushed, and their regalia, crown, and sceptre adorned the tomb of the same royal saint.

Our kings, recovered from the pernicious effects of their Norman origin, were become English in their tastes, and were naturalized even in feeling. Edward from his early years had been, if not a favourite, at least an object of pride with the nation. His brave re-establishment of his father's ruined fortune, and consequent restoration of peace to the realm, had greatly increased his popularity; but when, during the fifth Crusade, he had won a reputation in arms only equalled by his great-uncle, Richard Cœur de Lion, he became the idol of all estates of the land, and we need not wonder that he was by universal consent proclaimed king full two years before his return, and received with unbounded joy by his applauding subjects.[1]

In the simplicity of his character, he was far more like the Confessor, from whom he derived his name, than his father; for he had inherited none of Henry's taste for expensive show and costly pageantry. From the day of his coronation he never wore his crown, regarding it as a nuisance. His habits, manners, and dress were simple in the extreme; when on one occasion a courtier prelate suggested that his plain dress was rather befitting a private citizen than the king of so important a nation, he replied, "What more good could I do, father, in royal robes than in this humble gaberdine?" When not engaged in war, his leisure was principally spent in hunting, finding recreation with his falcons, dogs, and beautiful horses, of which he was especially proud. Nothing, however, interfered with his entire devotion to his queen, who accompanied him wherever he went, sharing all his hardships,

[1] For a list of those who wrote to Edward I. to announce the death of his father, and his own proclamation, see Appendix.

participating in all his joys and sorrows, at the same time exercising a most beneficial influence over his character.

On her first arrival in this country, however, our Anglo-Saxon forefathers looked with more distrust on Eleanor's numerous retinue of Spaniards than they had been wont to do on the Norman attendants of her predecessors; they styled them "the very refuse of mankind, hideous in their persons, and contemptible in their dress and manners." They charged them with the grievous fault of "keeping few horses and many mules." The queen herself, too, came in for sneers of an opposite nature; they were disgusted at her excessive luxury in having the cold bare walls of her chamber comfortably hung with costly tapestry, "like a church," and carpeted after the Spanish fashion,—a thing quite novel to English eyes.[1] But Eleanor soon dispelled the faulty impression with which she was at first received. Her sterling virtues, her heroic devotion to her husband, quickly refuted the calumnious charge of over effeminacy. Her conscientious respect for the prejudices of her subjects, in scrupulously employing her adopted countrymen in preference to foreigners, had removed the fears which her original followers had aroused. But more than all, her amiable temper, her kindness to the poor, and her admirable care in personally educating her seven daughters in the "Maiden Hall" of Westminster Palace, had raised her in the eyes of her people to the very pinnacle of human perfection; so that she died, adored by her husband, beloved by her children, and worshipped by her subjects. Such was the next member of the royal family, whose remains were laid in St. Edward's Chapel.

On October 27th, 1290, Edward I. had met his Parliament at his country-seat at Clipstone,[2] in Nottinghamshire.

[1] *Close Rolls of Henry III.*

[2] Clipstone is in the parish of Edwinston, in the district of Hatfield, 3¾ miles from Ollerton. An old oak at the edge of the park is still called "Parliament Oak." There is another Clipston in the same county, and one in Northamptonshire. —*Lewes' Topograph. Dict.*

Eleanor at that time was suffering from a slight feverish attack,[1] and had retired from the bustle and gaiety, incidental to such an occasion, to the house of Richard de Weston, in the quiet little village of Herdeby, on the borders of Nottinghamshire, between the river Trent and Lincolnshire.[2]

The last writ of that Parliament received the royal signature, November 13th, and the barons and knights, relieved from their duties, dispersed to their homes.[3] On the following day the king and his court move towards Herdeby, which they reach on the 20th, when Edward finds his beloved queen seriously ill, and for the next eight days he scarcely leaves her for a moment, tending her with all the devotion which he, under similar circumstances, had received at her hands. Her own household physician, and a favourite "leech"[4] (Leopardi, an Italian), sent from her native Arragon, were in attendance, doing all that medical skill could devise, while her Spanish chaplain administered to her the consolations of religion. But in spite of the skill of physicians, the watchful attention of her loving husband, and the prayers of her faithful priest, the fever increases, and the beautiful, gentle, pattern queen, wife, and mother, gradually sinks day after day, until, late in the evening of November 28, at the commencement of the Vigil of

[1] "Modicæ febris igniculo contabescens."—*Thomas Wikes*, a contemporary Chronicler.

[2] *Archæologia*, vol. xxix. p. 191.

[3] It is erroneously stated in many histories, that Edward was on his way to Scotland when the news of his queen's illness reached him; but it is evident from the Chronicles and State Papers, that such was not the case; no mention is made of his intention of visiting Scotland at that time: he seems not to have been as far north as the Humber, but to have been engaged in the pasitme of hunting in various parts of Derbyshire. The State Records in *Rymer's Fœdera* are dated from various places in that locality. At Chapel-en-le-Frith, one is signed; and there is a tradition in the author's family, that he was entertained by an ancestor at the family estate of Gossylow (about four miles from Chapel-en-le-Frith), and that the object of his visit was the excitement of the chase, and not of war. Gossylow was a feudal tenure, held by the same family from the Conquest to the present generation.

[4] Eleanor presented him with a silver goblet as a dying token of her regard.

St. Andrew,[1] she breathes her last in the arms of her beloved husband.[2]

The grief of the king was excessive, but it exhibited itself in the form most natural to his general character. He did not confine himself to the solitude of his palace, a silent mourner, but he exerted himself vigorously to pay every outward mark of respect to his dear queen; the whole powers of his mind seemed concentrated on this one point, and his grief spent itself in action. He had seen, when in France, the honours bestowed on the memory of his departed friend, the sainted King Louis, and from hence he derived his idea of those conferred on the deceased Eleanor.

The interior and more perishable parts of the body being removed and interred in the cathedral of St. Mary, at Lincoln, the remains of the departed queen were embalmed with all possible haste. On December 2d (only four days after her death) the solemn funeral procession began its mournful journey towards the metropolis, not by the general route, but passing by short stages from one religious house to another, in order that the body might lodge each night under the keeping of the Church, with due solemnity, blest by the prayers of the great monastic bodies. The first night it arrived at Lincoln, and during the following day lay in state in the cathedral of that city, the whole body of clergy and monks attached to the church being uninterruptedly engaged during the whole time in offering prayers

[1] It is necessary to be exact about the time of her death, which also requires some explanation, in order to account for the day on which her death was commemorated, viz. the Vigil of St. Andrew's day, which is Nov. 29th, and not the 28th. As, however, the *Festival* of St. Andrew would commence, not on the morning of the 30th, but at the Vespers (6 o'clock P.M.) of the evening before, the *Vigil* of that Feast would commence at 6 P.M. of the 28th; and as Eleanor died *late in the evening* of the 28th, she died on the Vigil of St. Andrew. This will reconcile the apparent discrepancies in the various accounts, according to some of which she is said to have died on November 28th. and according to others on the eve of St Andrew. —Vide *Archæologia*, vol. xxix. p 191.

[2] Miss Strickland, in her *Life of Queen Eleanor*, says that Edward was not with her when she died; but following the guidance which the signatures of the documents in *Rymer's Fœdera* gives us, it is evident he was there full a week before her death.

and celebrating masses for the soul which had gone so unexpectedly to its rest. December 5th, the procession was received with like honours at Casterton by the clergy stationed there; on the 6th it would rest at Stamford; on the 7th at Geddington; on the 9th at Northampton, where, as at Lincoln, the royal party seem to have remained one clear day, as Edward executed some public documents there on the 9th. Resting at Stony-Stratford on the 10th, and Woburn Abbey on the 11th, the solemn *cortège*, on the evening of the latter day, arrived within sight of Dunstable, having taken in its course places where Eleanor was well known; throughout the entire journey multitudes thronged the road to testify their loyal sympathy, and pour forth unfeigned grief for the national loss sustained by her untimely death. The annals of Dunstable inform us that the monks of that abbey met the royal corpse outside the town, and having received from the king's chamberlain two palls, and more than 80 lbs. of wax, they conducted it in solemn state to the church, where it passed the night, and before departing on the morrow, the hearse stood still in the middle of the market-place,[1] surrounded by the whole monastic body, the prior sprinkling holy water round it, while the king's chancellor, and other noble members of the Court, marked out a suitable place, on which was afterwards erected at the royal cost a splendid cross of extraordinary size and beautiful workmanship.[2]

On December 12th the body arrived at St. Alban's,[3] where

[1] The annals say "in medio *fori*," which the writer in *Archæologia*, vol. xxix., says is a manifest misprint for "in medio *chori*;" but surely it is much more likely that the funeral party would halt in the middle of the market-place, to mark out the spot for the monumental cross, than in the middle of the choir of the church.

[2] *Annals of Dunstable.*—See Appendix.

[3] At St. Alban's was one of the richest, and at that time by far the most important of the monasteries of England. It was one of the most ancient, having been founded by Offa, King of Mercia, in the eighth century, and dedicated to the first British martyr, who, A.D. 303, fell a victim to the persecution under Diocletian. It belonged, too, like Westminster, to the Benedictines—the fraternity introduced into this country by St. Augustine—and from these two circumstances it was then the most powerful, or at least occupied the highest rank: its abbot took

the mitred abbot, in full pontificals, accompanied by the whole convent, vested in rich copes, went forth to meet it at the entrance of the town near the church of St. Michael, and conveyed it to the abbey in solemn procession, the plaintive burial Psalms being mingled with the sobs of the mourners. Here it was placed in front of the high altar, where it rested beneath its gorgeous palls of silk; while, amid the pale flickering of the innumerable waxen tapers that surrounded the bier, the whole fraternity of this flourishing community passed the entire night, chanting obituary Psalms and the mournful masses for the dead.

On the following morning the king retired privately to Westminster, that he might make the necessary preparations for a befitting reception of his "dear queen" at her final resting-place. Meanwhile the royal corpse, after the usual preliminary of marking out the site of its future monument, was conducted with imposing ceremonial outside the town, and sent on its way towards London, by a circuitous route through Waltham; for the distance from St. Alban's was just so great, that, had the journey been accomplished in one day, the funeral would have reached the city after dark on a December evening; but from Waltham (only twelve miles distant) it arrived in broad daylight.

Far on the road, outside the city, a vast company of nobles, prelates, and dignified clergy, with the king at their head, went forth to escort the remains of Eleanor into London. Five-and-thirty years before, a similar procession, headed by Henry III., had issued forth on the famous "Canterbury Street," to welcome this same Eleanor, then a beauteous bride, on her first entry into the metropolis of her husband's country. On that occasion (Sunday, October 17th, 1255), the king was accompanied by the nobles of his court, the lord mayor, aldermen, the city companies, and two hundred and sixty of the principal citizens, their

precedence of all others in his seat in Parliament, until a century later [A. D. 1399], when the Abbot of Westminster laid claim to the highest post, and, from his favour at court, superseded his provincial competitor.

flowing robes embroidered with gold and silk in divers colours, their horses glittering with gorgeous trappings, and every man carrying in his hand a gold or a silver cup; while coloured cloth and richly ornamented silk hung from every window, and adorned the streets along which the joyous party passed.

From that day to this, in spite of crusades abroad, civil commotions at home, and fierce wars on the borders of the kingdom, the royal pair had never been separated, except for the few months during which Edward was imprisoned with his father by Simon de Montfort. As, then, the solemn train moved slowly up Cheapside, headed by Sir John Briton,[1] and the civic dignitaries, clad in black hoods and mourning cloaks, the nobles, bishops, and clergy, bearing tapers and crosses by the side of the bier, Edward, as chief mourner, could not but be painfully reminded by the sable hangings (as they floated mournfully from the houses around), the sorrowful looks, and audible lamentations of the by-standers, of that more felicitous entry, when his fondest hopes, since so happily realized, were then only in their bud.

At the top of Cheapside, on the spot so long indicated by the cross erected as a memorial of the event, the melancholy *cortège* stood still, awaiting the ecclesiastics, who poured forth from St. Paul's Cathedral to receive the body of their queen, and conduct it to its last state vigil in the choir of that church.

On the third day following (Sunday, December 17th),[2] once more escorted by the prelates, nobility, and civic dig-

[1] There was no lord mayor at this time, the city having been deprived of that privilege for twelve years, by Edward I., because [A.D. 1285] Gregory Rocksley, who was then lord mayor, refused to give account to the Lord Treasurer of the measures he had taken to secure peace, and when summoned to the Tower by the Lord Treasurer to answer for his refusal, he took off his robes at Barking church, and entered the Tower as a private individual. The king took up the quarrel, and appointed Ralph Sandwich *guardian* of the city, which office he held nine years, Sir John Briton holding it during three other years, while sometimes both shared this office.—See *Stow's Survey*, p. 188.

[2] *Thomas Wikes; Annals of Dunstable; Matthew of Westminster.*

nitaries, who had gone out to meet it at the entrance of the city, and swelled to a prodigious size by the vast concourse (principally of the middle classes) who sought to do honour to their great benefactress, the funeral procession passed down Ludgate Hill, through the village of Holborn, with its stately mansions of the great, and waited at the little hamlet of Charing,—at the spot where now stands the statue of Charles I. (but where once stood the exquisite *Chère Reine* Cross), from which point nothing along the wide path intercepted the view to the Abbey gates at its foot,—until the splendid company of the Royal Abbey, headed by Sutton, Bishop of Lincoln,[1] came forth to commence the last offices, during which, "with the greatest reverence, the deepest sorrow, and the most studied honour of all ranks and estates,"[2] Eleanora of Castile was laid at the feet of her father-in-law, in the Chapel of St. Edward.

For a week after this ceremony, the king remained in retirement at his palace: his grief was excessive, and was far from satisfied by the costly ceremonials to his wife's honour during the preceding fortnight; and (still following the example set him in France at the decease of St. Louis), that "passengers might be reminded to pray for her soul," he ordered crosses to be placed on the several spots, marked out by his chancellor, where the body had awaited each evening the arrival of the different monastic bodies to convey it within the shelter of their respective churches. One was erected at each of the following places: Lincoln, Grantham, Stamford, Geddington, Northampton, Stony-Stratford, Woburn, Dunstable, St. Alban's, Waltham, West Cheap, and last, and most beautiful of all, that at Charing,[3] built of Caen stone, and standing on

[1] There was at that time a dispute between Walter Wenlock (the Abbot of Westminster, who officiated at the funeral of Edward I.), and John Peckham, Archbishop of Canterbury, which made the latter unwilling to enter the Abbey; so that the Bishop of Lincoln performed the service in his stead.—*Thomas Wikes; Archæologia.*

[2] *Walsingham.*

[3] Gough says, there were fifteen of these mortuary crosses, while Botfield mentions only nine, omitting Grantham, Stamford, and Geddington, the last not being named

a base of marble steps brought from the island of Corfu.[1] They were all the work of native artists with the exception of one;[2] the statuettes, which were placed under canopies at the angles, were cast at Blackfriars, by William of Suffolk; at the summit of each was a graceful figure of the queen herself,[3] under an elegant canopy, surmounted by a gilded cross.

William de Torel,[4] or Torrelli (whose name suggests an Italian origin, though by some he is supposed to have been an Englishman), happened at this time to be employed in completing the magnificent tomb of Henry III., which still retains enough of its pristine grandeur to convey to our minds some notion of its original splendour. The figure of Henry, which now reclines upon it, was still unfinished, and was in process of being cast in a furnace especially erected in the churchyard of St. Margaret. The jaspers and other precious stones, brought by Edward for its adornment from the Holy Land, being more than sufficient for the purpose, the remainder were expended on the monument of Eleanor. Torel accomplished his task with a

in the Rolls; but others, with more apparent reason, state there were twelve. Only three now remain, viz. at Geddington, Northampton, and Waltham.

[1] "Paid for work of Charing-Cross, exclusive of the materials, 590*l.* 17*s.* 5*d.*"—*Item of Expenses.* Charing Cross was begun in 1291, and completed in 1294. Ralph de Chichester supplied the "virg. capit. et anul." (rod, capital, and ring), which occur in the accounts for all the crosses. Alexander Le Imaginator received four marks in part payment for statues which were intended for it.

[2] Richard of Stowe built the one at Lincoln; John of Battle those at Northampton, Stratford, Dunstable, and St. Alban's; Roger de Crundell was the builder of Waltham Cross; Richard de Crundell commenced that of Charing, but, dying before its completion, it was finished by Roger; while Michael of Canterbury built that in Cheapside, which stood opposite to the end of Wood Street.—*Botfield, Stow, Hunter.*

[3] These statues were all copied from the three exquisite effigies recumbent on her three tombs at Lincoln, Blackfriars, and Westminster, where the several parts of her remains, viz. her viscera, heart, and bones, were respectively interred.

[4] Botfield thinks he was possibly the same artist as William the Florentine, who was employed by Henry III., during the last few years of his reign, on the chapel and shrine of the Confessor, and the similarity of the Italian work exhibited in these several monuments would seem to favour the supposition.—*Botfield's Manners and Household Expenses.*

skill worthy of any age and any country; and in the statues of the queen (portrayed from the living form) which he placed over her bones at Westminster, her heart at Blackfriars, and her viscera in Lincoln Cathedral,[1] he even excelled himself in the beauty of her features, the lovely expression of her face, and the refined grace of her whole figure. The peculiar sweetness and beauty imparted to the countenance cannot easily be surpassed, and the benign aspect of virtuous composure, which it exhibits, is of the most elevated cast. Even the very attitude of the figure is indicative of a chaste and pious dignity, the left-hand being gracefully brought over the breast to grasp a crucifix, which is dependent from the neck, while the right hand once held a sceptre. The vestments, which are long and flowing, are very elegantly disposed, and at the feet is a lion couchant. The head reposes on two decorated cushions, and is encircled by a coronet, from which the hair falls in ringlets gracefully over each shoulder. Above is an angular canopy, having a rich bordering of crockets, and a finial; and at each extremity a small but most beautifully executed cherub; this part, likewise, is ornamented with oak and vine foliage, finely gilt. Around three sides of the tomb runs the following inscription:—

+ ICI : GIST : ALIANOR : IADIS : REYNE : DE : ENGLETERE : FEMME : AL : REY : EDWARD : FIZ : LERE . . . . . : PUNTIF : DEL : ALME : DELI : DEV : PUR : SA : PITE : EYT : MERCI. AMEN.

But even these material and lasting marks of respect, munificent and imposing as they were, did not satisfy the

[1] "For these statues 1,700lbs. of metal were given to him by the king, at a cost of 21*l.* 13*s.* 8*d.*, and at a later period 50*l.* worth, *i.e.* more than twice as much. For gilding them he received 360 gold florins, valued at 2*s.* 6*d.* each. The entire sum paid to him for the effigies of Eleanor and Henry III. was 113*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* equal to about 1,700*l.* of our money. In addition to this costly work, the sub-basement of each of these tombs was decorated with paintings from the hand of Walter of Durham. Dart describes the subject of the paintings, as a sepulchre, at the foot of which were two monks, at the head a knight armed, and a female with a child in her arms (probably the Virgin and Child, or a portrait of Eleanor and her infant son). The total cost was 6,200*l.*

royal mourner. He made provision for perpetual services to her memory and for the repose of her soul, not only at the places which had witnessed her funeral, but in almost every part of the kingdom. At Herdeby he founded a chantry, and endowed it with a hundred marks for the support of the officiating priest (which endowment his son, Edward II., transferred to Lincoln Cathedral); he did the same at Elynton, and at the Church of the Predicant Friars in London.[1] The grand celebration, however, was at the Abbey of Westminster, to the monks of which community the king was profuse in his gifts, that the commemoration might be both perpetual and splendid. He conveyed to the Abbey for this purpose no less than twenty-two manors,[2] which brought in an annual income of £200, clear of all the expenses of the ceremonials and charities connected with the observance.

The annual celebration commenced on the Eve of St. Andrew (or at six o'clock in the evening of November 28th), when the abbot, vested in his full pontifical robes, accompanied by the monks in their richest holiday vestments, entered the choir singing the anthems commencing, "I will please the Lord in the land of the living," and "Direct us, O Lord, in all our goings."[3] Then followed nine lessons, and the numerous Psalms and prayers, comprising the impressive service at that time in use for the souls of the faithful departed. A hundred wax candles (each weighing twelve pounds), all lighted at the commencement of that vesper service, continued to burn on and

[1] Special commissioners, under the name of "the Queen's Executors," were intrusted with the management of the various expenses of the funeral, monuments, and services to Eleanor's memory, and from their designation Miss Strickland erroneously supposes, that they were defrayed out of Eleanor's own property.

[2] The following are some of the manors presented by Edward to the Abbey:—Knoll, Arden's Grafton, Langdon (in Warwickshire), lands in Alspath or Culspath, Buleye, Hulverley, Witlakesfield, Kinwaldeshye, Nuthurst, Diddington (in Warwickshire), the manor of Biddbrooke (in Essex), &c.

[3] "Placebo Domino in regione vivorum." Ps. cxvi. 9. "Domine, dirige nos." Ps. v. 8.

around the tomb until after high mass on the following day, exhibiting, as they illumined the rich gems and gold on the shrine and the two costly monuments of Henry and Eleanor, an imposing spectacle, almost beyond our conception. All the bells in the convent, both small and great, were rung incessantly, while unceasing services continued to be chanted all that night, and during the following Feast of St. Andrew, by the whole body of monks, who took it in turn to relieve each other in alternate relays. All the nobility and bishops were expected to be present; and at the first anniversary, the Earl of Warren, the descendant of one of the most faithful of the Conqueror's attendants, and who had himself rendered most valuable aid to the crown under Henry III., was especially summoned from Yorkshire to attend this ceremony, although he was absent on most urgent business, of such paramount importance did Edward esteem it, that the observance should be universal.[1]

At the conclusion of the service a penny dole was distributed at Charing Cross to one hundred and forty poor people, besides "small money" to the prisoners of Newgate, the hospitallers of St. Giles,[2] of St. James,[3] of St. Thomas

[1] On this occasion more than 3,706 lbs. of wax were purchased for the tapers round the tomb at Westminster alone, besides 120 lbs. (at a cost of 3*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*) for those in the church of the Friars Predicant in Holborn.

"Item de Magistro Roberto de Colebroke, pro mercurio ad hercias (candelabra for holding a great number of candles) Dominæ Reginæ, apud Westmonasterium, et apud fratres Prædicatores, et pro aliis necessariis circa dictas hercias die anniversarii Reginæ lxxvs. iid." —*Accounts of the Executors of Queen Eleanor*, A.D. 1291.

[2] See note 1, p. 60.

[3] A hospital for fourteen leprous virgins of the city of London, founded by citizens for that purpose, and known as "the Hospital of St. James' in the Field." Stow says, it was founded before any man's memory. Afterwards certain citizens endowed it with 15*l.* a-year, and added eight brethren to minister divine service there: later still, other citizens gave to it four hides of land in the Field of Westminster; and in Hendon, Calcote, and Hampstead, eighty acres of land, wood, &c. It was surrendered to Henry VIII. in the twenty-third year of his reign; the sisters were allowed pensions for their lives, and "the king built there a goodly manor [St. James's Palace], annexing thereto a park, closed about with a wall of brick, now called St. James's Park."—*Stow's Survey*, p. 168. See Frontispiece.

of Southwark,[1] of St. Mary, Bishopsgate,[2] of St. Bartholomew,[3] and the members of the seven houses of preaching friars in London, viz., the Prædicants,[4] the Minors,[5] Car-

[1] St. Thomas's Hospital was founded by Richard, Prior of Bermondsey, in the Selerer's ground, adjoining the walls of the monastery, in the year 1213; he called it the Almery, or house of alms, for converts and poor children. But Peter de Rupibus, Bishop of Winchester (A.D. 1215), founded it anew, for canons regular, and increased its rental to 344*l.* a-year. In 1428, by composition between Thomas Thetford, Abbot of Bermondsey, and Nicholas Buckland, master of the hospital, it became an independent foundation. After its suppression by Henry VIII., the citizens of London bought the ground (A. D. 1552), and in July commenced its restoration for its present use, and in November it was opened for the reception of "poor, impotent, lame, and diseased people."—*Stow's Survey*, p. 154.

[2] There were two hospitals of this name: 1. St. Mary Bethelem, without Bishopsgate, founded by Simon Fitzmary, a London citizen, to have been a priory, and remaineth for lunatic people, being suppressed, and given to Christ's Hospital. 2. St. Mary without Bishopsgate, called St. Mary Spittle, founded by a citizen of London, for the relief of the poor, with provision of 180 beds for the poor. It was suppressed by Henry VIII.—*Stow's Survey*, p. 183.

[3] St. Bartholomew's, "founded by Rahere, first prior of St. Bartilmewes," closely adjoining, A. D. 1102. Alfune, who built St. Giles's, Cripplegate, became the first hospitaller, and went daily to the shambles and markets, begging alms for the poor in the hospital. Henry III. gave 20 feet of land in length and breadth to the foundation, and Richard Whittington left money for its repair and enlargement.—*Stow*, p. 139.

[4] See p. 59, note 2.

[5] The Minors were an order founded by Francis, the son of an Italian merchant of Assisi, in Umbria, who, having led a dissolute life, was, by a severe illness arising from his intemperance, induced to reform his life, and hearing the text, St. Matthew x. 9, 10, read in church, he conceived that poverty was the essence of religion, which he adopted as the fundamental rule of himself and his followers. The Franciscan Order commenced A. D. 1208, and was incorporated by Pope Honorius III., A.D. 1223. Its founder would not allow his followers to be called fratres (friars or brethren), but "fraterculi," little brethren, or friars minor. They came to England in the reign of Henry III., and had their first establishment in Canterbury, A.D. 1224. At the dissolution, they had fifty-five houses in England. They were allowed to work when they could gain employment; and, when they were unable to meet with it, they could beg; hence they were called "mendicants." They pushed their way amongst the rich, and gained great influence at court, and were unpopular, and even hated, by the regular monasteries. When they rose to eminence they were distinguished for their proficiency in theological learning; and, in the disputes they held at Oxford and elsewhere, they manifested greater skill and ability than had ever before been witnessed. To their success we are indebted for the foundation of many of our colleges in Oxford and Cambridge, which were built by the older monasteries for the education of their junior members, to enable

melites,[1] Augustinians,[2] the Friars of Holy Cross, of Pica, and of Sack.[3]

Daily, during the entire year, thirty massive tapers of wax always remained on her tomb in St. Edward's Chapel. They were all lighted on great festivals, or on the visit of any distinguished persons, to see, or to reverence the

them to cope with these friars. We find that even Thomas Henley, when Abbot of Westminster (from 1333—1344), obtained the king's leave to retire to Oxford for seven years' study; and Simon Burchesston, the next abbot, followed his example, and spent three years studying in the schools, finding the monastic rule incompatible with literary pursuits. Some of the most learned members of our universities belonged to the Franciscan order, as Bacon, Kilwardby, and Alexander of Hales.—*Fox's Monasteries*, p. 358. For a full account of their Hospitals in London see Appendix.

[1] Carmelites, or Brethren of our Lady of Mount Carmel; a religious order, which commenced in the twelfth century in Syria. Aimeric, the Pope's legate in the East, under Alexander III., a patriarch of Antioch, collected together several Western Christians, who were living in hermitages, and established them on Mount Carmel, formerly the residence of Elijah and Elisha, whose successors they styled themselves. Hence they took their names. Albert, patriarch of Jerusalem, a native of the diocese of Amiens, and kinsman of Peter the Hermit, gave them rules in 1205, which were confirmed two years later by Honorius III. Their habit was at first white, and their cloaks laced at the bottom with several lists; but their apparel was ordered to be changed by Honorius IV., and they took the habit of Minims under their white cloak. They came to Europe in 1238, and furnished the Church with a great number of bishops, preachers, and learned men.—*Dr. Hook's Church Dict.* They had a monastery in Water Lane, Holborn.—*Stow.*

[2] Augustinians took their name from St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, though the order was not founded till A. D. 1061. They first came into England in the reign of Henry I. They had 170 houses in England; the largest were at Plympton, Devon; Carlisle; Chick, Essex; Leicester; Walsingham, Norfolk, where they had a celebrated image and a chapel of the Virgin Mary, who was usually called "Our Lady of Walsingham;" at Haghmond, near Shrewsbury; at Cirencester; at Newstead; Bristol; Kenilworth; Gisborough; Bridlington; and at Bolton, Yorkshire. They were not alike in dress, but were commonly called Black Canons, because they generally wore a black cassock, with a white rochet over it, and over all a black cloak or hood. The monks shaved their beards, but the canons wore theirs, and caps instead of hoods.—*Fox's Monasteries*, p. 307. Their monastery was behind the Bank of England.—*Stow.*

[3] The "Fratres de Penitentiâ Jesu," or "Fratres de Saccâ" (so called because they wore sackcloth), formerly had their convent outside the gate called Aldersgate; but by Edward I. they were removed to the Jews' synagogue in Colechurch Street, and were taken by Eleanor under her special protection.—*Stow*, p. 104.

Confessor's shrine; but at other times, only two were kept constantly burning both day and night.[1]

Every abbot, at his installation, was bound to take oath, that he would observe religiously and scrupulously, without stint or abatement, the whole of these ceremonies in all their integrity. On each succeeding Eve of St. Andrew the charter which conveyed the lands to the Abbey, and the proviso on which they were entailed on that body, were publicly read before all the monks assembled in solemn conclave in the chapter-house. "All these ceremonies were faithfully observed for 250 years, until the Reformation extinguished the candles, and confiscated the money that kept them alight." [2]

Nor was the celebration confined to London alone, or even to the places where the crosses were erected; we find that it was almost universally kept throughout the country: especial mention is made of Haverfordwest, Haverburgh, Somerton, Burgh, Lindhurst, Ledes, and Langley. It was conducted in no mean fashion, for the king defrayed the expense out of the royal treasury, at a cost of from 19*l.* to 20*l.* each, or from 60*l.* to 100*l.* of our money. At Peterborough, Lincoln, and Northampton, there were also perpetual grand commemorations.

On January 4th, Edward wrote an autograph letter to the Abbot of Clugny, conveying the melancholy intelligence of his dear consort's death, entreating the benefit of his prayers, and that of his order. Indulgences of five years and two hundred and fifteen days were granted to those who should pray at her tomb for her departed soul; while the bishops of the several dioceses of England issued circular letters of a similar purport.

After all was done that human ingenuity could devise,

[1] Fabian, who lived in the latter part of the reign of Henry VII., says, "She hathe ii waxe tapers brenynge upon her tombe bothe daye and nyght; whyche so hath cōtynued syne the daye of her buryinge to this present daye."—*Fab. Chron.* p. 393, edit. 1811.

[2] *Strickland's Queens*, vol. ii. p. 152.

For the second anniversary there were provided 300 pitchers, 1,500 dishes, 1,500 plates, 1,500 salsaria, and 400 cups.

or the gorgeous ceremonials of the Church could display, the energetic king succumbed to the devoted husband, and Edward sank into a morbid state of melancholy; and no more wretched picture of forlorn widowhood has ever been depicted than his, as portrayed by his contemporary chronicler, Piers Langtoft.

Thus was consummated the great act of respect to her, whose very name even now excites admiration in our hearts, and whose character is thus summed up by Walsingham: "To our nation she was a loving mother, the column and pillar of the whole realm: therefore to her glory the King her husband caused all those famous trophies to be erected, wherever her noble corse did rest, for he loved her above all earthly creatures. She was a godly, modest, and merciful princess. The English nation in her time was not harassed by foreigners, nor the country people by the purveyors of the crown. The sorrow-stricken she consoled as became her dignity, and she made them friends that were at discord."

Though we may not all be disposed to bestow so high a panegyric on her name as this monkish chronicler of the following century, yet there is no one so worthy of a costly tomb in the royal church, save, perhaps, only Queen Philippa, who reposes in the corresponding corner of the same chapel.

Seventeen years later Edward himself, having survived all the numerous offspring of his dear Eleanor, except the unfortunate Edward of Caernarvon, and the nun-princess Mary, was brought from Burgh-le-Sands (where he died, on his route to Scotland), and conveyed by his faithless[1] son in short stages to Waltham, and thence by the self-same road (though with none of the magnificence) by which his wife had been conducted. At Westminster the royal corpse was received by the monastic body, and the funeral service performed by the famous Anthony Bec,

[1] We must remember that Edward II, promised his father on his death-bed that he would carry his heart to the Holy Land, and that his bones should be borne in front of the English army until the Scots were subdued; but both promises were broken almost as soon as made.

Patriarch of Jerusalem and Bishop of Durham.[1] He was laid at the head of his father's tomb;[2] and there, amidst all the gold, the jewels, and the regal splendour of the surrounding shrines, the conqueror of Wales, the victor of Wallace and of Bruce, whose very name struck terror into the heart of every Scotchman,—the handsome, the gigantic, the noble Edward, lies in a miserable tomb, devoid of all ornament, of rude and almost unhewn marble.

Of all the group it presents the most mournful picture. Thousands he had expended on his father's monument, tens of thousands he had lavished on the memory of his wife; to the nation he had bequeathed a kingdom almost twice as large as he had received it; he had formed the germ of its future greatness by laying the foundation of its mercantile wealth;[3] and yet neither his son, who glutted his unworthy favourites with extravagant gifts, nor his widow,[4] overwhelmed as she was with grief at his loss (who spent, too, so large a sum on the foundation of Christ Church, Newgate Street), nor his prosperous subjects, who were accumulating riches from his wise administration, honoured his remains with the respect which his glorious deeds and striking virtues deserved; but there he lies, amidst the greatest splendour, surrounded by the regalia of Scotland and of Wales—the trophies of his might—under a

[1] Anthony Bec erected a palace at Eltham, and presented it to Queen Eleanor.

According to other authorities, Walter Wenlock, Abbot of Westminster, officiated at the funeral; most likely they both took part in the ceremony.

[2] The tomb of Edward I. is to the west of that of Henry III., Eleanor's being on the east.

[3] This is rather due to Eleanor than Edward, for she introduced the Spanish sheep into England, from which arose our English wool. See p. 116.

[4] It seems almost sad, after recording all the marks of grief displayed by Edward, to find that he married a second wife (granddaughter though she was of his early friend the pious St. Louis), even nine years after the death of Eleanor. Marguerite of France, his second queen, and the founder of the ducal family of Howard, built the Grey Friars', or Franciscan Church in Newgate Street, and largely endowed the monastery, in the church of which her bones were laid.—*Stow's Survey.*

cold, rough stone, apparently as much out of place as a boor at a royal *levée*.

Yet we would not have it otherwise. As a memorial of the past it is more faithful, more interesting, than the highest decoration, or the most skilful artist could make it. It is a symbol of his own plain, unvarnished, solid worth. But more than this, its very appearance speaks volumes of history. It is a monument of the broken vows of his weak-minded son; it recalls at once to our minds those worthless favourites who provoked the barons and estranged them from the crown; it tells of the miserable intestine dissensions which harassed the kingdom in the reign of the second Edward, drew off the thoughts of all from the memory of the dead to animosities against the living, and drowned the greatness of the father in the pusillanimity of the son.

We look in vain for the tomb of Edward II. Its very absence reminds us of the barbarous cruelty, with which he was murdered at Berkeley Castle,—a punishment far too great for his faults. His misfortunes, however, gained for him at the hands of the Church a much more beautiful tomb in Gloucester Cathedral than his ever-memorable father's virtues had elicited from him; but its absence from Westminster exempts us from reverting more largely to those unhappy times, and permits us to throw a veil over the iniquities of his faithless wife, Isabella of France, and her paramour Mortimer, which form a sad and degrading episode in our country's history.

CHAPTER XI.

EDWARD III. AND HIS QUEEN PHILIPPA.

STRONGLY united by affection while alive, closely associated in history, and reposing, by their own desire, in juxtaposition at their death, Edward and Philippa of Hainault seem incapable of separation. Like the first Edward and Eleanora of Castile, whose monuments extend along the opposite side of the chapel, these two were a pattern of connubial felicity, and their respective characters and lives are somewhat similar, though presenting, at the same time, some striking contrasts. The beneficial influence exerted by Eleanor over her husband finds its exact counterpart in that used by Philippa. The almost perfect character of the former is exhibited, with even more brilliant effect, in the latter. Eleanor brought from Castile her native sheep, —the wealth of Spain,—and taught her subjects the value of their wool. But Philippa, who had the opportunity, as well as the inclination, to extend that commercial enterprise, of which her predecessor had sown the seeds, imported from *her* fatherland the Flemish workmen, who instructed her people in the art of dyeing and manufacturing their new production; and her little colony of Norwich yarn-spinners were the dearest objects of her patronage.

But, more than this, she used her *protégés* and woollen manufactures as a still more important means of national benefit; and the annual feasts and gay tournaments, founded in celebration of this new stimulus to British industry, proved a constant and effectual instrument in breaking

down that fatal barrier which had hitherto existed between the haughty Norman noble and his subservient Saxon vassal; and tended more than any other means to blend together the various classes, whose hostile separation had been so injurious to the country's growth.

But Philippa, though conscious of the importance of mercantile pursuits, was not wanting in sympathy for the grander schemes which her husband's ambition had formed; and though she taught the people of England how to produce their first woollen cloth,[1] she showed no less vigour of mind in raising a powerful army, and encouraging it on the field of battle, when an emergency occurred during her husband's absence in France; and one of the most fatal defeats the Scots ever experienced was from the brave followers of Philippa, at Neville's Cross, from which she returned victorious to London, leading King David of Scotland captive in her train. Still, she was not a masculine woman; necessity compelled her to do an unwomanly act, and she acquitted herself nobly. The lords and armies of England, as she rode along their ranks before the engagement, with loyal hearts and gallant admiration of their Queen, swore to do their part better than if the King were there to lead them in person.

[1] Bischoff, in his *Wool, Woollen, and Sheep*, asserts that woollen cloth was manufactured in this country as early as 1224; and towards the close of the thirteenth century, one Thomas Cole was distinguished by the name of the "rich clothier of Reading." This, however, does not detract from the great boon conferred by Philippa in importing Flemish manufacturers and dyers. Blomefield, the historian of Norfolk, says, Flemish yarn-spinners settled at Worsted, a village in that county, as early as the reign of Henry II., and immortalized its name by their manufacture. It was not conspicuous till that of Edward I.—*Hist. of Norfolk*, Vol. II. Macpherson speaks of it for the first time in 1327, the first year of Edward III., who Hallam, in his *Middle Ages* (Vol. II. p. 384), says, may almost be called the father of English commerce; for in 1331 he invited over Flemish manufacturers as settlers into his dominions. Owing to their discontent at the monopolizing spirit of the corporations in their own land, and the consequent oppression of all artizans without the pale of their community, they gladly availed themselves of this invitation, and introduced a finer manufacture of woollen cloths than had been hitherto known in England; and commerce, next to liberty, now became the leading object of Parliament.

Philippa, however, was the principal actor in even a more noble scene at Calais, when six of its wealthiest citizens, to save their fellows from destruction, with halters round their necks, tendered the keys of their city to the victorious Edward, and at his bidding prepared to offer their lives a sacrifice for their faithful defence of their trust. In vain they had pleaded their own voluntary surrender, their fidelity, and their compassion for their starving fellow-citizens; in vain the English nobles had supplicated for mercy on their fallen foes; when the lovely Queen, fresh from her Scottish victory, kneels before her lord, and obtains the boon which she alone could gain,—the lives of those whose speedy execution would otherwise have tarnished for ever the lustre of Edward's fame.

Nor is she famous only for the beauty of her person, the gentleness of her disposition, the benefits conferred on her country by acts of peace, or her conduct in war. She must ever be honoured among us as the mother of that great Plantagenet,[1] who, had he but lived to wear the crown, would have saved the country from the disastrous Wars of the Roses, which deluged it with the blood of its best sons, and retarded its civilization and commercial growth at least a century:—that boy, who, at the age of sixteen, won his spurs of knighthood on the field of Cressy, and ten years later returned victorious from Poictiers, bringing to London the King of France his prisoner.

The tomb of the Black Prince is not here; but in the adjoining palace was displayed his last public act of patriotism, when he rose from his death-bed and presented his wasted form before the assembled Parliament, and exerted his fast-ebbing breath to free his imbecile father from the grasp of wicked courtiers, and wrest the kingdom from the unjust usurpation of John of Gaunt. Here, too, his body lay in state for four months, until, with gorgeous display, the darling hero of England was drawn by twelve black horses in a stately hearse, followed by the whole Court

[1] Edward the Black Prince.

and both Houses of Parliament, to be laid in the most sacred spot of England, by the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, in Canterbury Cathedral.[1]

Yet, as we stand by the tomb of his mother, we cannot but revert to his memory, and recall the feelings of our countrymen at the premature death of their champion, and the speedy loss of his conquests. And it is worth while to record, as an evidence of the reverence felt by the people for the prince and his mother, that many a picture of that date, representing the Blessed Virgin and the Infant Saviour, is but a portrait of the lovely Philippa and the Black Prince, her beautiful boy.[2]

And then the tomb of Edward! What brilliant reminiscences of chivalry; what proudest achievements of English knighthood are evoked by its presence!

There lies the final subjugator of Scotland, the vanquisher of France, who at one time swayed the sceptre of three[3] kingdoms, and was tendered that of a fourth.[4] There lies the founder of the laws of chivalry—that groundwork of all romance in the middle ages,—the institutor of the Order of the Garter, and one of the greatest monarchs of England.

And yet what now remains of all his glorious deeds and ambitious aims? Scarcely more than is indicated by his tomb. His own life alone sufficed to see the destruction of much of the vast fabric he had raised, and on which he sat triumphant. Scotland is now united with England, but not by conquest; France is a friend and ally, but not a subject; the Order of the Garter remains, but as an aristocratic decoration rather than a distinction for valuable services in war or in peace; while the chivalry which could admire and respect the noble defence in arms of a brother knight, yet could turn a deaf ear to the pitiful cries of the helpless populace, and slaughter without discrimination and without

[1] The whole of this scene has been most graphically depicted in *Stanley's Memorials of Canterbury*, pp. 125, *et seq.*

[2] *Strickland's Queens*, Vol. II. p. 255.

[3] England, Scotland, and France.

[4] Germany.

quarter whole towns of defenceless women and children, has happily perished.

The lesson of our third Edward's tomb is a mournful one. He who for eight years had detained King John of France a prisoner in the Savoy Palace, and had valued his ransom at the enormous price of £1,500,000 of our money, in addition to the surrender of no less than eight French provinces; who for eleven years had kept King David of Scotland immured in the Tower, and had only released him on the payment of 100,000 marks (at least £1,000,000); the mighty monarch of England, France, and Scotland, courted by every power in Europe, dreaded by the weak, and still more by the strong; at last,—shorn of his glories, stripped of his conquests,—outlives almost all, but the remembrance of his cruelties. The affectionate husband of the gentle, amiable, high-souled Philippa, dotes on a worthless mistress; and, in the tottering weakness of decrepid old age and the drivelling dotage of second childhood, one of the world's greatest heroes breathes his last, attended by a solitary priest, deserted by his family and his friends, and pilfered of everything by his own servants.

Still there are other actors in the scenes of his reign of whom we are reminded, and whose memory is more pleasing.

Robert Ecclesfield, the private chaplain of Philippa, had founded (A.D. 1340) what is now one of the largest colleges in Oxford, which, out of respect to his royal mistress, he called "Queen's College;" and, adopting as its motto, "May queens be thy nursing mothers," placed it under the perpetual protection of the Queens Consort. At that time there were but four other Colleges: the one founded by Alfred the Great;[1] another in Edward the First's reign, built by Walter de Merton, Bishop of Rochester;[2] a third by Walter Stapleton, Bishop of Exeter,[3] who was murdered by the rebels in the reign of Edward II.; and a fourth,

[1] University College.
[2] Merton College.
[3] Exeter College.

scarcely finished, which John de Baliol[1] was founding. Two of the earliest students of Ecclesfield's College are said to have been the Black Prince,[2] well-nigh the last, if not the greatest, Plantagenet, and John Wicliffe,[3] the first translator of our Bible, and the first English Reformer. At the death of Edward his voice had begun to be heard in favour of the Reformed faith, and more than one member of the royal family already favoured his cause.

At the same time there lived another illustrious man, William of Wykeham, the favourite counsellor of Edward in his palmy days. So highly was he esteemed by the King, that Sir John Froissart declares "everything was done by him, and nothing was done without him." The Black Prince was devotedly attached to him, whose widow, too, many years after, was proud of being able to number him amongst her dearest friends. From a poor scholar[4] he had risen by his virtues and his talents to the highest civil station to which any subject could attain. With his royal patron he had been intimately associated in the confidential offices of "Private Secretary," "Keeper of the Privy Seal," and "High Chancellor of England," and

[1] Balliol College.

[2] It appears that this tradition is of very doubtful authority, as no trace of the Black Prince's name is to be found in the bursar's Rolls of the College, which go as far back as 1347.—(*Stanley's Memorials of Canterbury*, p. 170.) The great Henry V. was certainly a student there, and received from the College a needle and thread, with the customary admonition to thriftiness.

[3] According to the bursar's Rolls, Wicliffe was about forty years old, when he commenced residence in Oxford; but it was usual at that time for many to go there for study late in life (see p. 123, note [1]), though in the *Saturday Magazine*, Vol. XVI. p. 42, it is stated that Wicliffe was admitted a Commoner of Queen's College when only sixteen years of age, and that he soon afterwards removed to Merton College, where he was first Probationer, and afterwards Fellow. See Appendix.

The old oak chair in which Wicliffe expired, together with his table, the pulpit in which he preached, and a portion of his cloak, are still preserved in Lutterworth Church, of which he was the minister until the day of his death.

[4] He was born of poor parents, in Hampshire, A.D. 1324, in the reign of Edward II., and died 1404, having seen four kings upon the throne, and lived at the time of the murder of two of them. He paid during his life the legacies bequeathed by his will, that he might be sure of their due appropriation.

by Edward he was eventually honoured with the bishopric of Winchester. In history, however, he is almost more renowned as an architect than a statesman or an ecclesiastic, and he has left behind him many wonderful monuments of his skill, which have survived to our own days. He built the palace of Queenborough, in the island of Sheppy, as a country residence for Queen Philippa. He was employed to rebuild Windsor Castle in a magnificent manner, "and gave it that grand and majestic character, for which it has been ever since renowned."[1]

But to many of us his name is more commonly associated with those lasting works of pious munificence, the noble college, still one of the brightest ornaments of Oxford, and its sister institution of Winchester;[2] the latter being built on the very spot where Wykeham himself received the first rudiments of his education.

From the time when the Franciscan friars had first gained a firm footing in England, their proficiency in theology, their wonderful ability in disputation, and their readiness to instruct all who, during their constant perambulation of the kingdom, would avail themselves of their teaching, had roused the old monastic bodies even in Henry the Third's time from their lethargic ignorance, and suggested to them the design of sending students from the different monasteries to Oxford, and endowing colleges and halls for the instruction of the junior members of their communities, to be ready to combat the erroneous doctrines and subtle arguments of these mendicant preachers. The cloister, however well fitted for an ascetic and devotional life, was found to be but ill suited to the purposes of study. The frequent

[1] *Life of William of Wykeham.*

[2] New College, Oxford, and Winchester College, called the two Colleges of St. Mary Winton. The former was opened with great solemnity, April 14, 1386; the latter, March 28, 1393. Henry VI. copied his design in the foundation of Eton College and King's College, Cambridge; and Henry Chichele, whom he placed himself in his school at Winchester, and William Waynflete, who was a master of the same, followed his example, by founding All Souls' and Magdalen Colleges in Oxford: so that to him we are indebted for four, if not six, of our noblest educational institutions.

services, and the duty of the choir, left but little time, while monastic discipline destroyed the energy requisite for mental culture.[1] The Statute of Mortmain, in Edward the First's reign, had diverted the benevolence of individuals from the monasteries, and it found an object in these new colleges, which, under the first three Edwards, received considerable encouragement.[2]

But the new incentive to study and the rise of well-trained disputants brought with them a love of disputation, and the good old Bishop of Winchester witnessed with pain the profitless contests with which the great scholars of Oxford wasted their time and spoiled their tempers in fierce, barren, but endless discussions of nominalism under Occham *versus* realism under Duns Scotus.[3] He saw how

[1] So we find that from 1333 to 1349, two successive abbots of Westminster (Thomas Henley and Simon Burcheston) obtained leave of absence from the King, to study at the university, the former for seven years and the latter for three.—See Appendix.

[2] *Fox's Monks and Monasteries*, chap xxi.

[3] A specimen of the style of discussion prevalent in the universities is given in a scene which took place before Henry III., when three Fellows of Merton College, Oxford, waited upon the King to request permission to make a certain gate. After saluting his Majesty, the following conference ensued:—

Fellow 1. We greet thee, Lord King.

King. I also greet you. Who are you?

Fellow 1. We are your masters.

King. My masters! How so?

Fellow 1. If you ask as to the matter in which we are your masters, we are your Masters of Arts in the Congregation and Convocation at Oxford. If you ask us as to the object, it is the present and future grant of grace.

King. What do you want?

Fellow 1. We wish for the making of a gate in a wall, which straitens us very considerably.

Fellow 2. It is not the gate that straitens us, my Lord King, but the want of it.

Fellow 3. Excuse me; it is not the want of the gate that straitens us, but the wall which has no gate in it.

King. Well! what do you want?

Fellow 1. We want the making of a gate.

Fellow 2. We do not wish for the *making* of a gate, for then it will always be in one stage or another of making, and so will never be made. But we wish the gate made.

Fellow 3. Pardon me, my liege, we do not wish the gate made; for if it be already made, then we shall be wishing for a gate that is not our own, and we shall wrong our neighbour.

At this stage, the King's patience being exhausted, and finding them unable to agree on the subject of their request, he signified his pleasure that they should come into his presence in three days, urging upon them the necessity of making some definite application. The intervening time was entirely consumed in

poor students like himself found no encouragement for their sterling but less brilliant talents, and were driven by their poverty to forsake learning and entrance into the ministry, and enlist as common soldiers, and no wonder that he found in his diocese an ill-conducted and illiterate body of clergy. He did what he could—he inculcated better practices among the latter, and he provided a fitting education for the former by the noble foundations of the two colleges dedicated to St. Mary Winton. The tomb and chantry of this great, yet humble, man of God, prepared by himself in the nave of Winchester Cathedral (also rebuilt at his cost) on the very spot where, in his school-boy days, he used at early dawn to perform his daily devotions, was almost the only place where prayers were constantly offered for the soul's health of his dear master Edward III.

disputes as to the exact form of words to be employed at their next audience; nor was the contention concluded until they were actually again in the royal presence, when with one voice they unanimously cried out, "We humbly request that the making of a gate may be made."

CHAPTER XII.

THE CORONATION OF RICHARD II.

On St. Swithin's Day, Wednesday, July 15th, 1377, soon after dinner (and our ancestors dined at 10 A.M.[1]), a large assemblage of peers of the realm on stately chargers, soldiers, mayors and aldermen of various corporations, viscounts and knights in great number, and "citizens as many as possible," might be seen collecting together in the large open space in front of the Tower of London.

Every avenue, that afforded approach to Tower Hill, poured forth its full contribution to the gay and eager throng, who waited to do homage to the infant son of England's darling champion—Edward the Black Prince,—who with his dying breath had committed his helpless child to the care and protection of the people of England through their representatives in Parliament.

That was a touching and impressive scene when the far-famed Prince of England,—the conqueror of a third part of Europe, the thunderbolt of British arms, whose name was more terrible than a whole regiment of the stoutest warriors, and had become throughout France so proverbial as even to be in common use among the peasantry for awing their children into obedience—he, the mighty man of valour, stood before the lords and commons[2] of his country, a mere shadow

[1] Even so late as 1515 they used to sing:—

"To rise at five, and dine at nine,
To sup at five, and bed at nine,
Will make a man live to ninety-nine."

Persons of quality, later than this, dined at 10 A.M. Charles V. used to dine at ten, sup at seven, and all the court were in bed at nine. Still the supper was the most substantial meal of the day.—*Sat. Mag.* Vol. V. p. 15.

[2] April 28th, 1376.—*Stanley's Memorials of Canterbury*, p. 129.

of his former self, with hands transparent, and tottering limbs, wasted to a skeleton with a rapid consumption. His dying appeal, his last call on the gratitude of his people, was the protection of his infant child; and the weeping nation accepted the charge, and became young Richard's father.

No wonder, then, that so vast and noble a crowd waited on Tower Hill to receive their young ward, and conduct him to his coronation. Shouts of acclamation rend the air; merry peals resound from many a city church-tower, and the most exuberant evidences of joy are exhibited from every window, as the drawbridge descends, the portals open, and the youthful king, clad in virgin white, accompanied by the princes of royal blood and nobles of the Privy Council, attended by a large body-guard of soldiers, heralds, and sergeants-at-arms, issues forth in sight of the loyal assembly. A long procession is formed: Sir Simon Burley,[1] K.G. carries the sword before him,—that favourite adviser of the Black Prince, who had once been Richard's tutor, and a few years later was the dearest friend of the good Queen Anne, and whose execution was a crime for which Richard never forgave his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester.[2] Sir Nicolas Bond on foot leads his horse by the bridle, while the Dukes of Lancaster and Gloucester, and other peers, ride by his side, followed by the civic communities, the loyal guards, the mounted nobles and the applauding citizens, while heralds with trumpets, and bands of musicians, with every kind of musical instrument, make the very houses ring again with their "marvellous noise."[3]

All who have seen Shakspeare's play of Richard II., as represented by Mr. Charles Kean, and remember, as all must, the vivid picture of Bolingbroke's entry into London, will have a very distinct notion of the scene

[1] He lived at the noble mansion near Baynard Castle, in Thames Street, which formerly belonged to Feschamp Abbey, but had been presented to him by Edward III., and to which he gave the name of Burley House.—*Stow's Survey. Holinshed.*

[2] Thomas of Woodstock, see p. 130.

[3] This account is taken from *Rymer's Fœdera*, the *Cott. MSS.* Dom. xviii. f. 12, and *Holinshed.*

which presented itself on the day when the young son of the Black Prince was conducted by his guardian subjects from the Tower to Westminster Hall, on the day preceding his coronation. The ringing of Bow bells, the houses in the different thoroughfares hung with gold cloth and silver tissue, and decked with tapestry of silk and gold; the gaudy morris-dancers, the windows filled with joyful spectators, the street thronged with an eager crowd clad in holiday attire (one half the body in one colour, and the other in a different hue, the brilliant costume of the day); the glittering procession of noblemen, knights, and gentry, the various banners of England, France, St. George, and St. Edward, the numbers of various city companies, with their characteristic flags and quaint devices;—all these would be seen in reality by our forefathers, just as we have seen them in scenic imitation on the stage of the Princess's Theatre. And, in addition, at the conduit in Cheapside, fountains of red wine and white, played from the mouths of lions' heads for three or four successive hours.[1] Above it was a castellated tower, on each of the four turrets of which was a beautiful damsel, of the size and age of the young King, clad in aërial garb, who scattered gilded florins before his path, and blew down showers of gold leaf upon his head;[2] and, as he stopped beneath to return their salutation, they descended from their lofty seats, filled golden goblets at the fountains, and handed the sparkling beverage to the King and his princely attendants; whereupon a golden crown, of gorgeous workmanship and priceless value, by a wonderful piece of mechanism, was placed on his brow by a golden angel, which descended from the very summit of a small tower surmounting the turrets.[3]

[1] *Walsingham*, p. 194.

[2] Since the above was written, this scene, with all its circumstances, has been exhibited by Mr. Kean, in his Episode to Henry V.

[3] "But to speak of all the pageants and shows," says Holinshed, "which the citizens had caused to be made and set forth in honour of their new king were superfluous, every one in their quarters striving to surmount the other."

Thus escorted, and thus entertained with every kind of display his loyal subjects could devise, with great triumphing of the commonalty, and joy of the princes and noblemen, young Richard of Bordeaux[1] rode bare-headed through Cheapside, up Fleet Street and the Strand, to his palace at Westminster.

Having dismounted at Westminster Hall, he was conducted by his guardian uncles and the chief nobles to the high table (which was of marble), and, asking for wine, first drank himself, and then offered it to those around him. After this ceremony, the royal party adjourned to the King's private apartments, where they were regaled with a sumptuous supper; and, the King having bathed, and having been reminded to compose himself in contemplation and prayer, they all retired early to bed, that they might be prepared to undergo the renewed fatigues of the morrow.

At an early hour on the following morning (Thursday, July 16th) the young King arose, and, having attended matins and heard mass, retired to his own chamber, and put on, according to custom, entirely new clothes; and, shod with shoes only,[2] descended to Westminster Hall (then the great hall of the palace, and which was afterwards rebuilt by himself in its present splendid style), accompanied by a very large number of princes, and other magnates of the kingdom. Here he was received by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and many other prelates, arrayed in their pontifical robes, and a long line of clergy from various parts of the kingdom, vested in silken copes.[3] The Archbishop was Simon Sudbury, who, four years later, was seized by the Kentish rebels under Wat Tyler, dragged from his palace, and executed;[4] and many of the principal actors in this scene, like their royal master himself, derive a more than usual interest from their sad fate during the troubles that followed.

[1] So called from the place of his birth.

[2] "Caligis tantummodo calceatus."

[3] "Capis sericis induti."

[4] *Stanley's Memorials of Canterbury*, p. 190.

While the prelates and clergy arranged the procession, the King sat in his royal seat, the princes and nobles occupied places at the high table, and William Latimer (the almoner), assisted by his deputies, laid down purple carpets of a radiated pattern, from the hall to the large square stage which had been erected around the four high pillars between the choir and the altar, and covered the stage and the rails around it with richly embroidered tapestry.

At that time Charing was still but a suburb of the metropolis. The beautiful cross to the memory of Eleanor stood in all its magnificence, where now in all its ugliness stands the statue of Charles I. The streets, now known as Whitehall and Parliament Street, were then but one wide road (extending, however, further to the west), leaving unimpeded the view of the Abbey and palace from Charing Cross. On the right hand was Durham House (the town residence of the Bishop of Durham, and formerly the mansion of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, the bitter enemy of Henry III.). On the left were the quadrangular court and huge brick wall of the palace[1] of the Kings of Scotland, whose site still retains the name of Scotland Yard. A little below it, on the same side, was the residence of the Bishop of Norwich, which afterwards became that of the Archbishops of York, and hence received its appellation of York House (a name still lingering in that of some of the adjoining streets), famous as the scene of many a feast and carousal, when Cardinal Wolsey occupied it as his archiepiscopal palace, and entertained Henry VIII. and his Court at friendly revelries; but at whose disgrace, it was confiscated to the Crown, and named "Whitehall."[2] Opposite to this, and filling the space now covered by the Horse-Guards and Admiralty, were vast tennis-courts and tilting-grounds, where, even in times

[1] This palace was the residence of the Kings of Scotland, when, after their subjugation by Edward I., they attended the English Parliament.—*Stow.*

[2] *Stow's Survey of Westminster.*

much later than this, Queen Elizabeth feasted her eyes on bull-baits and combats with wild beasts; while, at the extreme end of the broad-way stood the majestic gates [1] and vast walls of the Abbey and palace.

On the morning of the coronation, the whole of this wide road, and all the way up the hill, as far as Charing Cross, was crowded with spectators hurrying forward to catch a glimpse of the brilliant *cortège* as it crossed the enclosure from the palace to the Abbey.

Presently it is seen to issue from the great hall, arranged according to the prescribed ritual [2] and the appointed order.[3]

Preceded by a long array of bishops, clergy, and the monks of St. Peter's convent, all vested in silken copes with hoods (*cum textibus*), surrounded by crosses, censers, banners, and all the usual concomitants of a religious procession, came Henry Wakefield, Bishop of Worcester, Lord Treasurer, carrying the golden paten to be used at the mass, followed at a short distance by the Lord High Chancellor, Adam Houghton, Bishop of St. David's,[4] in full pontificals, and bearing in his hands the golden chalice of St. Edward, dazzling the eyes of the spectators, as its matchless jewels sparkled in the mid-day sun. After him, bearing (as Lord High Constable of England) the ivory staff, surmounted by a cross, walked Thomas of Woodstock, afterwards Duke of Gloucester, the youngest son of Edward III., whose murder at Calais, by his nephew Richard's secret orders,[5] was one of the first steps towards that unhappy monarch's dethronement.

[1] These gates were at the foot of King Street.

[2] This coronation is here described in detail because it was the first occasion on which the full ceremonial and service was used, which has, with little alteration, been continued from that day to this. It is taken from the authorized book kept in the Abbey. For the whole service, see *Strutt's Manners and Customs*, &c.

[3] The various ranks and offices depended upon certain titles and tenures, which were examined, and the rival claims settled, by a royal commission a few days before the ceremony.

[4] The founder of St. Mary's College, at St. David's, for seven priests.

[5] He was one of the many victims to Richard's revenge for Sir Simon Burley's death, which he visited most implacably on all who had a share in its perpetration.

Behind him was Edmund, Earl of Cambridge [1] (another of the King's uncles), holding the ivory sceptre, crowned with a dove; succeeded by Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick,[2] carrying the third sword of state,—the sharp-pointed weapon of "Temporal Justice."

Next followed the high-minded Edmund, Earl of March,[3] —the heir presumptive,—bearing (as deputy of the Earl of Pembroke) the golden spurs of knighthood, and (in his own right) the obtusely-pointed sword of "Spiritual Justice." Then there is a murmur of applause, a buzz of excitement, and a striving for the foremost rank, in order to catch a sight of the popular favourite, as the spirited young Henry Bolingbroke [4]—the rival of Richard from his very cradle, and his equal in age,—walks gaily and proudly past, holding aloft in his youthful hands the pointless "Sword of Mercy" (the chief in dignity, as well as most ancient of the three), still known by its old name, "Curtana."

Last, and exalted to the highest place of honour, was John of Gaunt (Richard's eldest uncle and guardian), discharging, in right of his title of Earl of Leicester, the office of Lord High Steward. He carried on a velvet cushion the large two-handed "Sword of State," with its splendid scabbard of crimson velvet, decorated with gold plates, and adorned with various royal badges in gold-relief.

Such were the prelates and nobles, that preceded the boyish Richard, who next steps forward arrayed in a tunic

[1] He was the fourth son of Edward III., afterwards created by Richard, Duke of York, and immortalized by Shakspeare in his play of Richard II.

[2] This nobleman was one of those who joined the Duke of Gloucester in his plot to imprison Richard and his young queen, Isabella, for their lives, and place the Earl of March, grandson of Lionel, on the throne; a project which was mainly defeated by the refusal of the Earl of March to countenance it, who retired into private life in Ireland, that he might be free from the temptation.

[3] He was the son of Edmund Mortimer and Philippa, daughter of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, the second son of Edward III.

[4] Henry Bolingbroke, afterwards Henry IV., acted on this occasion as deputy for his father, John of Gaunt, whose privilege it was, as Duke of Lancaster, to carry "the curtana;" but his several titles gave him the right to three different offices, and he chose the highest for himself, leaving the other two to deputies.

of red silk, his head shielded from the sun by a square canopy of purple silk and gold, raised on four silver spears, whose points were ornamented with little silver bells, overlaid with gold, held by the sixteen Barons of the Cinque Ports (four being allotted to each spear to relieve each other).[1] Thomas Hatfield, Bishop of Durham, supported the King on his left, and John Harewell, Bishop of Bath, on his right; two more suitable supporters to the son of the Black Prince and the grandson of Edward III. could not have been found than these two prelates, who happened to fill the sees which conferred this privilege,—the one having been private chaplain to the former, the other the faithful friend and secretary of the latter.[2]

After them came Simon Sudbury,[3] Archbishop of Canter-

[1] The Barons of the Cinque Ports (Hastings, Sandwich, Hythe, Dover, and Romney, though no less than thirty other places participated in the privileges, as members of the incorporation) wore robes of scarlet or purple in grain, lined with crimson satin, scarlet hose, scarlet doublets, black velvet caps fastened on their sleeves, and black velvet shoes. After the coronation it was customary for them, on their way home, to present the canopy (which was their perquisite) at the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket at Canterbury. *Stanley's Memorials of Canterbury*, p. 188. Hasted says, "The Barons of Hastings received one cloth with staves, bells and appurtenances, which they gave to the Church of St. Richard at Chichester; and the Barons of Hythe, Romney, Dover, and Sandwich another, which they offered to St. Thomas à Becket. (*Hasted*, Vol. IV. p. 514.) The second canopy was used during the anointing; see page 135.

[2] Thomas Hatfield was formerly the private secretary of Edward III., and afterwards Keeper of the Privy Seal. He had served Edward in the wars with France. He displayed the provincial standard—the banner of St. Cuthbert—at the battle of Neville's Cross, when David of Scotland was taken prisoner. Immediately after that victory he escorted Queen Philippa to France, and was present at the taking of Calais. He was also one of the commission appointed to settle the redemption of the King of Scotland; but his sumptuous palace in the Strand (still familiar to us under the name of Adelphi Buildings) connects him with our own times, while he is also said to have completed the foundation of a more glorious monument, Durham Hall (now Trinity College), in Oxford. John Harewell was a Gascoigne and the chaplain of the Black Prince; he rebuilt part of Wells Cathedral, and died A. D. 1386. It is not improbable, as the coronation service and ceremonial were drawn up for this specific occasion, that the fact of such fitting persons being found on the episcopal bench created the precedent which has conferred on the bishops of Bath and Durham the office of supporting the sovereign at his coronation.

[3] He was a bold and vigorous prelate; his soul was stirred within him at the sight of the mischief caused by the pilgrimages to shrines;

bury, with the jewelled crown of St. Edward on a velvet cushion; and behind him, the Bishop of London, William Courtenay,[1] son of the Earl of Devon, who, after the murder of Sudbury, succeeded to the see of Canterbury. And last, but by no means least in the train, came William of Wykeham, still Bishop of Winchester, who (having provoked by his honourable and unyielding course, as well as his practical piety, the envy of the worthless courtiers who surrounded Edward III. at the unhappy close of his reign, and were in league with John of Gaunt to uphold his unjust design of gaining the supreme power, if not the throne) now for the first time re-appeared at Court, leaving his pious works at Oxford and Winchester, that he might do homage to the grandson of his beloved benefactor, and the son of his dear friend.

As the procession traverses the space between the palace and the Abbey, their united voices chant the joyful anthem;[2] and, on entering the western door, its approach is proclaimed to the assembled multitude by a flourish of trumpets from the heralds stationed in a gallery close to the lofty ceiling, just under the small clerestory windows at the extreme east of the Confessor's Chapel.

and, overtaking the vast troop of pilgrims who were flocking to Canterbury at the fourth jubilee of Becket's translation (1370), he openly told them that the plenary indulgence they hoped to gain would be of no avail. The vast concourse were amazed at such a doctrine; some were struck dumb; others cursed him to his face; and a Kentish gentleman, Thomas of Aldon, riding up to him, staked his salvation, that for such heretical opinions he would come to a terrible death, and the people shouted "Amen." Seven years had already passed since this scene took place, and no doubt it was almost forgotten; but four years later, the rebellion, which aimed at the deposition of the King, fell on him who placed the crown on his head; and Aldon's curse seemed to be fulfilled, when the Kentish rebels, under Wat Tyler, dragged him from the Tower, and beheaded him on Tower Hill—the first sacrifice to that spirit of discontent, which was ere long destined to take his royal master's life. His headless body reposes in Canterbury Cathedral, near that of the Black Prince.—See *Stanley's Canterbury*, p. 226.

[1] William Courtenay sat in judgment over John Wicliffe (1382), on which occasion he had so severe a controversy with the Duke of Lancaster, and Percy, Earl of Northumberland, that it almost ended in a serious riot. His bones, too, repose at the feet of the Black Prince, in Canterbury Cathedral.

[2] *Walsingham*, p. 196.

Arrived at the high altar, the whole party prostrate themselves before it.[1] The Archbishop rises alone, and, having given his benediction to the kneeling monarch,[2] the Bishops of Durham and Bath raise him up, and, assisted by the appointed nobles, conduct him to the platform, and place him on the gorgeously-decorated throne, so situated that he was conspicuous to the whole assembly (though the Barons of the Cinque Ports still hold the purple canopy over his head). While he is thus seated, Robert, Earl of Arundel, brings down the royal crown; William de Ufford, Earl of Suffolk, the ivory sceptre, and one costly robe; while William, Earl of Suffolk, holds another, which are put upon the King.

After these preliminaries, the coronation service properly commences. The Archbishop, preceded by Henry Percy, Duke of Northumberland (the Lord Marshal), four separate times, from the four sides of the platform, solemnly asks the assent and consent of the people to the coronation of the Black Prince's only son, Richard himself standing up, and each time turning to that part of the congregation whose suffrages the Archbishop is seeking. When the affirmative answer, "Let it be done," has by general acclamation set the people's seal to the ceremony, the Archbishop descends to the altar, while the choir sing the anthem, "God strengthen thy hands." The King, supported by the two bishops, and accompanied by Nicholas Littlington,[3] the Abbot of Westminster (whose duty it was to instruct him in the ceremony), follows the Archbishop, and offers on the altar a velvet pall, and a wedge of gold (1 lb. in

[1] *Walsingham*, p. 196.

[2] Baker, in his *Chronicle*, says, that the Archbishop blessed the King *after* the sermon; but the *Liber Regalis* is a better authority on the point.

[3] This abbot built the granary of the Abbey, which is now used as the dormitory of the King's School. He also rebuilt the Jerusalem Chamber, in which Henry IV. died, and which is now the place of assembly for the Convocation of the Diocese of Canterbury. He presented the Abbey with two books of this ceremony of coronation, called the *Liber Regalis*, which are inscribed with his initials, and from which this account is mainly taken, so far as the form of service is concerned.

weight),[1] in honour of the Confessor, and having said a prayer, takes his seat by a fald-stool, while a bishop preaches the sermon on the relative duties of a king and his subjects.

After the sermon, the Archbishop administers the oath, "to maintain inviolate the charters granted by his predecessors;" one bishop, in the name of the Church and nation, requires him to swear that he will "uphold the Church, distribute true justice, and keep the laws and customs of the commonalty of the realm;" and another bishop requests his assent to the privileges of the Church and clergy. When the King has confirmed all these by his solemn oath sworn on the altar, the Archbishop kneels, and sings the commencement of the "Veni Creator," which the choir take up, and conclude with one grand overwhelming chorus, the full representatives of all states of the realm beseeching on their knees the gift of the Holy Spirit on their chosen ruler.

This imposing ceremony is followed by the Litany (chanted by two bishops), succeeded by four special collects, and several versicles. After resting for awhile in his chair, the King approaches the altar to receive holy unction. He is divested of all his robes, except the tunic, to which his shirt is attached, and standing under a more splendid canopy than before,—a costly coverture of cloth of gold, held by the barons—the primate pours out the sacred oil,[2] and anoints his hands in the form of a cross (as a symbol of the fortitude with which it is hoped he may be endued), saying, "Thy hands be anointed with holy oil,

[1] This is the prescribed offering; sometimes it was exceeded, or the gold worked into an ornament for the shrine, as the two figures given by Edward II.; see page 152.

[2] The *ampulla*, or golden eagle, in which the holy oil for anointing the kings is preserved, is a vessel of pure gold, in the shape of an eagle with expanding wings, nearly seven inches in height, and weighing about ten ounces. It was not used on this occasion, and of such importance was the omission considered, that Richard applied to the Archbishop for a fresh coronation. It is the subject of a singular legend, for the full account of which see Appendix.

as kings and prophets have ever been anointed; and as Samuel anointed Saul to be king, so be thou blest and made king," &c. The choir then sing the anthem, "Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet anointed Solomon king, and all the people approached with joy, saying, The king live, the king live, the king live for ever."[1] During the anthem the primate anoints his breast (to typify holiness), his shoulders (to represent strength), his back, between his shoulders, the bending of his arms,[2] and the crown of his head (to symbolize glory); he afterwards pours the sacred ointment over his head, which runs down to his beard, as on Aaron's of old (foreshowing the fragrant effusion of the Holy Spirit), the Archbishop accompanying the ceremony with the prayer, that he may be "abundantly stored with this divine grace, even as Christ was anointed with the oil of gladness above his fellows."

The Abbot then invests him in the several coronation robes, the primate blessing them one by one; first, "the Colobium Sindonis," a kind of Dalmatic, or shirt, of very fine cambric, ornamented with the finest Flanders' lace around the neck, the front, the sleeves and lappets; second, the "Super-Tunica," or surcoat, a long straight coat, reaching to the ankles, and having plain sleeves, the whole being of a thick and rich cloth of gold tissue, ornamented with gold flowers, brocaded both behind and before. He then puts on his buskins (or short socks), made of the same material, and adorned with the same embroidery, as the tunic, and lined with crimson sarcenet; and under them the sandals (dark-coloured leather soles, with wooden heels, covered with red leather), fastened to the foot with three bands of cloth of gold, lined with crimson taffeta, copied from the *Cothurni purpurei*, a distinguishing badge of the Byzantine emperors. Now Edmund, Earl of March, approaches to discharge his duty, and binds on the royal feet the golden spurs of knighthood,[3] during which

[1] 1 Kings i. 38, 39, 40.

[2] The anointing of the back and joints of the arms is now omitted.

[3] This was the office of the Earl

time[1] the Archbishop blesses the sword; and having presented it to the King with a suitable injunction, it is attached to the belt of the tunic by the appointed baron, and the "armilla" (or stole) is placed round the King's neck, to represent the Christian yoke of sanctity. The primate then throws over him the square imperial pall, embroidered with golden eagles.

Having received the insignia of *knighthood*, as the head of the commonalty, and the highest robes of the *priesthood*, as temporal ruler of the Church, the Archbishop proceeds to invest him with those of *royalty*, as supreme over the nobility. He blesses the golden crown of St. Edward, he sprinkles it with holy water, he perfumes it with sacred incense, and places it on the monarch's head, with the emphatic words: "God crown thee with the crown of glory and justice . . . that thou mayest finally receive the crown of the perpetual kingdom." After a prayer and an anthem he puts on the King's finger the ring of St. John the Evangelist,[2] saying, "This is a sign to thee of Catholic faith, as thou art ornamented and enriched as head of thy people, so be rich in Christian faith, and in good works."

The King now approaches the altar, takes off his sword, and on his knees solemnly offers it on the altar; the Duke of Hereford redeems it by a rich gift, and carries it unsheathed before the King during the rest of the solemnity. Lord Richard de Furnival then presents the red gloves for the archiepiscopal benediction, gives them to the King, who, after putting them on, receives from the same nobleman the golden sceptre in his right hand, and the golden ball in his left, and his youthful arms being supported, he kneels to receive the Archbishop's blessing. Being raised on his feet he kisses the Archbishop and the assembled bishops,

of Pembroke, but John, the late Earl, having died, leaving the title to an infant, the Earl of March was deputed to act as his deputy.

[1] *Holinshed.*

[2] See pp. 29 and 44.

and while the clergy and choir chant the "Te Deum," the whole body of peers conduct him to the platform, and solemnly place him in the sacred chair of Scone.[1]

The ceremony of coronation being now concluded, Archbishop Sudbury descends from his post as God's vicegerent; approaching the King, as the first subject of the kingdom, he lays his hand on the royal crown, which still remains on the monarch's head; and before that vast assembly, near the shrine of the great St. Edward, and surrounded by that vast store of holy relics, he solemnly swears allegiance to Richard II., King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, an oath which *he* at least kept implicitly, though as much cannot be said for most of the bishops and nobles, who one by one followed his example.[2] The King then relieves himself of some of his regalia, and the mass commences.[3]

The Archbishop celebrated; Henry Wakefield, Bishop of Worcester, read the Epistle; and Thomas de Arundel,[4] Bishop of Ely, read the Gospel and the Nicene Creed.[5] During the chanting of the Offertory sentences the King came down from his throne and offered the bread and wine for the Holy Communion, and having retired to his seat by the altar during its oblation, he returned and placed on the altar a mark of gold.

The Archbishop then solemnly blessed him, and after communicating himself, distributed the sacred elements to the bishops; after which the King knelt at the foot of the steps, and, having said his confession to the Archbishop,

[1] See page 152.

[2] For a list of those who took the oath, and the order of precedence, see Appendix.

[3] For a list of the regalia at the time of its destruction under the Commonwealth, see Appendix.

[4] This prelate was a creature of the Duke of Gloucester, and one of Richard's greatest enemies. He was afterwards made Lord Chancellor of England, but Richard deprived him of the great seal, and gave it to William of Wykeham. He was, however, advanced to the dignity of Archbishop of York, and soon after translated to the see of Canterbury. While filling the latter post he preached the funeral sermon over Anne of Bohemia, and also placed the crown on the head of Henry IV.

[5] *Walsingham.*

received the bread from him, and the cup from the Abbot, and then returned to his throne. At the conclusion of the service he retired to the Confessor's Chapel, and delivered his crown to the Archbishop to lay on St. Edward's altar. Stripped of his coronation robes by the Lord Chamberlain (who restored them to the Abbot), and having received the royal robes, which he was to wear that day, and his crown, taken from the altar of St. Edward by the Archbishop, with an ivory sceptre in each hand, he awaited the procession that was to accompany him to his palace.

After so long a ceremony, we cannot wonder that the poor boy was so exhausted that he was unable to walk in this part of the pageant, and was obliged to be carried in a fainting state on the shoulders of a number of his knights.

An amusing scene presented itself when Henry Percy, Lord Marshal, accompanied by his brother (Sir Thomas Percy), the Duke of Lancaster (Lord Steward), and Thomas of Woodstock (the King's brother, and Lord High Constable), mounted their stately chargers at the door of the Abbey, to clear the way for the royal procession. They were met by Sir John Dimmock, who, in pursuance of his right as "King's Champion," had been to the royal stables, and had selected the best suit of armour and "the goodliest steed save one," and, mounted upon it, placed himself at the Abbey door, with two attendants riding before him, one carrying his spear and the other his shield. The Lord Marshal, however, like a modern policeman, desired him to "move on," and at the same time informed him that he was come at the wrong season; for "he must wait for his perquisites until the King was sat down to dinner, and in the meantime he had better warm himself" (which one would think was no difficult matter on the day after St. Swithin's day), "take his rest and ease awhile. So he retired, somewhat discomfited by this sarcastic rebuke." [1]

[1] *Holinshed.*

The knights that bore the wearied King, followed by the whole train of bishops and nobles, carried him through the great hall to his private apartments, where he rested and partook of refreshment.

Meantime the whole assembly of grandees had collected in Westminster Hall, where Richard created four Earls; viz.

Thomas of Woodstock, created Earl of Buckingham and Northampton.

Thomas Mowbray, created Earl of Nottingham.

Gifford Angoulême (a Gascoigne, and formerly his tutor), created Earl of Huntingdon.[1]

Henry Piercy, created Earl of Northumberland.

He then knighted nine other gentlemen; viz.

Edward, son of Edmund, Earl of Cambridge.

John, son of Thomas de Roos de Hamelak.[2]

Robert de Gray de Rotherfield.

Robert, son of Gilbert Talbot.

Edward, son of Edward de Lisle.

Michael, son of Michael de la Pole.

R. de Poyninger.

Robert de Harington.

Thomas de la Ware.[3]

And now began one of the most sumptuous feasts that even the great banquet-hall of Rufus had ever witnessed. Holinshed says, "To show what royal service was at this feast, it passeth our understanding to describe; but to conclude, the fare was exceeding sumptuous, and the furniture princely in all things; that, if the same should be rehearsed, the reader would doubt the truth thereof. In the midst of

[1] To his brother and his tutor he gave £1,000 a year out of the treasury, until he was able to supply them with landed estates.

[2] The manor of Sir Thomas Roos of Hamelak was called Blanch Appleton, standing at the north-east corner of Mart Lane (now corrupted into Mark Lane), which derived its name from the privilege of holding a certain "mart" there. In the third year of Edward IV. all basket-makers, wire-drawers, and other foreigners were permitted to have shops in this manor, but nowhere else within the city or its suburbs. —*Stow's Survey*, p. 57.

[3] *Cott. MSS.*

the King's palace was a marble pillar, raised hollow upon steps; on the top whereof was a great gilt eagle placed, under whose feet, in the chapiter of the pillar, divers kinds of wine came gushing forth at four several places all the day long; neither was any forbidden to receive the same were he never so poor or abiest."

The King took the royal seat at the head of the high table with the Archbishops and Bishops on his right hand and his left, though close to his right were placed the Barons of the Cinque Ports,[1] and next to them, the Clerks of the Chancellary (Clerici de Cancellariâ of the King, of the first and second rank).[2] On the left of the hall were the Viscounts, Aldermen, Recorder, and chief citizens; at the middle table other "respectable and honoured gentlemen." Henry Bolingbroke, Earl of Derby, stood at the right of the King's seat, and held the chief sword, unsheathed. The Earl of Stafford, as deputy for the Duke of Lancaster, carved at the high table; the King was served first, then his uncles

[1] This was one of their privileges in return for their services in guarding the Channel from invasion, an honourable office, which they have discharged most nobly ever since the landing of the Romans. It was only the temporary absence of their fleet, in pursuit of the Norwegian force under Tostig, that enabled William I. to effect a landing. Against the Spanish Armada they fitted out six immense ships, at a cost of £43,000. These ports had many other privileges, such as freedom from subsidies and tolls, the right of holding pleas and actions, real and personal, in their own towns only, conveyance of fines, the power of enfranchising villains, free liberty of buying and selling. How much they have declined in importance may be conceived from the fact that at one time Hythe was so extensive as to contain seven parish churches.

[2] The Chancellors (*cancellarii*) used to *cancel* petitions, papers of supplication, and all writings which the King was unwilling to sign, *i. e.* by drawing lines check-wise, or like lattice-work ("*cancellatim*," hence their name, just as the chancel of a church is so called from the *lattice*-work partition between it and the nave), they used to annul and vitiate these writings. Afterwards, from the responsibility of their office, they rose to the highest civil station ("in maximum togatorum fastigium et apud reges secundas fere tenent"), to wit, the Lord High *Chancellor*.—*Stephani Thesaurus. Tabellio*, Amanuensis, Cancellarius de uno atque eodem ministerio dicuntur, quorum tamen alii digniores, atque a *scribis* sive *notariis* distincti. *Cancellarii* edictis, epistolisque dictandis signandisque navabant operam, atque eodem fungebantur munere quod illorum hodie est, qui a *secretis*, seu *secretarii* appellantur. In edictis, *Cancellarius* ante *scribam* nominatur. *Cancellaria* (Court of Chancery), scilicet domus, ubi Cancellarii officii curam habent.—*Fabri Thesaurus.*

(John of Gaunt and Thomas of Woodstock), then Henry Percy, John Mowbray, and Gifford d'Angoulême, the new-made earls. Previous to his sitting down to dinner, the Earl of Oxford, Robert de Vere,[1] according to his office of Lord Chamberlain, poured out water for his Majesty to wash his hands, while Sir Thomas Blunt, as deputy for the Countess of Pembroke, held him a napkin.

The Earl of Warwick discharged the office of pantler; Richard Beauchamp, the Earl of Arundel, that of chief butler; Sir John Argentine brought the King's drinking-cup, which the Lord Mayor of London, as chief cup-bearer, put into his hand, receiving the golden goblet itself as his perquisite; while John Wiltshire, a citizen of London, held his finger-napkin.

After dinner, the King retired to his private chambers, and the thousands who feasted at his palace spent the remainder of the day, till supper-time, in the various courts and pleasure-grounds between Westminster Palace and Charing Cross, with sundry diversions,— dancing, games at ball and quentin, enlivened by strains of music.[2]

Thus commenced a reign destined to end so sadly; and many who that day rejoiced at its auspicious beginning were chief instruments in bringing about its mournful termination. Many nobles of this land, who that day swore allegiance to Richard, when the hour of trial came, transferred their fealty to his rival, and, while the King languished in confinement in the Tower, bent the knee before Henry of Lancaster in Westminster Abbey. This it was that caused him the sharpest pang at the moment of his deposition; and, when called upon to submit to that degrading ceremony, the unhappy monarch could not refrain from reverting with a flood of tears, to the enthusiasm displayed by all classes of his subjects on this his coronation-day.

[1] A creature of Richard, and first Marquis of Dublin.

[2] Tripudiis, coreis, et solemnibus ministralciis.

CHAPTER XIII.

VISIT OF HENRY IV. TO THE SHRINE OF THE CONFESSOR.

ENGLAND, her Church, Court, and people, had undergone a great change during the various scenes it had witnessed between the decease of Henry III. and the usurpation of Henry IV.

The feudal despotism introduced by William the Conqueror had received a severe shock in the times of the former Henry; and the barons of the realm had felt their strength, not only in restraining the regal power by cutting off supplies, but even in wresting the sovereignty entirely from his grasp by an appeal to arms. But, though they dethroned the third Henry for a time, and governed the country by a protectorate commission, yet an aristocratic despotism was soon more irksome to those who were excluded from a participation in it than a restricted monarchy had been; and matters soon, by swinging to and fro, recovered their equilibrium.

The brilliant career, the master mind, and the truly English policy of Edward I., brought prosperity to the nation, and peace to its people; but the weak administration of his son, and the wickedness of Queen Isabella, contrasted so unfavourably with the virtues of their predecessors, that the nation once more exerted the power, the possession of which it had learnt from its fathers, and deposed the monarch who was too feeble to govern.

But neither had the people the will to change the succession from its rightful heir, nor had Isabella and her paramour Mortimer the daring (though doubtless they had no

lack of inclination) to place the crowns on their own heads; nor would Edward III. himself receive the throne, except at his father's express command.

A few years later, however, Henry Bolingbroke played a deeper game. It is true, he had hoodwinked the too credulous people by a fictitious story of Richard's illegitimacy; and had quieted the consciences of the superstitious by the mock ceremony of a compulsory resignation of the crown into his hands on the part of his royal victim in the Tower; but he ascended the throne as the popular favourite. He returned from his exile at the solicitation of the people of London. He traversed the kingdom at the head of a mixed multitude, an untrained and casually-armed mob. During his conference at Flint Castle with his unfortunate cousin Richard II., the whole country round was covered with these Londoners—like crows on a corn-field—clamouring for the life of their oppressor. Every step to his throne was bedewed with blood. Its foundations were laid in the murder of his King and his kinsman; and, though he had lulled the throbs of that still small voice in his subjects' hearts, he could not appease them in his own; like Adam and Eve, after tasting the forbidden fruit, his eyes were opened, and he knew both good and evil.

But he felt that he had also opened the eyes of his people. The way that he had cut for himself to the palace might be carved more easily by any other darling of the populace, who chose to follow his pioneering. The fruits already began to blossom in the constant conspiracies and rebellions, that rose like mushrooms in every part of the kingdom. No sooner was one crushed than another grew in its place. The battle of Shrewsbury was won solely by his own desperate efforts everywhere in the thickest of the fight, while no less than thirteen gentlemen, resembling him in dress and figure, were slain in mistake for himself.[1] The committal of his own son to prison for contempt of court

[1] *Strickland's Queens.*

showed, too, that judges had no longer a servile fear of monarchy; and that the sovereign himself ruled by popular will, and not by hereditary right.

His hands were steeped in blood. He was the first king, who had murdered his royal master. He was the first king, who had raised himself to the throne by the slaughter of his fellow-subjects. He was the first king, who had executed an Archbishop[1] for treason, or rather, in this case, for striving to do for the rightful heir, what he, in violation of right, had already done for himself. Like Oliver Cromwell in later times, having won the royal sceptre, and kept it, by the sword, he was haunted day and night by fears of losing it; and during the last years of his life he became a miserable prey to the constant gnawing of a guilty conscience.[2]

A Crusade to the Holy Land, by way of expiation for his sins, seemed ever in his thoughts from the moment that the first feeling of remorse shot through his awakened heart, after the intoxication of success had subsided, and left his mind at leisure calmly to review the past. He assembled his parliament, and told them of his design, and bade them make the necessary preparations.

> "No more the thirsty Erinnys of this soil
> Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
> No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
> Nor bruise her flowrets with the armèd hoofs
> Of hostile paces;—those opposed eyes,

[1] Scrope, Archbishop of York, executed A. D. 1405.

[2] This is well portrayed by Shakspeare in the concluding scene of Richard II., where Henry dismisses that monarch's assassin with these words:—

> "They love not poison that do poison need,
> Nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead,
> I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
> The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
> But neither my good word, nor princely favour:
> With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
> And never show thy head by day nor light.——
> Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
> That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow;
> Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
> And put on sullen black, incontinent;
> I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
> To wash this blood off from my guilty hand:—
> March sadly after; grace my mournings here,
> In weeping after this untimely bier."
>
> *Richard II.* Act V. Sc. 4.

See also *Henry IV.* Part II. Act IV. Sc. 4.

Which,—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,—
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way ; and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred and allies :
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ
(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engag'd to fight),
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy ;
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go." [1]

This penitential design of Henry was from time to time frustrated by the constant rebellions, that threatened his sovereignty at home. But at last, when his mind, racked and tortured, had so enfeebled his body that he was afflicted with constant fainting or epileptic fits, all his preparations being complete, he determined, weak and declining as he was, to undertake the solemn duty, and expiate the sins of his life by a death in the service of God on the consecrated soil of Palestine :—

"We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified,
Our navy is addressed, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And everything lies level to our wish :
Only we want a little personal strength.
And pause us, till these rebels now afoot
Come underneath the yoke of government." [2]

All arrangements being at length perfected, the King prepares to take a final leave of his country. But, previously to his embarkation, according to the custom of the times, he goes in state to seek for the aid of Heaven in his voyage, and ask a blessing on his enterprise, solemnly on his

[1] Opening speech of *Henry IV.* Act I. Scene 1.

[2] *Henry IV.* Act iv. Scene 4.

knees before the shrine of St. Edward, in the Abbey of Westminster.

But a change had come over the nation religiously, as well as politically, during the last three reigns. Edward I. had been no great benefactor to the Church, but had used his influence to curtail the excessive power which threatened to make the regal subservient to the ecclesiastical sovereignty. He had, with this intent, passed the Statute of Mortmain, and had seized many of the riches belonging to religious communities. Since then matters had grown worse, and at the close of Edward the Third's reign, a royal commission had reported to the King how many knights, armies, and noblemen might be maintained, and how many almshouses endowed, with the property possessed by some of the greater abbeys.

Besides this, since Wicliffe, in the last reign, had first raised his voice against the abuses of the Church, many partisans of his cause had arisen, and his tenets had spread to a considerable extent, until they were becoming almost fashionable.[1] Joanna, the widow of the Black Prince, and Anne of Bohemia, her daughter-in-law, were converts to the new faith, and saved Wicliffe's life when in great danger at the council of Lambeth, 1382.[2] The quarrel, too, between King Richard and the city of London would seem to have had some foundation in these religious strifes, from a passage in his speech of reconciliation: "Preserve the ancient faith, despise the new doctrines unknown to your fathers, defend the Catholic Church, the whole Church, &c."

[1] The following is a specimen of Wicliffe's translation of the Bible,—

"If I speke with the tungis of men and of aungels, and I haue not charite, I am maad as bras sownynge, or a cymbal tynklynge; and if I haue profecie and knowe alle mysteries and al kynnynge, and if I haue al feith so that I moue hillis fro her place, and if I haue not charite, I am nought. And if I departe alle my goodis into the metis of pore men, and if I betake my bodi, so that I brenne, and if I haue not charite, it profitith to me no thing. Charite is pacient, it is benynge. Charite enuyeth not, it doith not wickidli, it is not blowun, it seketh not those things that ben hise own."—1 *Cor.* xiii. 1—5.

[2] William Courtenay, Archbishop of Canterbury, presided over this Council. See page 133, note 1.

Henry IV. himself had adopted the new doctrines in early life, though now he found it more politic to side with the higher Church dignitaries, and gain their influence in securing peace to his dynasty; and, by his approval, William Sawtre, Rector of St. Osithe's,[1] London, the first who lost his life in England for the reformed faith, was burnt alive by order of the Convocation assembled at Canterbury.

The Church of Westminster, too, had suffered much the same. Except to secure due respect to Queen Eleanor, Edward I. had shown it small favour, compared with the devotion of his munificent father. On one occasion he had imprisoned the Abbot and forty-eight monks in the Tower, on a charge of stealing £100,000 (collected for the support of his wars in Scotland, and deposited in the Abbey for security), and had kept twelve of them there, until he returned victorious, twelve months after, to offer thanks for his success.[2] In Edward the Third's reign there had been disrespect thrown on the reverence paid to shrines and images, and the vast amount of wealth accumulated there.

Still, respect for St. Edward, if sobered down, was yet vigorous, and offerings continued to be made to his shrine, and pilgrimages performed thither even later than this. Thus Edward I. laid at the tomb of his sainted namesake the trophies he had won in Scotland: the sacred coronation-chair, with the fatal stone said by tradition to be Jacob's pillar, and to have been carried from the East through Spain to Ireland, and thence to Scotland, where it was the seat of her sovereign's enthronement, and has ever since been that of ours,—the magic talisman which ensures to its possessors the sovereignty over the northern half of the realm of England,—and deemed of sufficient importance to be the subject of more than one treaty between the two kingdoms.[3] He offered at the same time and place the Scottish crown, sceptre, and regalia,—mementoes of the

[1] St. Sythe's, St. Sith's, or St. Benet's Shorne, stood near Bucklersbury.

[2] *Neale's Westminster.*

[3] This chair was dedicated to the altar of St. Edward, for the use of

bravery of Wallace and of Bruce, of the bloody conflicts of Falkirk and of Scone. Here, too, his third son, Alphonso, solemnly dedicated to God and St. Edward the golden coronet and jewels of Llewellyn, the insignia of the principality of Wales. Edward II. at his coronation presented on the altar of the shrine two golden images (of 1½ lb. weight), of exquisite workmanship, representing St. Edward receiving from the pilgrim the sacred ring of St. John. Richard II. and "the good Queen Anne" kept the festival of the translation with almost as great splendour as Henry III. had done. They sat in state on their thrones in the Abbey during the whole day, attired in the richest robes of royalty; and a portrait of Richard, taken on that occasion, still hangs in the Jerusalem Chamber. Edward III. solemnly offered there the vestments in which St. Peter was said to have celebrated mass, on which Foxe, with his usual raciness, remarks, "They must have been well kept from moths to have endured so long."

All these memorials of the past were there in their splendour when Henry IV., clad in royal apparel, paid his farewell visit to the shrine [March 20, 1409], as a penitent king, to ask forgiveness of his sins, and a blessing on his crusade.

Our eyes can see the sacred building but dimly through films of smoke and coatings of dust, mangled here and barbarized there, and can but conjecture mistily of its former grandeur. But to the royal penitent, Henry Bolingbroke, as he entered its western portals, it shone forth in all the refulgent magnificence of the most splendid church in Europe. On either side were its light majestic pillars of Caen-stone, banded and filleted with brass, surmounted by elegant arches tapering towards heaven, and crowned by its gilded roof; the windows were gaily decorated with tracery and filled with gorgeous stained glass, figured with saints and

the priest who celebrated mass there. The famous clock-tower at Westminster, too, was made to tell the hours and give notice of the various offices to be said daily in honour of the departed saint.—*Maitland's Survey of London.*

holy legends, diapering the mosaic pavement with every hue, as the painted light streamed through upon the floor.

Far as the eye could reach blazed forth the holy altar, elevated on its massive flight of steps, covered with its richest vestments, and lighted with innumerable tapers, gleaming on the gold and silver candlesticks, and reflected from the golden vessels that were displayed upon and behind it.[1] But high above the altar, and towering over the tops of the candles and the jewelled crucifix between them, and above the golden embroidery of the silken tapestry, shone forth the shrine of its great founder,—"the luminary," St. Edward,—his coffin, plated with gold, dazzling to the eyes; its solid pedestal glittering with gems, and illuminated with every coloured stone that nature had supplied, and emblazoned with every richest ornament that art could devise. There stood the centre of attraction, the holy relic which kings, nobles, and peasants revered with feelings of most fervent adoration. And above the whole, high under the roof, were the beautiful lancet windows filled with rich glass representing various scenes in the Confessor's life, his patron,—St. John the Evangelist,—and the figure of St. Peter.[2]

Slowly and sadly, with downcast eyes, the repentant King approaches the western door of the Confessor's Chapel. He is in the royal Abbey-church built by his great ancestor and namesake, where he himself received the sacred rite of coronation—the object of his highest ambition, the ill-gotten reward of his blackest crimes. As he enters one of the most sacred spots within his dominions, an imposing

[1] "The choir was furnished with sparkling chandeliers, and candelabra in the shape of trees; while on the occasion of any solemn festival the walls were decorated with beautifully embroidered tapestry, and whatever else could add to the magnificence and effect of the ceremony."—*Sat. Mag.* Vol. IV. p. 210.

[2] In front of these windows, which are close under the roof, a gallery is placed at the coronation of our sovereigns, from which the heralds announce, by the blast of their trumpets, the arrival of the royal party at the western door, a view of which their elevated position admirably commands. See Coronation of Richard II., page 133.

spectacle lies open before him. There is the great shrine of the last Saxon king, whose reign was peaceful, whose life was unspotted by the sins that had made *his* so miserable, and who now rests in glory. Would after ages show such regard to him? It was a scene which must have struck into the heart of the most successful of usurpers the bitter consciousness of the smallness of the greatest of monarchs compared with the least of God's saints.

There was the shrine, glittering with its thousands of jewels, studded with its fifty-five cameos, the pious work of his namesake, Henry III. There was the massive silver lamp swinging before it, burning by day and by night. There was "the crown of light," the silver chandelier filled with waxen tapers above it; there was on the right hand the silver image of the Blessed Virgin (presented by Eleanor of Provence[1]) with a diadem of gold on her forehead, ornamented with the enormous emerald and ruby bequeathed to Henry III. by the Bishop of Chichester. On the left was the corresponding figure of the Virgin, in ivory, so highly prized by the famous Thomas à Becket, and by him dedicated to the Confessor at the first translation of his remains.[2] There was the dragon (presented by Henry III.), curiously worked on "an ensign or standard of red sammit, embroidered with gold, his eyes of sapphires, and other stones disposed about his body to enrich its beauty."[3] There was the image of St. Edmund, the King and Martyr, with a crown on his head, set with two large sapphires, a balass ruby, and other precious stones; an image of some other king, with a balass ruby on his breast, and other small gems about his person; and another more glorious still, holding in his right hand a flower, with a crown on his head, sparkling with sapphires and emeralds, a large garnet on his breast, and ornamented with pearls and divers small stones; two

[1] Queen of Henry III.

[2] See page 45.

[3] For some remarks on the fact of a dragon being often used on the standards of our early kings, see *Retrospective Review*, N. S. Vol. I. p. 94.

other golden images of kings, set with garnets, emeralds, rubies, and sapphires; five figures of angels in gold; an image of the Virgin and Child, glittering with rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and garnets (worth £1,000); a golden image of Henry III., holding a shrine in his hands, set with precious stones; an image of St. Peter, with a large sapphire on his breast, holding in one hand a model of a church, and in the other the keys, and trampling on a figure of the wicked Emperor Nero; an image of a king, one of whose hands held a cameo with two heads, the other a sceptre covered with rubies, onyxes, and pearls; "a most fair sapphire, weighing fifty-two pennyweights;" an immense cameo, with a gold chain attached, and enclosed in a gold case; and another with a head of great price, and valuable for its antiquity.[1]

The costly palls, usually kept in the recesses of Henry the Third's tomb, on the occasion of the royal visit would adorn the sides and floors of the basement round the shrine.[2] And, on its western side, the altar of the saint would be covered with its cloth of white silk, and on it the cross of solid gold, presented to Henry III. by the Countess of Kent, and by him bequeathed to this altar;[3] on one side a silver image of the Blessed Virgin, accompanied by a corresponding one of St. John the Evangelist on the other; and the golden figures of the Confessor and the pilgrim, given by Edward II. at his coronation.

When the royal visitor had gazed on these, he would be admitted to a sight of the still more precious treasures and relics usually guarded with great strictness in the iron-bound room, where now stands the chapel of his illustrious son (Henry V.). The five golden garlands of Paris-work, the large crown of incalculable price, three other crowns enriched with gems, and an imperial cope,

[1] *Botfield*, p. lxxx. Pat. 51, Hen. III. m. 5, *in dorso*.

[2] *Dart's Westminster*.

[3] See will of Henry III., Appendix.

splendidly jewelled, left by Henry III. in his will to his favourite saint, would be displayed to his view.

The gold crown, sceptre, and regalia of Scotland, given by Edward I.; the golden crown, sceptre, and regalia of Wales, presented by his son Alphonso, together with the golden crown and other royal ornaments of the Confessor himself, would meet his gaze, among which would be exhibited with especial care the famous ring returned to him by St. John.

The monk, guardian of the shrine, "custos feretri," having left his watching-chamber above, would descend, and reverently display the venerated relics that were treasured up in the sacred repository, especially those given by Edward himself the night before the consecration. He would present the most precious articles, such as the piece of our Saviour's manger-cradle, and the stones from Golgotha and Calvary, to be kissed by the royal visitor, and the famous marble-stone marked with the impression of our Saviour's foot, as He sprang into the air at his Ascension [1] (which had been carefully conveyed to England by the preaching Friars of the convent in the village of Holborn); a thorn from Christ's crown; various remains of divers saints, such as the arm of St. Sylvester, and a tooth of St. Athanasius; and, above all, the sacred blood of our Lord, in its crystal vase, as dedicated by Henry III.; a large piece of the real cross (adorned with gold, silver, and precious stones, brought from Wales in 1285 by Edward I.); the thigh-bone of the Abbot St. Leonard; a gown stained with the blood of the Confessor St. Edmund (Archbishop of Canterbury), the knife with which he was embowelled, preparatory to his embalming, his mitre, ivory comb, &c.; a rib of St. Cecilia (the patron saint of music); part of the oil from the tomb of the Virgin St. Katherine, offered at the shrine by its great patron (Henry III.), together with the finger of St. Nicolas, Bishop and Confessor (the patron saint of chil-

[1] *Dart's Westminster.*

dren), with other bones from his body, and oil from his tomb,[1] given by Queen Eleanor; the skull of St. Benedict, and the pontifical robes of St. Peter, presented by Edward III.[2]

These would be a few of that vast collection of sacred treasures and costly offerings (a mere catalogue of which would fill whole volumes) which would be shown on this occasion to Henry IV.

It is impossible for us to form any conception of the gorgeous magnificence of this rich museum of art as it presented itself at that time to the eyes of the King; its elegant tombs, blazing with jewels, glittering with colour, resembling—to compare great things with small, and to draw an illustration from what is familiar to most persons —the court of the Alhambra in the Crystal Palace, only surpassing it in refulgent beauty, as the light of the sun surpasses that of a candle, or a diamond exceeds in brilliancy a Devonshire spar; where each fresh hue was not the result of paint and gilt, but of gems and gold. There were the candles burning on the monument of Henry III., and the thirty massive tapers blazing on that of Queen Eleanor; there were the recumbent effigies on the tombs, and the smaller figures in the niches beneath, shining with burnished gold; while the arms and devices, with which they were illuminated, were still brilliant in the freshness of their new emblazonry.

But what must have been the thoughts of Henry as he stood and gazed at the figures around him? He was in the mausoleum of the Plantagenet dynasty; he was amidst

[1] *Neale's Hist. of West. Abbey*, Vol. I. p. 70. Fuller, in his *Church History*, (Vol. VI. sect. 1,) speaks of oil from a tomb, and suggests that it was the dissolving of some of the gums used about the body. In *Nichol's Pilgrimages*, mention is made of the tombs of Nicholas and Dorothy Wadham (founders of Wadham College, Oxford), in Ilminster Church, which "sweat forth an unctuous moisture with a fragrant smell, which is nothing else but bituminous matter (as appears both by the colour and scent), used by the marbler in joining the chinks together."—*Nichol's Pilgrimages*, p. 170.

[2] *Chronicle of St. Alban's; Foxe's Martyrs.* The skull of St. Benedict, and robes of St. Peter, were presented by Edward III. at the solicitation of Cardinal Langham, when Abbot of Westminster.—*Hook's Eccl. Biog.*

the pious offerings of all his family; but there were none there from *him*. He had nothing to offer, but hands stained in the blood of his subjects, his kindred, and his king; a heart tormented and haunted by the gory visions of his victims, and the consciousness of his crimes. What would he give? His kingdom, his crown, the highest aim, the most brilliant dreams of his ambition, for the simple innocence of the sainted Confessor, or the meek piety of his ancestor and namesake, Henry of Winchester.

As he crossed the threshold of the chapel, his robes brushed the tomb of his murdered master (Richard II.), locked hand-in-hand with his much-loved queen, Anne of Bohemia, the grand-daughter of that blind king, whose motto and plumes his uncle, the Black Prince, had reserved to himself as the proudest trophies of the battle of Crescy. And, though the body of Richard was not there to rise from his tomb and reproach him, the lifelike brazen effigy, erected in the days of his prosperity, seemed to witness before Heaven, in that sacred place, against the murderer.

As he passed on to the rest, the figure of his grandfather, Edward III. (the last public act of whose life had been to thwart his ambitious projects, and confirm Richard as his successor),[1] and his angelic grandmother, Philippa, seemed to frown on him and say, What doest thou here, Henry of Lancaster?

Stung to the very quick with remorse, giddy with the thoughts that crowd on his feverish brain, goaded by the spectres that flit through his mind, he sinks on his knees before the shrine of St. Edward, to utter in bitterest agony a confession of his sins.

On his right lie his grandfather, Edward, and the gentle, innocent Philippa, quietly reproachful. That last parting with his father, John of Gaunt, in the lists of Coventry,

[1] When Edward the Black Prince rose from his bed and appeared in Parliament to induce the barons to swear allegiance to his son; see page 125.

passes vividly through his thoughts; the blood of his victim calls to heaven for vengeance; the very effigy of Richard, cold and bronze as it is, seems to gather life, and to rise behind him, ready to clutch the guilty monarch; the lights fade from his sight, the sparkling jewels grow dim; a mist passes before his eyes, and he falls on the mosaic pavement in a deadly swoon of apoplexy.

Such would be the feelings of Henry IV. as he knelt in that solemn chapel; and such no doubt were the thoughts of the monks of Westminster, as they bore the royal penitent to his deathbed in the Jerusalem Chamber of the Abbot's house.[1]

A few hours more, and he was gone to his account; but we look here in vain for his tomb. For him there was no resting-place amongst his family in that spot, where his last hours had been spent.

Nay, vengeance seemed still to pursue him even after his death; and the boatmen, who conveyed his remains by water to Canterbury, swore, on their oath, that they were overtaken by such a storm of wind and waves, between Birkingham and Gravesend, that many of the nobility (who followed in eight ships) were dispersed, and with difficulty escaped being lost; and those, who were with the corpse, were so impressed that the anger of Heaven was displayed in the elements, that they with one consent threw it into the water, and a calm was the immediate consequence.[2]

[1] It is curious, that Henry should die in almost the only room within his dominions, where he would see constantly before his eyes the portrait of his victim, arrayed in the robes of royalty. See page 149.

[2] From a Latin MS. in the library of Benet Coll. Cambridge, A.D. 1440.

This account from a contemporary, though prejudiced, chronicler, is quoted here, *not as an authenticated fact*, but as a proof of the popular impression that Henry's sudden death in the Confessor's Chapel was a retribution for his crimes. The MS. says, that to repair their loss, the boatmen, on the following morning, dug up a corpse from the cemetery at Gravesend, which was buried with due pomp at Canterbury, the substitution being only known to the boatmen themselves.

CHAPTER XIV.

FUNERAL OF HENRY V.

A FEW years later, owing to a current report that Richard II. was still alive, which induced the disaffected to arm themselves, and contest the crown with Henry V., he exhumed the body of that unfortunate monarch from its obscure grave at King's Langley, seated the mouldering corpse, —adorned with regal robes, and ensigns of royalty,—in a rich chair of state, and exhibited it for public recognition. Henry followed close behind the body, as chief mourner, attended by his nobility, the clergy, and civic dignitaries; and thus royally attended, Richard of Bordeaux was conveyed to Westminster Abbey, and buried with the greatest pomp in the magnificent tomb, prepared by his own orders for himself and his beloved queen.

On the next day, Sir John Oldcastle, who had raised the report of Richard being still alive, was publicly cursed at St. Paul's Cross; and Henry, having endowed a chantry at Westminster, a Carthusian priory for forty monks at Richmond, and a convent for sixty nuns, on the opposite side of the Thames, at Sion (now "Sion House"), "to keep up a constant succession of holy exercises to the end of time," so that, when one had finished their devotions, those of the others should instantly begin,[1] that

[1] Shakspeare has used this circumstance, with his accustomed skill, in the pathetic address to the Deity, which he puts into the mouth of Henry V. previous to the battle of Agincourt:—

"Not to day, O Lord!
O not to day! think thou upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown.
I Richard's body have interred anew,
And on it have bestowed more contrite tears
Than from it issued forcéd drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their withered hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood;—and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul."

Henry V. Act IV. Sc. I.

masses might be continually offered for the soul of his father's victim; and having ordered tapers to burn perpetually on his tomb, firmly established himself on the throne, without further opposition.

In the year 1415 the news of the battle of Agincourt was conveyed to the queen-dowager by an autograph letter from her royal stepson, the mighty victor himself.

The whole nation was filled with exultation at the joyful news. On the morrow after the Feast of St. Simon and St. Jude, Te Deums were sung in every church in London and the neighbourhood; a vast procession, headed by Queen Johanna and her attendants, followed by the prelates and nobility, Nicolas Wotton, Lord Mayor, the aldermen and livery companies of London, and all the religious men of the different orders, Benedictines, Augustinians, Carmelites, and Friars, starting from their several houses at nine in the morning, walked with banners and tapers from St. Paul's to Westminster Abbey, to offer thanksgivings for the victory. Having made their rich offerings at the shrine of St. Edward, they all returned to the city with the greatest demonstrations of joy, amidst the loud and prolonged acclamations of the people.

But that day, so pregnant with happiness to the whole kingdom, brought the direst grief to one principal actor in the scene of rejoicing, the Queen Dowager. The glorious victory of Agincourt had been won by the death of her daughter's husband (the brave Duke of Alençon) and her brother, Charles of Navarre. That victory had consigned her young son, Arthur of Bretagne, into Henry's hands, to grace his triumph as a noble captive, and endangered the position, if not the life, of her eldest son, the Duke of Bretagne.

But, Westminster Abbey was the scene of a more striking pageant than any that had been before it. On the 31st of August, 1422, at three in the afternoon, the great English Alexander, who had united the crown of France (apparently beyond hope of restitution) to that of England, in the very

prime of youth,[1] breathed his last at the Castle of Vincennes, near Paris, in the arms of his confessor, Thomas Nutter, a native of Saffron Walden.

The preparations for his funeral were on a most magnificent scale, such as befitted the mighty warrior King. He had been a scrupulous maintainer of the old form of religion, and rigidly suppressed the innovations of the Reformers. Hence he was looked upon with the greatest favour by the Church party in both his kingdoms; and, being dignified with the title of "Prince of the Priests," they sought to show him more abundant honour at his funeral.[2] The French, too, were equally proud with the English of the son-in-law of Charles VI., the acknowledged heir of their crown; and the cities of Paris and Rouen vied with each other in bidding large sums of money to have his royal remains interred amongst them.

Having, before his death, commended his youthful wife, Katherine the Fair, to the care of his brother, the Duke of Bedford, that prince made preparations for a most magnificent funeral, such as would best satisfy the excessive grief of the widowed queen. As, however, he had also been appointed Regent of France, where affairs were by no means in a settled state, he was obliged to apply all his energies to the protection of English interests in that kingdom; and he could not in person accompany the royal corpse on its mournful journey home.[3]

Immediately after the King's death, his viscera were taken out (according to the usual custom in cases of embalming), and buried in the Church of St. Mauro de

[1] It seems somewhat doubtful, whether he died in the thirty-fourth or thirty-sixth year of his age. "He reigned nine years five months and fourteen days."—*Walsingham*, p. 407.

[2] Son corps fut porté à Westminster, parmi un deuil incroyable, non comme celui d'un roi, d'un triomphateur, mais comme les reliques d'un saint."—*Michel's Chroniques Anglo-Normandes*, Vol. IV. p. 401.

[3] The Dukes of Bedford, Burgundy, and Exeter, accompanied the body as far as Rouen, where they remained a long time in consultation about the administration of the French kingdom. Apparently the two former retired from that city to their respective duties in France.—*Monstrelet*, p. 326.

Fosses.[1] His body, cered and embalmed, was enclosed in a leaden coffin, and laid in a handsome open chariot of a curious device. Upon the coffin was placed an image, made of tanned hides, boiled and painted to the life. Upon the head of this effigy was an imperial diadem of gold, adorned with precious stones; the body was clad with a robe of purple, furred with ermine, and royal sandals attached to the feet; in the right hand was placed the sceptre royal, and in the left a ball of gold, surmounted by a cross.

Thus adorned, the figure was laid upon a bed over the coffin, in a recumbent posture, with its face towards the sky. A coverlet of red velvet, embroidered with gold, was spread upon it; and above the chariot (whenever the procession came to any town) an exceedingly rich canopy was carried by persons of the highest quality.

Thus was his body, drawn by four immense horses,[2] attended by the princes, nobility, and armies of England, with the Queen and her mother following at a distance, conveyed by the ecclesiastics of France to the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris, where the first religious obsequies were performed, very probably by the Archbishop himself, or else the Archbishop of Sens, who had officiated at his marriage with Katherine, and whom he had restored to his diocese.

The next place of importance, at which we know the royal body rested, is Rouen, where, in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, by the tomb of Richard Cœur de Lion, the obsequies were renewed with all the splendour, pomp, and magnificence of a Romish ceremonial, aided by the grandeur of one of the most imposing of continental cathedrals.

From Rouen the enormous procession moved forward to Abbeville, where, in the Church of St. Offian, as in the two Cathedrals of Notre Dame (and, in fact, in every church where

[1] *Speed.* A French writer, quoted by Mr. Gough, states, "that, being emaciated by illness, he was *not opened*, by express orders of the princes and nobles."

[2] The trappings and cloths of the first horse were embroidered with the arms of France, the second with those of England, the third with those of France and England quartered together, and the fourth with the arms of King Arthur.—*Speed.*

the royal corpse remained each night), masses were celebrated incessantly by the whole ecclesiastical community, from daybreak till noon; while, during the whole of its progress, "whether riding, walking, or stopping, the office of the dead was sung without ceasing, both day and night," by the vast numbers of priests, who, with banners, crosses, and burning tapers, attended on the funeral hearse of their much-loved benefactor.

Through Abbeville the procession moved with increased pomp, swelled in numbers, and adorned by many additional standards of war and banners of saints; and the mournful chant was raised to one gigantic concert, as the accumulated voices of the priests of the various monasteries, who, one after another, added their representatives to the mournful throng, rent the air.

Thus it passed through Hesdin and Montreville; and, leaving on the right the field of Agincourt,—the scene of the departed monarch's greatest glory,—it reached Boulogne, and soon after arrived at Calais, where, by an order of the Privy Council (dated October 15), Henry Bromley had been authorised to collect all the ships he could find between the banks of the Thames and the port of Calais, and, willing or unwilling, compel their services, to transport this mighty procession across to Dover. John Baldock, Roger Wylles, and John Redy, were ordered by the same mandate to convey a fit number of "herces"[1] and other luminaries to Dover and Calais, for the solemn occasion.

Here we may presume the great bulk of French priests and laymen, who had hitherto followed their royal conqueror, bade adieu to the sad cortége, which landed at Dover, composed mainly of the Court, and such of the veteran army of England as had been in closest union with Henry in his conquests, and could, without serious detriment to the crown, be spared from the newly acquired empire.

[1] Herces, "hercia," were frameworks, or standard candelabra with branches, "fashioned like a harrow, whereon lighted candles were placed at the obsequies of distinguished persons."—*Gloss. of Arch.*

Here it was met by the clergy of the Cathedral of Canterbury, and the Abbot and monks of St. Augustine, headed by that remarkable man, Henry Chichele, who had risen from the humblest station of life to be Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord High Chancellor of England. He was one of the firstfruits of the pious munificence of good old William of Wykeham's provision for poor scholars. That worthy bishop had found him tending his father's sheep at Higham Ferrers, and being pleased with the boy's sensible answers to the questions he asked him, he made him a Fellow of his newly-erected college in Oxford. This was the commencement of his prosperous career, and he lived to emulate his noble benefactor in the numberless colleges and charitable institutions he founded in various parts of the kingdom. At this time he stood very high in the favour of the Court (though he had ceased to be Lord Chancellor). He had, by a most eloquent speech before the Parliament at Leicester, instigated Henry to the French wars, in order to divert his attention from the clamorous remonstrances of his nobles against the lavish expenditure of wealth on the various shrines and saints in England, which they alleged might be much more profitably expended on civil matters. He had himself been mainly instrumental in obtaining from the various religious houses the funds necessary for the prosecution of that campaign. He had aided Henry with his counsel, and strengthened him with his archiepiscopal blessing. He had attended him in his labours in the field, and had been foremost in the preservation of his kingdom at home, alternating between England and France.

He had received him on his public entry into London after the battle of Agincourt, and had solemnly at Westminster placed the royal crown on the head of his beautiful Queen, Katherine of Valois. And now he goes forth, with his solemn band of priests and monks, in full pontificals, to meet the remains of his cherished friend and master, and to conduct him, with every highest mark of respect, to his own cathedral.

While the royal corpse lay in state by the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, Archbishop Chichele and his clergy chanted forth the plaintive strains of the mass for the dead; and as its mournful notes passed away, and he stood weeping by the bier of the mighty conqueror, cut off in the very prime of life and the midst of his victories, we may well imagine that the first throb of a repentant heart was awakened in the prelate's breast for the carnage he had roused, and of that penitence, of which he has left an abiding monument in the magnificent mortuary-foundation (for a college, in the modern acceptation of the term, we cannot call it) dedicated by him to all departed souls, with its forty priests, two chaplains, and four clerks, to chant perpetual requiems, and offer up continual prayers for the souls of those, who perished on the field of Agincourt.[1]

To return, however, to the funeral of Henry V. From Canterbury, the procession moved along the famous Canterbury Street, through Rochester, to London.[2] On its arrival at Blackheath, an enormous procession went forth to meet it; and thus escorted, after three months of religious ceremony, it entered the city of London on the 10th of November.[3] Fifteen bishops[4] in pontifical robes, a great number of abbots in their mitres and rich vestments, preceded the hearse; while a vast number of clergy, all clothed in white, and carrying fourteen hundred wax tapers, entirely surrounded it, chanting all the way along the road from Blackheath, and through the streets of London, the solemn office for the dead.

In the centre was the hearse itself, with its canopy of gold and velvet,[5] borne by the noblest of the land; the

[1] All Souls' College, Oxford. The original charter granted permission to found a college for a warden and *twenty* fellows, with power to elect twenty additional scholars, without the King's leave, and *no more*.

[2] According to Speed, they came to London from Canterbury by water, but this is scarcely likely, on many grounds.—*Speed*, p. 660.

[3] *Larrey's Histoire*, &c.

[4] Speed says, all the bishops of England were present. All, however, at that time, would in all probability be not more than fifteen.

[5] "The canopy was carried over it, just as they bear one over the Host in the celebration of the mass."—*Monstrelet.*

coffin, with its life-like effigy, adorned with all the robes and insignia of royalty, and covered with a pall of red velvet embroidered with gold; the chariot drawn by six large black horses, barbed and covered with long flowing cloths, on which were emblazoned in order,—on the first, the arms of St. George; on the second, the arms of Normandy; on the third, the arms of King Arthur; on the fourth, those of St. Edward the Confessor; on the fifth, those of France; and on the sixth, those of England and France quartered together.[1] Closely guarding the corpse, rode five hundred men-at-arms, the flower of the conquering army, all clad in black accoutrements, with their horses barbed black, and with their spears reversed. Immediately behind the royal corpse came Henry's household servants, followed by twelve of his principal captains, bearing his hatchments, the Baron of Dudley carrying the royal standard, and the Earl of Longueville the royal banner of England. After them came Lords Lovell,[2] Audeley, Morley, and De la Zouche,[3] holding the King's banners and ancouries,[4] as they were then called.

These were accompanied by all the principal nobles, knights, and great personages, representatives of every family of note in the kingdom, bearing banners, bannerets, and pennons of the Holy Trinity, the Virgin Mary, St.

[1] *Holinshed*, Vol. III. p. 384. Speed and Monstrelet only mention *four* horses.

[2] Lord Lovell's mansion was in Ivy Lane (so called from the ivy which grew on the "prebend almshouses"). It originally belonged to the Earls of Britain, but at this time (1st of Henry VI.) it was in the possession of Mathild, wife of John, Lord Lovell, and it was called "Lovel's Inn." Probably its site may be marked by Little Britain and Love Lane, in Wood Street.—*Stow's Survey*, p. 128.

[3] Lord Zouche's house was in Lime Street, near Leaden Hall, in which street were "divers fair houses for merchants and others," and even at one time (*tem.* Edward I.) a mansion-house of the King's, called the "King's Artirce."—*Stow's Survey.*

[4] These "ancouries" appear to have been banners, with a Greek Cross (fluked at the ends somewhat like the points of an anchor) emblazoned upon them; but the author has had considerable difficulty in finding any explanation of the term, and will be thankful for information on the subject.—See *Bailey's Dictionary.*

Edward, St. Thomas, St. Cuthbert, and all the various saints who were held in especial veneration at that time.

Behind this long train of peers followed the members of the royal family and chief officers of state, with long flowing garbs of black, and banners in their hands, discharging the part of mourners: viz. Lord Cromwell; Sir Robert Robsart; Lord Bourchier, the Queen's knight; Sir John Cornwall; Lord Fanhope; Walter, Lord Hungerford; Henry, Lord Fitzhugh; Edmund Beaufort, Earl of Mortaigne; Humphrey Earl of Stafford (Keeper of the Privy Seal); Edmund, Earl of March; Richard, Earl of Warwick; and Thomas Beaufort, Duke of Exeter (uncle of the deceased King).

Last of all, came James I. of Scotland, who had accompanied Henry wherever he went, as a royal prisoner, and now attended his funeral as chief mourner. Then followed William Waldern, Lord Mayor (who had probably been present, as sheriff, at the coronation of his father, Henry IV.), William Eastfield and Robert Tatarsal, the sheriffs, and a large number of the illustrious citizens and civic communities; while, at the end of this enormous procession, and at a distance of two miles from the corpse, followed the youthful Queen,[1] "attended with princely mourners, her tender and pierced heart more inly mourning than her outwarde sad weeds could in any sort expresse."[2]

As the mournful cortége entered the city, the walls of every house were hung with black cloth, and the various householders stood at their respective doors holding in their hands a lighted torch, thus illumining with a dim and solemn light the sides of the streets, while the long train slowly defiled between them.

When it reaches Lombard Street, the procession stops, extending far over London Bridge; and the body is met and conducted into the cathedral by John Kempe, Bishop of London, who occupied at different times five of our English sees, and twice received the honoured title of

[1] This young widow had not attained her twenty-first year when Henry died.—*Strickland's Queens.*

[2] *Speed*, p. 660.

Cardinal.[1] As it enters the nave of that then beautiful Gothic cathedral, the seventy priests of the church, assisted by the fifteen bishops, the three hundred surpliced ecclesiastics, who attended on it from Dover, and the hundreds of abbots, monks, and secular clergy, together with the entire Parliament,[2] who had joined the procession at Blackheath, pour forth the pealing strains of the "De profundis,"[3] and other burial chants, and place the warrior king and "Prince of Priests" in front of the splendid altar, which was inlaid with precious jewels, covered with massive basins of gold, silver candlesticks, silver crosses, and gold cups, and adorned with rubies, emeralds, and pearls, "until jewels seemed to lose their value from their profusion."

Crowds of knights, warriors, and citizens, ladies and labourers, arrayed in all kinds of materials, satin, damask, and cloth of English wool, weeping dukes, mourning nobles, and sorrowing armies, kneel along the tesselated marble pavement for near seven hundred feet, in the dim, melancholy light of the thousands of tapers, that burn upon the altar and round the bier, or gleam from the hands of the thronging torch-bearers.

Bishop Kempe begins the solemn mass for his departed monarch, and the seventy priests in their canopied stalls, with their seventy croziers, chant forth the solemn requiems during the livelong night.

On the following morning, the procession, having the same mourners, the same banners, the same torches, singing, surpliced crowd and train of mitred bishops, passes up Fleet Street and the Strand, between the two rows of candle-bearing citizens, who again illumine their houses; and the noble Henry is at length conveyed to his resting-place in Westminster Abbey.

For the last time, that solemn service, which for three months past had pealed forth almost without intermission,

[1] *Willis's Cathedrals.*

[2] *The Land we live in*, Vol. IV. p. 180.

[3] "Out of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord," &c.—*Psalm* cxxx.

is heard by the sorrowing crowd of mourners; for the last time, Henry Chichele, in right of his office, performs the last office over the body of his departed friend and master; for the last time, James, the exiled King of Scotland, sheds his forced tears over the bier of his captor; for the last time, the royal uncles and royal brothers perform their office of public mourning; the renowned, the dreaded armies of Agincourt, with their laurels still fresh on their brows, bid adieu at once to their general and to their success; while the beauteous, still lamenting Queen gazes for the last time on the coffin of her shortlived husband.[1]

"With such solemn ceremonies, mourning of lords, prayer of priests, and such lamenting of commons, as never before then the like was seen in England, Henry V. was laid in a most sumptuous tomb at the east of Edward the Confessor's shrine," in the very spot where for so many ages the sacred chamber stood, in which were kept the much venerated relics and more costly offerings,—a clear indication that the excessive devotion for reliquaries was past.

But before that vast congregation disperses, and while the thirty lights still burn on Queen Eleanor's tomb, and the tapers placed on that of Richard II. by Henry V.; and while the fourteen hundred torches of the white-robed bearers still flash on the dazzling jewellery of that gorgeous chapel, let us take a glance at one or two of the principal historical characters present.

There, no doubt, stood Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester ("the good Duke Humphrey"), the youngest son of Henry IV., the brother of the departed monarch, and Protector to his infant son (Henry VI.), whose character is rendered illustrious (though perhaps depicted in too flattering a light) by Shakspeare, and the great enemy of Cardinal Beaufort, who, without any sufficient evidence, was

1 The funeral honours concluded with the singular, but usual custom, of leading up to the high altar three chargers, fully caparisoned, and bearing on their backs three riders, excellently equipped, with the arms of England and France.—*Neale's Westminster Abbey.*

suspected of being the contriver of his sudden death at Bury St. Edmund's, in May, 1447."[1]

The Cardinal, Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, the successor of William of Wykeham, was there too,—illustrious as a statesman and a divine, the principal builder of the magnificent cathedral at Winchester, and the founder of what ought to be one of our most useful institutions, the Hospital of St. Cross, in the same city.[2] He was a great man, and worthy of mention more than merely by name. He was the youngest son of John of Gaunt (by Catherine Swinford). He was Chancellor of Oxford, and Dean of Wells, and successively Bishop of Lincoln and Winchester, besides filling the distinguished office of Lord High Chancellor of England, and Cardinal as well as Legate to Pope Martin III., whose election to the papal chair he was mainly instrumental in securing, by his exhortations to unanimity at the Council of Constance, in 1417. He visited the Holy Land, was the Pope's legate in Germany, and was general of the crusade against the Hussites, or heretics of Bohemia, and was, besides, the tutor of Henry V. and Henry VI., and in 1430 crowned the latter King at Notre Dame, in Paris. Nor was he the covetous reprobate, that Shakspeare has represented him; if he amassed great wealth, the public, and not himself, or any private family, was benefited by it. When Henry V., harassed by the debts, in which his wars with France had involved him, cast longing eyes on the wealth of the Church, and was advised by his courtiers to supply his wants out of her spoils, Beaufort averted the evil by advancing a loan of £20,000 out of his own pocket, no mean sum in those days. All the poor tenants of his see, almost every cathedral in England, besides many a hospital and abbey, were enriched at his

[1] *Hook's Eccl. Biog.*

[2] He built the greater part of the present building; he added to the establishment of his predecessor, Henry de Blois, funds for the support of thirty-five more brethren, two chaplains, and three women, who appear to have been "Sisters of charity."—*Hook's Eccl. Biog.*

death by munificent bequests of money, jewels, and plate of very considerable value.[1]

Such was the grandson of Edward III., the half-brother of Henry IV., the tutor of that monarch's son and grandson, who was Bishop of Lincoln two years before Richard II. was murdered in Pontefract Castle, and now stood between that King's monument and the open grave of his murderer's son; who witnessed the subjugation and speedy loss of the kingdom of France; and almost lived, twenty years later, to see the commencement of that bloody conflict between the rival houses of York and Lancaster.

Another illustrious mourner was John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, grandson of John of Gaunt, and grandfather of Henry VII.

Near him, too, stood Thomas, Earl of Salisbury, "the mirror of martial men," who trained his royal master, Henry V., and fitted him for the warlike conquests he made, and who was himself slain, while fighting for his pupil's son, seven years later, at the siege of Orleans.

By him we are reminded of another, equally illustrious in the wars of France, and who doubtless accompanied the royal corpse in its long journey from France,—Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, surnamed, on account of his valour, "the English Achilles."

Then, too, there was the unfortunate James I. of Scotland, the third monarch of the unhappy Stuart[2] family, who for sixteen years had been unjustly[3] detained a prisoner in

[1] Besides the enormous sum he spent in completing Winchester Cathedral, and his numerous bequests to others, as well as his restoration of Hyde Abbey, his relief of prisoners, and other acts of charity; to the church of Wells, of which he had been dean, he left 283 oz. of gilt plate, and £418 in money; he directed 2,000 marks to be distributed among the poorer tenants of his bishopric, and forgave all the rest the debts, which would be due to him at his death.—*Hook's Eccl. Biog.*

[2] The original name was Walter, but they assumed that of Stuart, or Stewart, from the dignity of Steward of Scotland, possessed by Walter, who married the sister and heiress of David II., the reigning King of Scotland; at whose death his nephew, Robert II., son of Walter, ascended the throne.

[3] He was seized off Flamborough Head (A.D. 1407), in the reign of Henry IV., whilst going to France, although there was a truce at the time between the two kingdoms. At

England, and whose long captivity, and hopeless chance of release, had, in the meantime, broken the heart of his bereaved father, Robert III. Two Kings of England already had died during his incarceration. As a melancholy and unwilling spectator, he had witnessed the successes of Henry in France,—a sight which, we may well imagine, rendered his own lot more irksome,—and now, a compulsory mourner, he had to weep involuntary tears at his master's grave, and feign sorrow at what caused him the only faint gleam of hope, that for years had opened to his view. Miserable in his life, and more wretched in his death,[1] the royal prisoner would be one of the most interesting characters in the group assembled in the Confessor's Chapel around the tomb of the victor of Agincourt.

Among the bishops[2] was Richard Fleming, Bishop of Lincoln, called by Bale, "a man of illustrious family, but still more illustrious for his learning and patriotism."[3] Two years before, he had been elevated to his bishopric by the now deceased King; five years later, he obtained a licence from Henry VI. to found a college in Oxford, for the purpose of educating clergy, to counteract what he deemed to be the erroneous teaching of Wicliffe, now fast spreading in the Church;[4] this new foundation he dedicated to the same saints as were the patrons of his own

the coronation feast of Katherine, she interceded with Henry V. for the liberation of his royal prisoner, and he gave a half promise to restore him to his country, if he aided him successfully in subjugating France.

[1] Having been ransomed in 1423 (the year following this) by the payment of £40,000, he was afterwards assassinated by his own subjects.

[2] Some of the other bishops were Edmund Lacey, Bishop of Exeter, who, two years before, was translated from Hereford, and rebuilt the upper portion of the chapter-house in Exeter Cathedral; Philip Morgan, Bishop of Worcester; Thomas, Bishop of Durham, Lord Chancellor; John Chandeller, Bishop of Salisbury; and John Fordham, Bishop of Ely.

[3] "Vir illustris genere, sed literis atque amore in patriam multo illustrior."—*Bale.*

[4] Fleming was a very rigid upholder of the "orthodox faith." In 1428, he received orders from Pope Martin V. to dig up the remains of John Wicliffe, which he did by means of his officers, burnt them, and cast the ashes into the little rivulet close by, called "Swift; that brook conveyed them to the Avon, the Avon to the Severn, the Severn into the narrow seas, and these into the main ocean."

cathedral, and it received the designation of the College of St. Mary of Lincoln,[1] and All Saints. But, dying before he had either completed the purchase of the requisite ground, or drawn up the statutes by which the new institution was to be governed, his students were compelled to languish, rather than live, in "a small messuage or tenement called Deep Hall" (well-nigh the sole property he had lived to secure to them), until Cardinal Beaufort, with his usual charity, aided them by his own contributions, and enlisted the help of other influential persons in their cause.[2]

One more member of that most distinguished assembly, one, however, who at that time was in a far more humble station than the others, deserves mention here, rather from the distinction of his offspring than his own claim to renown: it was Owen Tudor, the founder of the Tudor line of our sovereigns, who, with his fellow-countryman, Davy Gam, had acquitted himself so valiantly at the battle of Agincourt as to be made by Henry one of the squires of his body.[3] This office, which he continued about the person of the infant King, brought him into close acquaintance with the widowed Queen, Katherine of Valois,[4] who was

[1] Better known as Lincoln College.

[2] *Parker's Handbook to Oxford.*

[3] Hence his title, "armiger;" he is never styled in the *Fœdera* a knight.—*Stow's Annals.*

Although on the accession of Henry VII. every attempt was made to conceal, and even elevate his paternal ancestry, yet there is little doubt, that Owen Tudor was no more than a common soldier. He is described by the *London Chronicle* as "a man neither of birth nor of livelihood." When acting as guard to the infant King and his mother, if he had possessed £40 per annum of property, he must have taken up his knighthood, which he did not. Pennant has proved that his father, Meredith, was only shield-bearer (scutifer) to a Bishop of Bangor.—*Strickland's Queens*, Vol. III. p. 163, &c.

[4] The body of Katherine was exhumed when Henry VII. was interred, and Henry VIII. neglected his father's commands to restore her tomb; so she was exhibited, as a curiosity, to persons visiting the Abbey, for three centuries. Pepys saw her, and kissed her, for the extra charge of twopence; and Weever, in his *Funeral Monuments*, mentions, that in the time of Charles I. her corpse lay in a coffin with a loose cover. Late, however, in the reign of George III., it was removed to the vaults of the Abbey.—*Strickland's Queens*, Vol. III. p. 176.

attracted by his handsome appearance, and eventually secretly married him; and their son, Edmund Tudor, was the father of Henry VII.[1]

While, however, her grief was still fresh, the widow of the great Henry of Monmouth raised the costly shrine which, while it covers his remains, enhances also the beauty of that portion of the Abbey. His effigy (though without its coating of silver, and the silver head, which once adorned it)[2] still reclines over his remains, and his helmet, shield, and saddle,[3] hang over the chapel; though priests have long ceased to say mass by his side three times a day; and the wax-lights, "of eight pounds each," no longer burn on his tomb at high-mass and vespers.

The most beautiful part of the shrine (almost unrivalled in the architectural elegance of the stone-work) retains almost more than a due share of its pristine beauty. The front is built in the form of the letter H, the uprights being octagonal turrets,[4] within which are staircases, leading to the chapel or oratory above the tomb. In this chamber was an altar, ascended by two steps, which, though broken away in bygone ages, has left behind it the traces of its fastenings into the wall still visible. Over it was a crucifix in a stone niche; and on each side (under six separate canopies), stood figures of St. George and St Edward, with four other saints[5]. Above this cross

[1] Katherine's children by Owen Tudor were lodged, at her death, in a nunnery, under the care of the Abbess of Barking, where they remained three years, and were so little thought of, that no money was paid for their maintenance, until the abbess urgently petitioned for it.—*Rymer's Fœdera*, Vol. X. p. 828.

[2] *Howe's Chronicle* relates that "about the latter ende of King Henry the Eyght, the head of the Kinge's image, being of massie silver, was broken off, and conveyed cleane awaie."

[3] They hang on the pillar behind the Confessor's shrine. The shield is small, and the hand-strap is gone. The saddle is of blue velvet, powdered with fleur-de-lis of gold. There are three rests for spears, and a large caparison-cloth, tolerably fresh, being quarterly of four.—*Dart's Westminster*, p. 63.

[4] Ornamental iron gates enclose the archway between these turrets, which, we learn from the patent rolls, were made by Roger Johnson, smith, of London, A.D. 1431.

[5] The figures of St. George and St. Edward are still capable of being recognised, but the rest defy all attempts to decipher them.

was a pall, or tapestry cloth, surrounded with a fringe of brown and gold silk, and embroidered with gold.[1]

[1] The chapel was surrounded with six cupboards, or presses, probably as receptacles for some of the most precious relics belonging to the shrine of St. Edward. The walls, both inside and out, were illuminated with various devices, such as a hart (the arms of Richard II.) chained to the stock of a tree, a swan, a stork holding a fish in its mouth, and other similar ornaments. —*Dart's Westminster*, p. 63.

CHAPTER XV.

CONCLUDING CHAPTER.

FROM the time when John Wicliffe had first raised his protest against the abuses he found in the Church in his day, the devotion for relics and shrines had somewhat declined.

The wealth, locked up in the various large churches, was so enormous, that it not only impoverished the country, but gave the religious bodies, who possessed it, a more than due influence over the lay element of our constitution. This fact alone is sufficient to account for the gradual coolness, and even hostility, of the temporal barons to the continuance of that extravagant oblation to the shrines of saints, which was so conspicuous in the time of Henry III., but which was beginning to wane towards the end of Edward the Third's reign, and that of Henry IV.

So, to the former of these two monarchs, we find the barons and leading nobility presented a petition, that the money uselessly lavished on the Church should be appropriated to the King's use, for the maintenance of his army, or the equipment of knights, and relief of the poor.[1]

At that time, only a Commission was appointed to enquire into the matter. But, during the reign of Henry IV (1409) a bill was brought into Parliament with the same intention, in which it was represented, that, if the estates of the bishops, abbots, and priors, which they spent in unnecessary pomp and luxury, were confiscated, the King might support from their revenues, fifteen earls, fifteen hundred knights, six thousand two hundred esquires, and

[1] See page 147.

one hundred hospitals (in addition to those which then existed), besides handing over a further surplus of £20,000 yearly to the royal exchequer.[1]

In the reign of Henry V. this question was again mooted, when Archbishop Chichele adroitly diverted the King's attention from the subject by inciting him to lay claim to the crown of France.

To the more serious and godly of the clergy the abuse presented itself in a somewhat similar aspect. They inveighed, as bitterly as the laity, against such treasures being wasted on shrines and images, instead of being given to the poor.

It was invariably one of the charges against every favourer of the Reformed tenets, that the delinquent had spoken disrespectfully of shrines and pilgrimages.

Erasmus, in his "Colloquies," expressing his own opinions, and those of his friend, Dean Colet (the founder of St. Paul's School), raises his stern protest against such misuse of money. "It appears to me," says he, "that those are most guilty of mortal sin, who proceed to immoderate expenses in building and adorning of monasteries or churches, whilst in the meantime so many living temples of Christ are in danger of starvation, are perishing from nakedness, or are distressed from want of necessaries. When I was in England, I saw the tomb of St. Thomas loaded with jewels, countless in number and of the highest value, beside other miracles of riches. I would rather, that such superfluities were spent in aid of the poor than to be kept for princes, who will some day carry away all at once. I would adorn the tomb with boughs and garlands, which I think would be more acceptable to that most holy man."[2]

[1] Various abbeys and other ecclesiastical endowments were enumerated, amounting to 322,000 marks (£3,864,000 of our money) yearly. In addition to this, other houses of religion possessed revenues sufficient to maintain fifteen thousand priests.—*Foxe's Martyrs.*

[2] *The Religious Feast.* He proceeds in the same place to censure the extravagant cost of the marble cathedral at Milan.—*Nichol's Erasmus*, p. 180.

John Longman, in the "Vision of Piers Plowman" (1362), indignantly bursts forth: "Lord God, Thou sayest that true worshippers worship Thee in spirit and in truth, and what worship is it to place tapers and torches before blind mawmets that can neither move nor see; and hide Thee, That art our light and our lantern, under a bushel? Lord, what worship is it to fetch dead men's bones out of the ground and shrine them in gold and silver, and suffer the living bones of those, made after Thy likeness, to rot in prison for want of clothing; and suffer Thy children to perish for default of sustenance, and to wallow in wretchedness and sin, and to become adulterers, thieves, robbers, and murderers, who might have been saved by help of the gold and silver, that hangs about dead men's bones, and other blind images of stocks and stones." [1]

Of pilgrimages the same authorities speak in terms still more condemnatory. The religious feeling which originally prompted such journeys was at an end; and they became merely an excuse for a pleasant trip. They supplied, in fact, the place of modern visits to our fashionable watering-places, accompanied, however, by much mischief, from which the improved state of society, at least, necessarily keeps us free. But the friendly mixture of persons otherwise unknown, the gambling, self-indulgence, match-making and daily gossip, have their counterpart in both; and the annals of a season at Cheltenham or Baden-Baden would have a similar value in the literature of this age with Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," could they be written by so able a hand.

In those days, however, travellers were few; and, therefore, the favoured minority, who could afford to make a pilgrimage, had wonderful adventures to relate, and perhaps added considerable embellishment to the real pictures, and so were never after in good repute for their truthfulness;

[1] This is the *sense* of the passage, but not the exact words.—See *Foxe's Martyrs*, p. 401.

though, if they even told the truth, as to what they had seen on a visit to Canterbury, and the shrine of Beckett, we may well imagine their simple friends, who had never been beyond their own county, or the precincts of a country town, would be loth to lend much credence to their tales.

Be it as it may, the effect of a pilgrimage, we are told by John Longman and his contemporaries, was to make the votaries lying in their speech, and indecorous in their behaviour, for at least a twelvemonth afterwards. Nor was this the greatest evil that attended them. The pilgrims, who usually flocked in companies to do homage to a popular saint, beguiled the way with imaginative tales, music, singing, and revelry. They attracted to their sides strolling minstrels and the worst members of the community; and a night of gluttony, intoxication, and debauchery succeeded, too often, the ballads, stories, and merriment of the day. Thus religion was becoming a mere cloak for the grossest self-indulgence, and drew down scandal on the Church.

Still offerings were made at this shrine on great occasions, and the festival observed with its wonted splendour. Richard II. always esteemed St. Edward as peculiarly his patron. He wore his arms, and, as a mark of the highest honour he could confer, granted permission to the house of Norfolk to use them also;—a favour, however, which was afterwards made the specious pretext by Henry VIII. for taking off the gallant Earl of Surrey, the poet.

The arms of Richard II. formerly stood over the north porch of the Abbey church, empannelled with those of St. Edward, and supported by two angels.[1] His arms, impaled with the Confessor's, were likewise to be seen in St. Alban's church, in Old Jewry, and, in the last century, were still remaining in the window of the church of St. Bartholomew the Lesser, near Smithfield.[2]

We have already noticed, that, when the news of the victory at Agincourt arrived, the queen dowager and the

[1] He was the first King of England who ever used "supporters."

[2] *Dart's Westminster.*

Court went to return thanks in Westminster Abbey, and made their oblations at the tomb of St. Edward, and that the Lord Mayor and Corporation did the same.

In the last year of the same reign, Archbishop Chichele founded a College at his native place, for which he obtained a royal charter, dedicating it to "St. Mary the Virgin, St. Thomas of Canterbury, and *St. Edward the Confessor*, of Higham Ferrers." No doubt many churches and other religious institutions were dedicated to him, as we know they were to Thomas à Beckett. In Edward the Third's reign, for instance, the small chapel built by him, attached to Windsor Castle, on the site where now stands that of St. George, was dedicated to Edward the Confessor.

In 1414 (tem. Henry V.), the Abbot of Westminster was of sufficient importance to be appointed one of the deputation sent to the Council of Constance to settle the schism of the three rival popes, Gregory XII., Benedict XIII., and John XXIII.

Henry V. appears to have been a great patron of the Abbey. He reconciled the churches of Canterbury and Westminster, which had been for a long time at variance. He made annual gifts to this church, gave a thousand marks for the repair of the building, and presented the monks with a fine buck, shot by his own hand. Besides this, he constantly enriched the altar with various ornaments; he restored to the shrine a magnificent ruby ring, valued at a thousand marks (which Richard II. had offered to the Confessor, but which had been removed, probably by Henry IV.), as well as two service-books, and a sceptre for the use of the Queen Consort; and finally took the Abbey under his special protection during his life, at the same time commanding that his bones should repose there, when dead.[1]

[1] The rhyming chronicle expresses this mandate by the following couplet :—

"Hanc in amore meo statui, dum carne calescam,
Atque, volente Deo, defunctus ibi requiescam."

Elmhami Liber Metricus de Henrico Vto.

See Appendix.

To this very spot of ground, Edward IV. (March 3, 1460) hurried at once with a grateful heart, after he had deposed Henry VI., and had awaited in a state of awful suspense in Westminster Hall the decision of the vast assemblage met there to choose another king, as soon as he was relieved from his anxiety by the acclamations of the people, who acknowledged him their sovereign; and, bearing in his hand the ivory sceptre of the Confessor, he made his offerings at the tomb, and joined in the "Te Deum" of thanks and praise, which followed his proclamation.

On St. Edward's Day, 1461, the same king walked in state in royal robes, accompanied by his queen, and followed by his chamberlain (Master Vaughan), who bore in his arms the baby prince (Edward V.), adorned with robes of state, to the Abbey church, where they offered alms, and returned solemn thanks for their restoration to the throne. The ill-fated son of his deposed rival, Henry VI., too, was christened Edward, because he was born on St. Edward's day, and Queen Margaret thought his name would excite the reverence of the people.

In the same reign (1474), and within the precincts of the Abbey (though not in this chapel, yet under the safety afforded by the Confessor's sanctuary), was printed by William Caxton, under the patronage and superintendence of Earl Rivers, the Queen's brother, "The Game of Chess," the first book which ever issued from any printing-press in England.

Here, too, was born and baptized, "like any poor man's child," the unfortunate Edward V.[1] while his father was exiled, and his mother a fugitive in the sanctuary;—he who, with his infant brother, was murdered in the Tower by Richard III.

To this shrine (July 6, 1483), Richard III. and his Queen,—the hapless Anne of Warwick,—walked in procession barefooted, from the King's Bench in Westminster Hall, to make an offering previous to their coronation.

[1] *Neale's Westminster*, p. 91.

The last royal gift, of which we find any account, is that of Henry VII., the founder of the magnificent chapel, which in the elegance of its architecture, eclipses all other parts of the Abbey. In his will he ordered an image of himself to be made of wood, covered with plates of fine gold, worked to represent an armed man, with the arms of England and France enamelled on the coat of mail, a sword by his side, and spurs on his heels. It was to be placed in a kneeling posture on a table of silver-gilt, and holding betwixt its hands the very crown which was placed on Henry's head on the field of Bosworth; and to be of such a height, that it should be three feet from the knee, and that the head and half the breast should be visible above the crown. On each side of the table was to be a broad border, on which in large letters, black enamelled, were to be engraved the words "Rex Henricus Septimus." This golden image, with the crown of gold and table of silver-gilt, were to be placed in the very centre of the crest of the gable-roofed shrine of the Confessor, in such a position as should appear to the King, or his executors, to be most suitable and most honourable. It was solemnly dedicated to Almighty God, the Blessed Virgin Mary, and St. Edward, King and Confessor.[1] In addition to this he bequeathed

[1] Extract from the will of Henry VII.:—"Also we will that our executors, if it be not done by our self in our life, do cause to be made an image of a king, representing our own person; the same image to be of timber, covered and wrought accordingly with plate of fine gold, in the manner of an armed man; and upon the same armour, a coat-armour of our arms of England and France enamelled, with sword and spurs accordingly; and the same image to kneel on a table of silver-gilt, and holding betwixt his hands the crown which it pleased God to give us with the victory of our enemy at our first field; which image and crown (apparently the identical crown placed on Henry's head at Bosworth Field), we give and queath to Almighty God, our Blessed Lady St. Mary, and St. Edward, King and Confessor; and the same image and crown we will to be set in the midst of the crest of the Shrine of St. Edward the King, in such a place as by us, or our executors, be thought most honourable and convenient. And we will that our image be, above the knee, of the height of three feet, so that the head and half the breast of the image clearly appear above and over the said crown; and that on both sides of the said table, there be a convenient broad border; and in the same be graven and written, in large letters, black ena-

to the abbot and convent the sum of £2,000 to be distributed in charity, and 500 marks for the completion of the church.[1]

In the year 1536, was struck the first blow at all these objects of excessive devotion, that paved the way for the final storm, which was to sweep them away. A slight symptom had shown itself even before this, though from a far different quarter, when Archbishop Islep forbad the labouring population to give up their work on certain minor church festivals.[2] But now Henry VIII. abolished at once all the feasts which fell in harvest time; and, as this included all that part of the year between July 1st and December 29th, the Feast of the Translation of St. Edward, on the 13th of October, was one that perished. Thus, for the first time for nearly 400 years, there is no public procession of the King and the court, the bells are hushed, the candles remain unlighted, the silken vestments of the choir, and the gorgeous altar-cloths lie undisturbed in their closets; and the sumptuous feasts of the palace, to poor and rich, instituted by the third Henry, are abolished by his namesake.

Three years later comes the grand thunder-clap, the dissolution of the greater monasteries. January 16th, this pet monastery of the kings of England, whose growth and wealth had been identical with that of our monarchs,—the half-sister of royalty,—was despoiled of the benefactions which pious kings and holy churchmen had lavished upon it, and was formally surrendered into the King's hands, by William Benson, the Abbot, and seventeen monks, "the whole community being turned out of house and home to starve."[3]

melled, these words, 'Rex Henricus Septimus.'" — *Nichol's Erasmus*, p. 109.

[1] *Allen's History of London, &c.*, p. 16.

[2] *Foxe's Book of Martyrs.*

[3] In *Nichol's Erasmus* there is an account by an eye-witness of the dissolution and plunder of Roach Abbey; how the lead was stripped from the roof, the church despoiled, and its costly furniture shared

The rental at this time was nearly double that of any other Abbey in the kingdom, and equal to about £20,000 per annum, according to the value of our present money.[1] In lands, in different parts of the kingdom, it possessed two hundreds, sixteen manors, seventeen hamlets, and large property in ninety-seven cities and towns, besides much in other places of less note.[2] In both the amount and costliness of its plate, jewels, vestments, and various ornaments and furniture for divine service, this Abbey far exceeded all others.[3] A considerable portion, if not the whole, of the landed property,[4] however, was still reserved for the benefit of the church. Westminster was erected into a bishopric, and Thomas Thirleby[5] for ten years was the first and only bishop, for in 1550 he resigned his See, which was united to that of London; and for the next six years it was a Collegiate Church, with a Dean and Chapter.

During these changes, and amid the general spoliation, which had desolated other monasteries, respect was shown to the shrine of the Confessor, of which there is no other

amongst the sacrilegious robbers; how those, who, a few days before, were zealous in the cause of the Church, now helped themselves without remorse to its property, and aided in its desecration, on the plea that others would take it, if they did not; and therefore they might as well have a share themselves. He depicts, in piteous terms, the ill-deserved privations of the inmates of the abbey, who having so often provided food and shelter for others, had now to crave, often in vain, the same boon for themselves.

[1] Dugdale estimates the income at £3,471 0*s.* 1*d.* of old money; Speed at £3,977 6*s.* 4*d.*; and a MS. volume at £3,033 17*s.* 0*d.*

[2] *Maitland's Survey of London.*

[3] Some notion of the vast amount of treasure which, from this source alone, must have poured into the insatiable coffers of the great Church spoiler, may be formed from the list of bequests made by Henry III., as quoted before (pp. 151—153), which would be only a mere moiety of the whole. Cardinal Langham, at one time Abbot of Westminster, by his will left to the Abbey copes and vestments of the value of £470; plate worth £2,700; books, which cost £830; besides £3,954 in money, and 1,000 marks for the support of four monks to say masses for his soul; making the total bequest little short of £32,000 of our money.

[4] In corroboration of this, see p. 183, note 2.

[5] Thomas Thirleby, the first and only Bishop of Westminster, with all Middlesex, except Fulham, for his diocese, surrendered his bishopric March 29th, 1550. He was translated to Norwich, and thence to Ely; he was also one of the compilers of the Book of Common Prayer. —*Stow's Survey.*

instance. The Reformers had so much regard for it, as the sacred repository of the ashes of an English prince, (not as the reliquary of a saint,) that they despoiled it only of what was really valuable; that is to say, they *plundered* rather than *defaced* it; and avarice, not disrespect, was the ruling motive.

The remaining reverence still paid to the shrine and chapel arose partly from respect to royalty itself, partly because of the regalia which were kept there, and partly from the general assent to the personal character of Edward, both as a devout man, and a good legislator,—a feeling which preserved his resting-place from destruction.

During the reign of Edward VI., however, "the Great Protector, the Duke of Somerset, who laid in rubbish the Abbeys of Glastonbury and Reading, intended to do the same by this;"[1] and it had a very narrow escape. It was redeemed from ruin only by the enormous bribe of seventeen manors[2] (taken from its revenues), besides the palaces of three bishops, two churches, the cloisters of St. Paul's, &c. &c., in the precincts of the cities of Westminster and London; all which were handed over to the rapacious Somerset, to furnish building materials for his enormous palace in the Strand,[3] since confiscated to the crown, reminding us of its ill-fated possessors, and the curse attending sacrilege.[4] Thus the total overthrow of the

[1] *Steven's Hist. of Monasteries*, p. 279.

[2] From this we are led to conclude, that the landed property of the Abbey was not taken from it by Henry VIII. The discrepancy in the number of manors at this time, and at that of the dissolution, may be explained by supposing it improbable that the word "manor" is used in its strict sense here, as it may refer simply to estates, including hundreds, &c.

[3] It is scarcely necessary to remark, that the present Somerset House is not that, which was built out of the spoils. It was one of somewhat smaller size, which previously occupied that site.

[4] *Steven's Hist. of Monasteries*, p. 279. In the reign of Henry VIII. it was difficult even to get workmen to take down these confiscated buildings. That monarch gave the Priory of Holy Trinity, or Christ Church (near Aldersgate Street), to Sir Thomas Audeley, who offered the materials of the priory, church, and steeple, to any one who would pull them down and carry them away, but no man would undertake the offer; so that he was compelled to remove them at his own cost; and

Metropolitan Abbey, the place of coronation as well as burial of our kings, was warded off; and, one may suppose, that the expense lavished upon it by his own father, whose bones also were reposing there, may have deterred even Henry VIII. from allowing it to fall into the ruthless hand of the destroyer.

In September, 1556, Westminster, with many others,[1] was again restored to the dignity of an abbey, by Queen Mary, who placed it under the supervision of John Feckenham, her private confessor. This Abbot was a man of great learning, piety, and charity. He was sent by Mary to convert Lady Jane Grey (for whom he obtained a three days' respite); and, though he failed in his main object, his kindness won the respect, and even affection of the unfortunate captive. He is equally famous for the kind offices he performed during that reign "for many of the afflicted Protestants from the highest to the lowest."[2] Still he was a very zealous Papist, and set himself to work most energetically to restore his abbey to its pristine grandeur. It would seem to have been considerably injured; and judging from a proclamation of the time, which mentions how the various churches of London had been desecrated by horses and mules being introduced into them, and "by wanton persons shooting at the carved work and at doves with hand-guns," we must conclude, that it, like the rest, had been somewhat roughly handled. There is one little circumstance mentioned, which would lead us to the conclusion, that even the Shrine of the

any man in London, at that time, might have a cart-load of hard stone for paving brought to his door for sixpence or sevenpence, including the carriage. The said Lord Audeley built a mansion on the site, and died there in the year 1544. His daughter married the Duke of Norfolk, whence it was called Duke's Place, and is now Duke Street.—*Stow's Survey*, p. 54.

[1] *Ellis's Letters of the Reign of Queen Mary*, Vol. II. Series 2. Cardinal Pole, Archbishop of Canterbury, gave authority to the Dean and Chapter to surrender all their goods, movable and immovable, to Philip and Mary, that the Abbey might be restored to a monastery. This license is dated "Croydon, 2d year of the Pontificate of Pope Paul IV."—*Dugdale's Monast. Angl.* p. 214.

[2] *Hook's Eccl. Biog.* Vol. V. p. 63.

Confessor had suffered from more than merely avaricious depredators, for in 1557, it is said, the Muscovite ambassador attended mass at Westminster Abbey, and afterwards dined with the lord Abbot, and went to see St. Edward's shrine "*new set up*," and then saw all the place through.[1] For a short time the abbey presented an appearance somewhat resembling its former glory. The right of sanctuary was once more asserted by Feckenham; processions, as magnificent as ever, again swept through its aisles; the odour of incense pervaded its altars; perpetual masses were chanted by the restored monks; and a Paschal candle, three hundred pounds in weight, made with great solemnity by the new Abbot's orders, in presence of the Master and Warden of the Wax Chandler's Company, illumined the choir during the Easter festival.[2]

On Sunday, January 15th, 1558, Elizabeth was crowned Queen in Westminster Abbey, by Dr. Oglethorp, Bishop of Carlisle, the only member of the episcopal body who could be prevailed upon to officiate at the ceremony. He, however, too late repentant, died soon after of a broken heart, killed with remorse, at the bitter thought, that he had been one chief instrument in placing a Protestant sovereign on the throne. The service, however, used on this occasion was precisely similar to that already detailed at the coronation of Richard II., with the solitary exception, that by Elizabeth's express desire, the Epistle and Gospel were read in *English*.[3]

On the 25th of the same month, the Abbey was witness of a singular and yet a very important sight. It was the day when Elizabeth opened her first parliament.[4] She rode to the Abbey in her parliamentary robes,

[1] *Malcolm's Lond. Redivivum*, Vol. I. p. 228. *Allen's Hist. and Antiq. of London, &c.* Vol. IV. p. 19.

[2] *Knight's Land we Live in*, Vol. II. p. 177.

[3] Elizabeth presented the Bishop with a copy of the New Testament in English, during the ceremony, desiring him to read them from it.—*Strickland's Queens*, Vol. VI. p. 164.

[4] The House of Commons used to sit in the Chapter House of the Abbey, before St. Stephen's Chapel was given up to them.

with all her peers, spiritual and temporal, in theirs. High mass was celebrated at the altar before the Queen, Lords, and Commons: the sermon was preached by Dr. Cox (the Calvinistic schoolmaster of Edward VI.); and the Queen's supremacy was the subject under discussion. The Bishops, headed by Dr. Heath, Lord Chancellor, resisted it; but it was established in spite of them, and, at the conclusion, the oath itself being tendered to Dr. Heath (who was Archbishop of York), and the rest of the Bishops, all except the Bishop of Llandaff, with one consent, refused it.[1] Amongst them, or rather on the lowest seat of the episcopal bench, sat one solitary mitred abbot; it was John Feckenham, the last Abbot of Westminster. He, too, declined the oath. The bishops were deprived of their sees, he of his abbacy; the stone altars were removed, and the consecrated slabs laid upon Queen Mary's tomb; and St. Peter's at Westminster became, what it has ever since remained, a collegiate church under a dean and canons.[2]

Now we come to a time, over which we would almost rather draw the veil, when, as the historians say, a more thorough set of savages broke in, from whom neither religion nor respect could look for quarter.[3]

In 1640-41, when the debate was going on in the Parliament close by, relative to the putting down of Episcopacy, Fuller, in his Church History, says,—"As to the hubbub at Westminster, eye-witnesses have thus informed me of the manner thereof of those apprentices, who, coming up to the Parliament, cried, 'No Bishops! no Bishops!' Some, rudely rushing into the Abbey Church, were reproved

[1] There were thirteen of these non-juring bishops, amongst whom was Dr. Oglethorp, who had placed the crown on Elizabeth's head.—*Holinshed*, Vol. II. p. 1802. *Macintosh*, Vol. III. p. 14.

[2] Elizabeth performed one ceremony, which had been constantly observed since the Confessor instituted it, viz., that of washing the feet of poor persons, after our Saviour's example. On one occasion only (Maunday Thursday, 1560), she washed the feet of twenty poor women; but in a very royal manner, and with none of the humility it was intended to portray. Charles I. revived the custom, and once practised it at York.

[3] *Dart's Westminster*, Vol. I. p 55.

by a verger for their irreverent behaviour therein. Afterward quitting the church, the doors thereof, by command from the Dean (the Lord Keeper Williams, Archbishop of York),[1] were shut up to secure the organs and monuments against the return of the apprentices; for, though others could not foretell the intentions of such a tumult, who could not certainly tell their own, yet the suspicion was probable, by what was uttered amongst them. The multitude presently assault the church, under pretence that some of their party were detained therein, and force a pane out of the north door, but are beaten back by the officers and scholars of the College. Here an unhappy tile was cast by an unknown hand from the leads or battlements of the Church, which so bruised Sir Richard Wiseman (the conductor of the apprentices), that he died thereof; and so ended that day's distemper."[2]

May 3d, 1641 (the day after the marriage of the little Princess Royal to the infant son of the Prince of Orange), the mob broke into and pillaged the Abbey, doing all the mischief in which revolutionary mobs generally delight, and yelling incessantly for the death of the Earl of Strafford.[3]

On the 24th of April, 1643, after the unfortunate Charles I. had raised his standard at Nottingham, and after the bloody conflict at Edgehill, Parliament having expelled the Bishops from the House of Lords, the Commons struck a deep blow at royalty itself, and appointed a committee "to receive information concerning, and to demolish any monuments of

[1] Dean Williams, who, after he was made Archbishop of York, was allowed by Charles I. to hold the deanery for three years "in commendam," stood in the forefront of the battle, and personally defended his Abbey, when attacked a few days afterwards, during the excitement caused by the King's impeachment of five members of the House of Commons, in retaliation for the expulsion of the Bishops from the House of Lords.—*Neale's Westminster.*

[2] *Fuller's Church Hist.* Book xi. pp. 185, 186. Wiseman was a Kentish Knight, and the expenses of his funeral were paid by a subscription raised among these apprentices.

[3] He was executed May 12, 1641, only nine days later.

superstition and idolatry in the Church of St. Peter in Westminster." The Committee, as a beginning (May 31), were ordered to burn all the copes, vestments, and altar coverings (which were principally of tissue or cloth interwoven with gold and silver), and to give the produce to the poor of Ireland.

On the 3d of June, however, they proceeded to the execution of what, no doubt, was their real wish; and, on an unfounded suspicion that the Dean had surreptitiously conveyed away the crown of Edward the Confessor, they resolved, that the Treasury (or room in the Cloisters, where the Regalia were then kept)[1] should be opened, even against the consent of the Prebendaries, and that an inventory, of what might there be found, should be taken, and presented to the House. The execution of this important resolution was committed to Henry Martin (the notorious regicide). "He was an enemy to both the kingly office, and all belonging thereto, especially the Regalia, which he caused to be sold; for, being authorized by the Parliament, he forced open a great iron chest within the College of Westminster, and thence took out the crown, robes, sword, and sceptre belonging anciently to King Edward the Confessor, and used by all our kings at their inauguration; and, with a scorn greater than his lusts and the rest of his vices, he openly declared that there should be no further use of those toyes and trifles; and in the jollity of that humour, he invested George Wither (an old puritan satyrist) in the royal habiliments; who, being crowned and royally arrayed (as well might become him), did first march about the room with stately garb, and afterwards, with a thousand apish and ridiculous actions, exposed those sacred ornaments to contempt and laughter."[2]

After this wanton and unseemly piece of foolery the

[1] The regalia were kept in a secret place, which was known only to the Dean, and one or two other persons.

[2] *Thomas à Wood's Athenæ Oxon.* Vol. III. col. 1238, edit. 1817. For a list of the regalia destroyed, see Appendix.

regalia were entirely broken up, the materials sold, and the metal melted down; for, at the Restoration, we find a Commission was appointed to search all accounts, examine prints and drawings, and receive evidence as to the exact form of the principal crowns and other parts of the regalia, that new ones might be made, as nearly as possible after the same fashion. What, then, we now see in the Tower, under the name of the Confessor's crown and staff, are the imitations, executed under the order of Parliament, in the reign of Charles II.[1]

While Charles I. was confined a prisoner at Windsor Castle (1648), vast masses of troops were drawn nearer and nearer to the metropolis, till, as the Venetian ambassador wrote, "London seemed as if it were besieged within and without." The troopers, with which it swarmed, were quar-

[1] "*All* the royal ornaments and regalia theretofore preserved from age to age in the treasury of the church at Westminster, were taken away, sold, and destroyed." On the restoration of Charles II., the committee appointed to arrange the coronation ceremony, "met divers times, not only to direct the remaking of such royal ornaments and regalia, but to settle the form and fashion of each particular; all which did then retain the old names and fashions, although they had been newly made and prepared by orders given to the Earl of Sandwich, Master of the Great Wardrobe, and Sir Gilbert Talbot, Knight, Master of the Jewel House. Whereupon the Master of the Jewel House had an order to provide two imperial crowns, set with precious stones; the one to be called St. Edward's Crown, wherewith the King was to be crowned, and the other to be put on after the coronation, before his Majesty's return to Westminster Hall. Also an orb of gold, with a cross set with precious stones; a sceptre with a cross set with precious stones, called St. Edward's; a sceptre with a dove, set with precious stones; a long sceptre or staff of gold, with a cross on the top and a pike of steel at the foot, called St. Edward's staff; a ring with a ruby; a pair of gold spurs; a chalice and patera of gold; an ampulla for the oil; a spoon; and two ingots of gold, the one a pound, and the other a mark, for the King's two offerings. And the Master of the Great Wardrobe had orders to provide the ornaments, to be called St. Edward's, wherein the King was to be crowned; among other things, the armilla, of the fashion of a stole, made of cloth of gold, to be put about the neck, and fastened above and beneath the elbows with silk ribands." Extracted from the MS. *Preparations, &c., for his Majesty's Coronation, collected by Sir Edward Walker, Knight, Garter King-at-Arms.*

The sum paid to Sir Robert Vyner, the King's Goldsmith, for making the regalia, was £21,978 9*s.* 11*d.*—*Treasury Order*, June 20, 1662.

tered in Westminster Abbey and other places of worship, where they duly exercised their destructiveness in the hours of recreation.[1]

But, in the meanwhile, a still more revolting desecration of the Abbey, and utter contempt of everything sacred, was perpetrated, under the pretence of zeal for religion, by the lawless fanatics who constituted the army of the Commonwealth. In July, 1643, soldiers of Washbourne and Cacwood's companies were quartered in the Abbey, where they broke down the rail of the altar, and burnt it where it stood. They then turned their destructive genius to the demolition of the organ, the pipes of which they pawned at various ale-houses for refreshing draughts of ale. As an amusement, they played at "Hare and Hounds," some of the soldiers putting on the surplices of the choir to distinguish themselves as hares, while the rest, as hounds, chased them up and down the church.

They placed benches round the altar, on which they sat, while they ate and drank, smoked, sang ribald songs, and made coarse jests, "some of their Levites even bearing them company." This altar they made their common table for dinner or supper; and, to show their utter disgust for the House of God, which their forefathers had ever regarded with the most profound reverence, they made it the scene of the most disgusting acts, and the receptacle of every kind of filth; nothing, which the coarsest ingenuity could devise, was left undone to render its desecration complete. Within that sacred fane these licentious soldiers performed even their "easements of nature," and "laid their excrements about the very altar, and in most places of the church; nay, they even familiarly kept bad women in this church, and lay with them on the very altar itself."[2]

From this debasement, however, it rose in a short time

[1] *Strickland's Queens*, Vol. VIII. p. 158.

[2] *Crull's Westminster*, Vol. II. Appendix II. p. 14, taken from the *Mercurius Rusticus* of Dr. Ryves (afterwards Dean of Windsor), sub A.D. 1643.

to a state of decency at least, and again became in some sort a place of worship; for on Tuesday, November 18th, 1645, we find, that an ordinance of the Lords and Commons decreed, that, "whereas the present dean and prebends (except Mr. Lambert Osbolston) have deserted their charge, or become delinquents, and that the said college and collegiate church are destitute, the said Lords and Commons appoint a Commission consisting of the Earls of Northumberland, Pembroke, Nottingham, Denbigh, and Manchester, Lord Viscount Say and Seale, Lords Willoughby, North, Montague, Roberts, and Howard, Mr. Solicitor, Mr. Recorder (and a great number of commoners), who shall be a Committee authorized to receive and dispose of the rents, emoluments, &c. &c., and apply them to charitable purposes, and the maintenance of the said college and collegiate church." It then proceeds to declare the dean, all the prebends, members, servants, &c., who have deserted their charge, or "who have not taken the covenant," delinquents, and suspends them from their offices and emoluments (except Mr. Lambert Osbolston, who is in all respects to retain his preferment, precisely as before). For the benefit of the inhabitants of Westminster, it further enacts, that there shall be preaching in the Abbey-church every Sunday, and a *daily* lecture there; and that the Committee, or any seven of them, shall be authorized to provide funds for the support of the preachers and lecturers out of the rents of the Abbey.[1]

Such is the strange manner, in which the mind vacillates between one extreme and another; now grovelling in the lowest depths of superstition, and now running riot in the unrestrained licentiousness of infidelity. The church of Westminster has witnessed all these vicissitudes of popular fickleness. The tomb of the great Anglo-Saxon monarch has been loaded with treasure, covered with gold, wor-

[1] This Ordinance is signed, H. Elsynge, Cler. Parl. D. Com. (Parliamentary Clerk of the House of Commons). See *Harleian Miscellany*, Vol. IX. p. 545.

shipped by kings, prelates, and peers, as well as idolized by the poor: and, in its turn, it has been despoiled, mutilated, and defiled; again honoured, partially restored, and once more robbed of every little morsel that could be chipped off, to be treasured as a memento by unscrupulous sight-seers.

This one lesson we may all learn from that shrine, as it still stands in its place, where, for near six centuries it has outlived all the revolutions which have arisen and passed away almost in its very presence, viz., how piety, purity, and a liberal spirit will be honoured in all ages.

Other saints have experienced the same popular changes, and have suffered by them. Thomas à Beckett was esteemed, first, a traitor; then, a saint; next, a traitor; again, a saint, and now a headstrong but honest-hearted man. For three centuries he was worshipped, not only in all England, but almost in all Christendom, with the adoration at that time usually paid to the most holy saints. Churches were dedicated to his honour; even the Cathedral of Canterbury lost its ordinary appellation of "Christ Church," and was better known as the "Church of St. Thomas of Canterbury." Yet the costly offerings were all carried off; the shrine entirely destroyed; his name erased from the calendar, and for a time despised.

St. Cuthbert, St. Edmund, and St. Alban,[1] as well as many more, have met with a somewhat similar fate; and the only shrine that has survived every shock of reformation, rebellion, and revolution, as well as the depredations of the covetous despoiler, or the lover of antiquarian reminiscences, is that of St. Edward at Westminster. At every period of our history he has received some share of honour, and, though we have long ceased to call him "Saint," yet his title of sanctification, "Confessor," has become almost equivalent to a surname. Even still our Roman Catholic contemporaries will occasionally make a

[1] Two (St. Edmund and St. Alban) still retain their names in our Calendar.

pilgrimage to his tomb, and, on the east side of the south transept, the stone basement bears on its indented surface evident tokens of the devotion of even modern worshippers; and, within the memory of almost the children among us, no less than nine Romish bishops have been seen kneeling at the same time around this sacred spot.[1]

All must concede to Edward some meed of praise; and, though we kneel no longer at his shrine,[2] nor export the dust and sweepings of his chapel in barrels to Spain and Portugal, as was the custom of our own fathers, even down to the time of the French Revolution, we should be very tenacious of the slightest injury to this relic of antiquity with which so much of our history is associated. It is in itself a book of the annals of England. It is a link between the Saxon monarchy and the British empire. It has witnessed the coronation of all our kings since the Conquest, save one,[3] and it saw the birth and baptism of that one. It saw the Wars of the Roses, and received under its protection the queen (Elizabeth Woodville), and the infant children of Edward IV., when (1470) he was driven from his kingdom by Guy, Earl of Warwick.[4] It sheltered her and one of the unhappy babes afterwards murdered in the Tower, when they fled for sanctuary after Edward's death.[5] It saw the Reformation, and survived it. It beheld the Rebellion under the Long Parliament and Cromwell; and, though a suffering and somewhat shattered spectator, it outlived even that. It witnessed the return of order under Charles II., and was itself a participator in the general Restoration. Just before the great Revolution, the bones

[1] When the Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. George, Southwark, was consecrated.

[2] While these pages have been in the press, the author has seen even casual visitors kneeling in prayer at the Confessor's shrine; and, on the annual recurrence of St. Edward's day, it appears, that the authorities of the Abbey are obliged to close the chapel, and screen the tomb from observation by curtains, to exclude the numerous Roman Catholics, who would otherwise assemble to worship there.

[3] Edward V., who was born in the Sanctuary, and baptized in the Abbey, his godfathers being the Abbot and the Prior of Westminster, and his godmother, the Lady Scroope.—*Neale's Westminster*, p. 91.

[4] *Ibid.* [5] *Ibid.* p. 93.

of Edward, thanks to Mr. Keepe, were re-enclosed by order of James II. in a new coffin of oak, made very strong, and clamped with iron, in which they still rest in the interior of the shrine.

And there it remains in our day, a truly national part of our constitution, of which England must ever feel proud. But while we still revere, let us not forget the tenure on which its safety has depended.

The last Anglo-Saxon king, the most successful of the early founders of English liberty, the first promulgator of an English Charter of freedom, and a pious and amiable man, has still maintained his stand amongst us; his name still occupies a place in our calendar, on the day of his Translation (October 13); his tomb still raises itself in the centre of our royal Abbey; while the *first* British martyr,—St. Alban,—and the *greatest* English martyr—Beckett,—have lost almost every outward trace of their tombs, as well as their existence amongst us.

APPENDICES.

I.—APPENDIX TO THE "LEGENDARY HISTORY."

(See p. 5.)

THE CHARTER OF ST. PETER'S CONSECRATION.

[*Cott. MSS. Galba, E. VII.*]

WHEN Hall was murdered in the Sanctuary, the Abbot advanced this document, to show that his church, having received Apostolic consecration, could not be re-consecrated :—

Sed Abbas nec adquiescere nec comparere volebat, asserens ecclesiam suam dedicatam fore per Beatum Petrum miraculosè et alterius dedicatione non indigere; ostentans chronicum dedicationis, ut sequitur :—

"Tempore, quo Rex Æthelbertus, qui regnavit in Cantiâ, prædicante Beato Augustino, fidei sacramenta susceperat, nepos quoque ejus Sebertus qui orientalibus Anglis præfuit, fidem, eodem episcopo evangelizante, suscepit. Hic Londoniis, quæ regni sui Metropolis habebatur, intra muros ecclesiam in honorem Pauli Beatissimi construens, episcopali eam sede voluit esse sublimem; cui Sanctus Mellitus, quem Beatus Papa Gregorius cum pluribus aliis in adjutorium miserat Augustino, merito simul et honore pontificali prius omnium præfuit. Volens autem rex utrique apostolo se gratum præstare, in occidentali parte ejusdem civitatis extra muros, in honore Beati Petri, monasterium insigne fundavit, multis illud donariis

ornans, et ditans possessionibus. Venerat autem tempus, quo ecclesia fuerat in eo dedicanda, paratisque omnibus pro loco et tempore pro monasterii dignitate, agente episcopo eam noctem in tentoriis, dies crastina præstolabatur. Magna plebis expectatio, quæ adhuc rudis in fide, his solenniis interesse, non solum pro devotione, sed etiam pro admiratione gaudebat. Eâdem nocte, piscatori cuidam in Thamesis fluvii, qui eidem monasterio subfluit, ulteriori ripâ, in habitu peregrini Beatus Petrus apparens, promissâ mercede, transponi se ab eodem et petiit et præmeruit. Egressus autem a naviculâ, ecclesiam, piscatore cernente, ingreditur; et ecce subito lux celestis emicuit, miroque splendore collustrans omnia, noctem convertit in diem. Adfuit enim cum apostolo multitudo civium supernorum egredientium et ingredientium, et choris hymnidicis præeuntibus, melodia cœlestis insonuit. Omnia plena lumine, omnia referta dulcedine. Aures vocis angelicæ mulcebat jocunditas; nares indicibilis odoris fragrantia perfundebat; oculos lux ætherea illustrabat.

"Videbantur quasi mixta terrena cœlestibus, humana conjuncta divinis; et quasi in scalâ Jacob angeli descendentes et ascendentes in illis sacris solenniis videbantur. Paratisque omnibus, quæ ad ecclesiæ dedicationem spectant, solenniis, redit ad piscium egregius piscatorem piscator hominum, quem cùm divini luminis fulgore perterritum, alienatum pæne sensibus, reperisset, blandâ consolatione reddidit hominem propriæ rationi. Ingredientes ambo cymbam simul uterque piscator, inter loquendum apostolus hominum iisdem, quibus se quondam magister suus conveniens verbis, 'Numquid,' ait, 'pulmentarium non habes?' et ille, 'Tum,' inquit, 'inconsuetæ lucis perfusione stupidus, tum expectatione tui detentus, nihil cepi; sed promissam a te mercedem securus expectavi.' Ad hæc apostolus, 'Laxa nunc,' inquit, 'retia in capturam.' Paruit imperanti piscator, et mox implevit rete piscium maxima multitudo; quibus ad ripam extractis, 'Hunc,' inquit Apostolus, 'qui cæteris magnitudine et pretio præcellit, Mellito episcopo, meâ ex parte, piscem defer. Pro nauticâ vero mercede, cætera tibi tolle. Ego sum Petrus, qui tecum loquor, qui cum meis concivibus, constructam in meo nomine basilicam dedicavi, episcopalemque benedictionem meæ sanctificationis auctoritate præveni. Dic, ergo, pontifici, quæ

tu vidisti et audîsti: tuo quoque sermoni signa parietibus impressa testimonium perhibebunt. Supersedeat igitur dedicationi: suppleat quod omisimus, Dominici videlicet Corporis et Sanguinis sacrosancta mysteria, populumque erudiens sermone, et benedictione confirmans, notificet omnibus hunc me locum crebrò visitaturum, hîc me fidelium votis et precibus adfuturum.' Et, his dictis, clavicularius cœlestis disparuit. Et jam nocturnis tenebris finem dedit aurora, cùm Beato Mellito, ad futuræ dedicationis celebranda mysteria processuro, cum pisce piscator occurrit; quem cùm episcopo tradidisset, omnia ei, quæ ab apostolo fuerant mandata, prosequitur. Stupet pontifex, reseratisque basilicæ sacræ valvis, videt pavimentum utriusque alphabeti inscriptione signatum; parietem bis senis in locis sanctificationis oleo linitum: tot cereorum reliquias duodenis crucibus inhærere; et quasi recenti aspersione adhuc cuncta madescere. Refert hæc episcopus populo; et mox una vox omnium pulsat cœlos laudantium et Deum benedicentium toto corde."

There is a similar, but grander legend attached to the consecration of the Church of *Notre Dame des Ermites*, at Einsiedeln (a small town in Switzerland, between Lakes Zurich and Lucerne). Its foundation dates as far back as the time of Charlemagne, when Meinrad, Comte de Sulgen (on the Danube), built a Chapel upon the Etzel in honour of a marvellous image of the Virgin, which had been presented to him by Hildegarde, Abbess of the Church of Notre Dame at Zurich. He was assassinated A.D. 803, but the murderers were discovered, so says the Chronicle, by two pet ravens, that the Count had brought up, and were executed at Zurich, on the spot where formerly stood the *Hôtel du Corbeau* (now Hôtel de Bellevue).

After the death of Meinrad, the fame of his sanctity spread so rapidly, that a Benedictine monastery was founded on the site, where his little chapel and cell used to stand. The legend relates, that, when the new buildings were ready for consecration, Conrad, Bishop of Constance, came to consecrate it, having fixed September 14th, 948, for the performance of the solemn rite. He arrived at Einsiedeln the day before; and, when he rose from his bed at midnight for his usual observ-

ance of that hour with prayer to God, he and his attendant clergy were astonished at the sound of most delicious music, which proceeded from the new Church of the Abbey. Struck by the number of the voices, and their singular melody, he went to the Church to ascertain the cause, accompanied by several monks of Notre Dame who were tempted by a similar curiosity. As he arrived at the door the music ceased, and the brilliant lights, with which it had been illuminated, were extinguished; but a number of celestial beings in shining robes informed him, that the Saviour himself, surrounded by His legions of angels, had already blessed the Church with the very same chants and prayers, which were then in use for such an occasion.

On the following morning, a congregation assembled to witness the ceremony. The Bishop, however, did not proceed with it, though every preparation was made. Towards mid-day the people became clamorous, and insisted on his discharging his promised duty, when he related to them the vision of the previous night. Still they were not satisfied, and vehemently urged for a visible consecration. The feelings of all parties were roused to the highest pitch,—the people in a state of frenzy, the Bishop steadfastly resisting,—when a voice from heaven, clear and distinct, three times burst forth from the sky, and pealed through the vaulted roofs: "Cease, brother, it has been divinely consecrated."

The uproar changed to exultation; religious fervour stifled the anger of disappointment; and Einsiedeln became the centre of attraction, not only to Switzerland and the neighbouring countries,—Bavaria, Baden, the Tyrol, Alsace, and Swabia,—but even to all central Europe, which annually sends forth immense multitudes of pilgrims to pray at the altar of Notre Dame des Ermites, before the sacred image of the Holy Virgin.

The following bull was issued by Pope Leo VIII., to attest this miracle:—

"Nous, Léon, Evêque, serviteur des serviteurs de Dieu, faisons savoir à tous les fidèles de la sainte église de Dieu, présens et à venir, que notre vénérable frère l'Evêque de Constance,

nommé Conrad, nous a intimé en présence de notre très-cher fils Otton, Empereur, d'Adélaïde, sa chère épouse, et de plusieurs autres princes, qu'étant appelé en un lieu dans son territoire, nommé Cellule de Meinrad, l'an de l'incarnation de notre Seigneur 948, il y était allé pour y consacrer le 14 Septembre une chapelle à l'honneur de la très-sainte et toujours Vierge Marie ; mais que s'étant levé selon sa coutume environ à minuit pour prier Dieu, il avait, avec quelques frères religieux de ce même lieu, oui un chant très-doux, et qu'ayant voulu remarquer diligemment ce que c' était, il avait reconnu véritablement, que les anges avaient tenu le même chant et orare en la consécration de la même chapelle pour laquelle il était venu, que les Evêques ont coutume d'observer en la dédicace des églises, et que le lendemain matin, toutes les choses nécessaires à l'action ayant été apprêtées, et lui retardant toujours et différant jusqu'environ midi, les gens impatiens d'attendre, entrèrent dans la chapelle, et le prièrent de commencer l'office, qu'il avait promis de faire, et comme il résistait, et exposait la vision qu'il avait vue, ils le reprirent assez aigrement, jusqu'à ce qu'enfin ils entendirent, par trois fois, une voix claire, qui disait : 'Cesse, mon frère, elle est divinement consacrée ;' alors tout épouvantés connaissant que la chose était passée comme il l'avait dit, ils y donnèrent leur approbation, assurant depuis ce temps-là avec toute certitude, que cette chapelle était consacrée du Ciel."

From that time to this, the constant stream of pilgrims to Einsiedeln has never ceased to flow, except during the troubles of the French Revolution. During the year 1710, no less than 260,000 persons resorted thither in this capacity; in 1817 there were 114,000; from which time the number steadily rose, till in 1828 it reached 176,000. At present, the average attendance is 150,000.

A modern traveller gives the following account of the scene he witnessed there, which may serve to convey some notion of the pilgrimages in former times to the tomb of the Confessor, on the Festival of his Translation :—

"Preceded by banners, and the other emblems of the Romish Church, and by all the inmates of the Abbey,—among whom

appeared two friars of the Order of Capuchins, with hair shirts and sandals,—were seen all the pilgrims then congregated at Einsiedeln. The men walked first, two and two, the women followed; and, when I say I counted 8,220, it will not be considered any exaggeration, if I assert that the line of procession, if drawn out, would have occupied nearly a mile. After the procession had made a considerable circuit, it entered the church, where a discourse was preached by one of the Capuchins, who seemed to possess great fluency of expression; and, what is still higher praise, a power of persuasiveness, that was seen in the sobs and tears of his auditory.

"Several times during the day and evening I entered the church, and always found it crowded, the hum of prayer rising from every niche where the image of a saint reposed; and next morning, when I looked from my chamber window, at half-past three, the square was already filled with the devout, hastening to their early orisons. Several of them, passing the fountain which stands before the Abbey, and has fourteen *jets-d'eau*, drank of every one of them; because, believing that Jesus Christ drank at one, the pilgrim, not knowing which of them has been thus sanctified, drinks of them all.

"There might be seen the costume of almost every canton in Switzerland, as well as that of nearly every one of the kingdoms bordering upon it. Nor was it of the miserably poor only that the pilgrims consisted; there were many of the middling classes —nay, even some of the upper ranks; and after the religious services of the day were concluded, I observed not a few leave the scene of humiliation in their own carriages."—*Switzerland, the South of France, and the Pyrenees. By H. D. Inglis.*

II.—APPENDIX TO "WESTMINSTER UNDER THE NORMANS."

THE LEGEND OF ST. WULSTAN.

(See p. 43.)

In the time of William the Conqueror, when "all English prelates were sifted to the braane," a synod was held (1074) in Westminster Abbey, by Archbishop Lanfranc, avowedly to examine

into the qualifications and conduct of the clergy; yet, with the covert design of making room for "the new-come Normans," by ejecting such of the bishops and abbots as had but little learning and influence.

At this synod, Wulstan, Bishop of Worcester, was charged with being "a most illiterate and foolish man, and unfit for the station he held; a very idiot, unacquainted with the French language, and incapable either to instruct the Church, or counsel the King." His pastoral staff and ring were demanded of him by Lanfranc, in the King's name; but Wulstan, grasping his staff, with an unmoved countenance, made this reply: "I know, my Lord Archbishop, that I am entirely unfit for, and unworthy of so high a station, being undeserving of the honour, and unequal to the task; however, I think it unreasonable that you should demand that staff, which I never received from you; yet, in some measure, I submit to your sentence, and will resign it; but consider it just to make that resignation to King Edward, who conferred it on me."

With these words he advanced to the tomb of King Edward, and, standing before it, thus addressed himself to his dead master: "Thou knowest, O holy King, how unwillingly I took upon myself this charge, forced upon me more by thy pleasure than the choice of the brethren, the wishes of the people, or the consent of the prelates, and favour of the nobles; though none of these was wanting. Behold! a new King makes new laws; a new primate pronounces a new sentence. They accuse thee of error, in having commanded; and me of presumption, in having obeyed. To thee I resign the charge, which I never sought; thou, who art now with God, canst best tell whether, in committing it to me, thou wast deceived."

Then, raising his arm, he laid the crozier upon the tomb, which was of stone; and, leaving it, went arrayed as a monk, and took his seat in the chapel among the other monks. A messenger was sent for the staff, who found it adhere so firmly to the stone, that it could not be removed: nor could the King or even the Archbishop himself disengage it.

Wulstan was then sent for; the staff readily submitted to his touch, which was considered so signal a consummation of the

miracle, that he was allowed to retain his episcopal dignity; and Lanfranc continued his firm friend for the rest of his life.[1]

Several other acts of Wulstan's life, mentioned by various historians, confirm one in the impression that he was not unworthy the confidence reposed in him by Edward. As he commenced rebuilding his own cathedral at Worcester, he wept at the thought that he was pulling down the labours of holy men to gain honour to his own name, fearing lest he should be tempted to neglect the souls of men, and pile together stones.

He preached so forcibly at Bristol against the slave-trade, which was carried on there, that it was entirely put down, and popular feeling strongly roused against it. The beauty of childhood was a sight that moved him much. "What must be the fair beauty of the Creator," he said, "whose creatures are made so fair?" Walking or sitting, rising up or lying down, the Psalms were ever on his lips.

THE TRANSLATION OF ST. EDMUND.

[*From Jocelyn de Brakelond's Chronicle of St. Edmund's Monastery, pp.* 32, 33.]

A.D. 1198, Nov. 20th.—"Hear, O heaven!" the things that I speak; "Listen, O earth!" to what Abbot Sampson did. The feast of St. Edmund now approaching, the marble blocks were polished, and everything made ready for the elevation of the shrine. The feast-day having, therefore, been kept on the sixth day of the week, Sunday being the next day, a three days' fast was proclaimed to the people. The abbot also announced to the convent that they should prepare themselves for transferring the shrine, and placing it upon the high altar, until the masons' work was finished; and he appointed the time and the manner for doing this work. Now, when we had that night come to matins, there stood the shrine upon the altar, empty within, adorned with white doeskins above, below, and round about, which were fixed to the wood by silver nails; but one panel stood below, by the column of the church, and the sacred

[1] Such implicit credit was given to this story, that, according to the *Annals of Burton Abbey*, King John gravely urged it in argument with Pandulph, the Pope's Legate, as a proof of the right of the kings of England to nominate bishops to the sees in this kingdom.

body still laid there, as it was wont. Lauds having been sung, we all proceeded to receive our disciplines. This being performed, the lord abbot and those with him were clothed in albs; and approaching reverently, as it was fit we should, they hastened to uncover the coffin. First there was an outer cloth of linen, overwrapping the coffin and all: this was found tied on the upper side with strings of its own; next there was a certain silken cloth, and then another linen cloth, and then a third; and so, at last, the coffin was uncovered, standing upon a little tray of wood, that the bottom of it might not be injured by the stone. Over the breast of the martyr there lay fixed from outside the coffin an angel of gold, about the length of a man's foot, holding a golden sword in one hand, and a banner in the other; and underneath it there was a hole in the lid of the coffin, where the ancient keepers of the martyr had been used to lay their hands, for the purpose of touching the sacred body. And this was the verse inscribed over the figure of the angel:—

"Martyris ecce σῶμα servat Michaëlis agalma."

At the two heads of the coffin were iron rings, as there used to be on the Danish coffin (*in cistâ Norensi*); therefore, raising up the coffin, together with the body, they carried it to the altar; and I lent thereto my sinful hand to help in carrying it, although the abbot had strictly commanded that no one should come nigh unless he were called; and the coffin was placed within the shrine, and the panel was put thereon and fastened down. Now we all began to think that the abbot would exhibit the coffin to the people on the octaves of the feast, and bring forth the sacred body before all of us; but we were sadly deceived, as the following will show, for on the fourth day, the convent then singing the completorium, the abbot spoke with the sacrist, and Walter, the physician, and it was resolved that twelve brethren should be appointed who were strong enough to carry the panels of the shrine, and cunning in fixing and unfixing them.

The abbot then said that it had been the object of his prayers to see his patron saint, and that he wished to join with him the sacrist and Walter, the physician, when he looked upon him; and those that were appointed were the abbot's two chaplains,

the two keepers of the shrine, and the two keepers of the vestiary, and six others, Hugh, the sacrist, Walter, the physician, Augustine, William of Dissy, Robert, and Richard. The convent being all asleep, those twelve were clothed in albs; and drawing the coffin from off the shrine, carried and placed it upon a table near where the shrine used to be, and commenced unfastening the lid, which was joined and fixed to the coffin with sixteen very long iron nails; this when with considerable difficulty they had performed, all were ordered to go further away, except the two fore-named associates.

Now the coffin was so filled with the sacred body, both in length and width, that even a needle could hardly be put between the head and the wood, or between the feet and the wood, and the head lay united to the body, somewhat raised by a small pillow. The abbot, looking attentively, next found a silk cloth veiling the whole body, and then a linen cloth of wondrous whiteness, and upon the head a small linen cloth; and after that another small and very fine silken cloth, as if it had been the veil of some nun; and, lastly, they discovered the body, wound round with a linen cloth, and then it was that the lineaments of the saint's body were laid open to view. At this point the abbot stopped, saying, he durst not proceed further, or view the holy body naked; but, taking the head between his hands, he thus spoke, in a subdued tone:—

"Glorious martyr, St. Edmund, blessed be the hour wherein thou wast born! Glorious martyr, turn it not to my destruction that I, miserable sinner, do touch thee, for thou knowest my devotion and my feelings." And, proceeding, he touched the eyes, and the nose, which were very massive and prominent; and then he touched the breast and arms, and raising the left arm, he touched the fingers, and placed his own fingers between the fingers of the saint; and, proceeding, he found the feet standing up stiff, like the feet of a man who had died to-day; and he touched the toes, and, in touching, counted them. And it was proposed that the other brethren should be called forward, in order that they might see the miracles; and also six other brethren with them, who had stolen in without the abbot's assent, and did see the saint's body: to wit,—Walter of St. Alban's, and Hugh, the

infirmarer, and Gilbert, the brother of the prior, and Richard of Hingham, and Jocell, the cellarer, and Thurstan the Little, who alone put forth his hand, and touched the feet and knees of the saint; and that, by the providence of the Most High, there should be abundance of witnesses, one of our brethren, John of Dissy, sitting upon the roof of the church with the servants of the vestiary, saw all these things plainly enough. All this being done, the lid was fastened down on the coffin with the same, and with the same number of nails, and in like manner as before, the martyr being covered up with the same cloth, and in the same order as he was when first discovered; and, finally, the coffin was placed in the accustomed place; and there was put upon the coffin, near to the angel, a certain silken pocket, wherein was deposited a schedule, written in English, containing certain salutations of Ailwin, the monk, as 'tis believed, which schedule was first found close by the golden angel, when the coffin was uncovered. And, by the abbot's order, there was forthwith written another short memorial, also deposited in the same pocket, under the following form of words:—"Anno ab incarnatione Domini M° C. nonagesimo octavo, abbas Samson, tractus devotione, corpus sancti Ædmundi vidit et tetigit, nocte proximâ post festum sanctæ Katerinæ (Nov. 26), his testibus;" and thereto were subscribed the names of eighteen monks. The brethren also wound the whole coffin up with linen cloth compactly enough, and under the same placed a new and most valuable silken cloth, which Hubert, the Archbishop of Canterbury, had offered at the shrine that very year; and they placed, lengthwise, a certain linen cloth doubled under it, and next to the stone, to prevent the coffin, or the tray whereon it stood, being injured by the stone; and afterwards the panels were brought forth, and with great care joined together on the shrine. Now, when the convent came to chant matins, and perceived what had been done, all those who had not seen these things were very sorrowful, saying among themselves, we have been sadly deceived. However, after matins had been sung, the abbot called the convent to the high altar, and shortly showing them what had been done, alleged that he ought not,—nor was it fit that he should,—call all of them to be present on such an

occasion. Hearing this, with tears we sang "Te Deum laudamus," and hastened to ring the bells in the choir.

PAPAL INDULGENCE TO THOSE WHO REVERENCED ST. EDWARD.

(See p. 45.)

(*Ex Orig. in Turre Londoniensi.*)

Indulgentia Papalis omnibus, qui annuatim ad Sancti Edwardi Ecclesiam Westmonasterii accesserint.

Innocentius Episcopus, servus servorum Dei, dilectis filiis, Abbati et conventui Westmonasterii Londinii, ordinis sancti Benedicti, salutem et apostolicam benedictionem.

* * * * * * * *

Hinc est quod, cùm ecclesia vestra in honore beati Edwardi constructa esse dicatur, nos, ipsum coli reverentiâ cupientes, omnibus vere penitentibus et confessis, qui ad eandem ecclesiam, in illius festo, purâ intencione accesserint annuatim, de omnipotentis Dei misericordiâ, et beatorum Petri et Pauli, apostolorum ejus, auctoritate confisi, unum annum et quadraginta dies de injunctâ sibi penitentiâ misericorditer relaxamus.

Dat. Asisii 2 Kal. Junii, pontificatûs nostri anno II.

III.—APPENDIX TO "THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE PRESENT ABBEY."

THE DISLIKE OF HENRY III. TO THE CITY OF LONDON.

(See p. 57.)

(*Holinshed, Vol. II. p.* 416, *&c.*)

THE dislike which Henry had imbibed against the citizens of London was much increased in 1248, when, having assembled his Parliament to ask for money, the grant was refused; and the wealthy Londoners bought, at a great sacrifice, the plate and jewels which he was obliged to sell. To lessen the affluence of those "rustical Londoners," as he contemptuously styled them, "who call themselves barons on account of their wealth," and, at the same time, to raise funds for building the Abbey, he, in the same year, granted to the Abbot of Westminster the right of holding an annual fair at "Tut-hill" or "Tot-hill" (now

Tothill Fields), "at St. Edward's Tide, to indure for fifteen days; and to the end that the same should be the more haunted with all manner of people, he commanded, by proclamation, that all other faires, as Elie, and such like, holden in that season, should not be kept, nor that any wares should be shewed within the citie of London, *either in shop or without;* but that such as would sell should come for that time vnto Westminster; which was done, not without great trouble and paines to the citizens, which had not roome there, but in booths and tents, to their great disquieting and disease, for want of necessarie prouision, being turmoiled too pitifullie in mire and dirt, through occasion of raine that fell in that vnseasonable time of the yeare."

Almost all the privileges of the city of London were taken away, and their Charter almost annulled, and every remonstrance was treated with contempt.

Fabian (page 336) says, the King was grieved with them, "for so muche as they, at his requeste, wolde not exchange with the Abbot of Westmynster such lybertys as they had in Middylsex of y^e^ Kynges graunte for other to be had in other placys."

In 1249, they complained, and "found themselves greeved verie sore for such liberties as the King granted to the Abbot of Westminster, to the great hinderance and decaie of the franchises of their citie. The maior and communaltie resisted all that they might against those liberties, and finallie, by the goode helpe and favour of the Earles of Cornewall and Leicester, they obtained their purpose." Holinshed, Vol. II. p. 419.

IV.—APPENDIX TO THE "CONSECRATION OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY."

THE BOND OF HENRY III. TO RETURN THE JEWELS, ETC. BORROWED FROM THE ABBEY.

(See p. 77.)

(*Rymer's Fœdera, A.D.* 1267, *Tom. I. p.* 841.)

Rex Abbati, Priori et Conventui Westmonasterii Lond. salutem. Cum nos aurum, lapides pretiosos, jocalia et alia deposita

cassa sive feretro, in quo corpus beatissimi Edwardi disposuimus collocari, et alia quædam pretiosa monasterii vestri, pro instantibus nostris et Regni nostri necessitatibus, a vobis receperimus, quorum jam partem vendidimus, partem obligavimus, et alia etiam intendimus obligare pro eisdem necessitatibus, pro quadam pecuniæ quantitate.

Nos in hac parte, indempnitati vestræ et monasterii vestri omnino præcare volentes, vobis promittimus bonâ fide quod prædicta jocalia, et omnia alia supradicta, vel extimationem eorum, infra annum, a festo Sti. Michaëlis proximo computandum vobis et monasterio vestro restituemus, et restitui faciemus.

Ad quod firmiter observandum, nos et hæredes nostros, et omnia bona nostra mobilia et immobilia, ubicunque fuerint, constituta specialiter obligamus. Submittentes jurisdictioni summi Pontificis, qui pro tempore fuerit, et reverendi Patris Domini O. Sti. Adriani Diaconi, Cardinalis, Apostolicæ Sedis Legati; quod ipsi, vel eorum alter, ad restitutionem et observationem prædictorum, supponendo capellam nostram ecclesiastico interdicto et aliis modis, per censuram ecclesiasticam, quibus viderint expediri, nos valeant cohercere.

In cujus rei testimonium præsentes literas vobis concedimus, nostri, et præfati Legati, ac Edwardi primogeniti nostri sigillorum munimine roboratas.

Teste Rege apud Stratford, 28 die Maii (1267).

ACCOUNT OF THE CONSECRATION OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

(See p. 78.)

(Extracted from the Contemporary Chronicle of Thomas Wikes, Gale's Scriptores, p. 88.)

Dominus, Rex Anglorum, Henricus piæ devotionis instinctæ, non patiens ulterius venerabiles reliquias beatissimi Regis Edwardi Confessoris, quem præ ceteris Sanctis speciali quadam veneratione dilexit, locello quodam humili recubare, ut lucerna tam fulgida diutius tecta sub modio lateret, sed ut celsius erecta super candelabrum ingredientibus et egredientibus spirituale lumen copiosius erogaret, 3 idus Octobris, quæ dies

anno ipso contigit in Dominica, eo, scilicet, die, quo multo tempore retroacto prius in scrinio minus pretioso fuerat allocatus, convocatis universis Angliæ prælatis et magnatibus, necnon cunctarum regni sui civitatum pariter et burgorum potentioribus, ut translationis sollemnia celebrius illustrarent: confluente pariter plebeiæ multitudinis turbâ non modicâ, venerandas illas reliquias de veteri scrinio transferens in sublime, in conspectu tantæ multitudinis suis, et serenissimi fratris sui, Romanorum regis, humeris supportandas apposuit, nobilibus filiis suis Domino Edwardo, Domino Edmundo, Domino Comiti Waremiæ, Domino Philippo Basset, et pluribus aliis regni proceribus, quotquot manus apponere poterant ad onus tam nobile supportandum in adjutorium evocatis, et in auri scrinio preciosissimis lapidibus adornato in loco supereminenti eum, eâ quæ decuit reverentiâ, collocavit. Acta sunt hæc omnia in Ecclesiâ Conventuali monasterii Westmonasterii, quam idem Rex opere sumptuosissimo fabricatam, amotâ prorsus veteri, quæ nullius omnino valoris extiterat, de propriis fisci Regalis exitibus a fundamentis construxit, quæ quidem sumptibus pariter et decore sic cæteris per orbem ecclesiis præponi decernitur, ut videatur comparem non habere. Eodem die monachi Westmonasterii infra novam structuram primâ vice divina mysteria celebrabant, nec defuit in regis palatio, post executa translationis insignia, tam sollemne convivium quod admirationi cunctis esse poterat et stupori.

A LIST OF THE JEWELS ON THE SHRINE OF THE CONFESSOR, BORROWED AND PAWNED BY HENRY III., WITH THE NOMINAL PRICE FOR WHICH THEY WERE PLEDGED.[1]

(See p. 88.)

(Pat. 51, Henry III., m. 5, in dorso. Botfield, p. 80.)

	£	s.	d.
Image of St. Edmund, the King, wearing a crown with two large sapphires, a balass ruby, and other precious stones	86	0	0
Carried over	£86	0	0

[1] The price affixed is in the currency of Henry the Third's time, and is not computed according to its present value, which would be an increase of at least twenty-fold.

	£	s.	d.
Brought over . . .	86	0	0
An image of a King, with a balass ruby on the breast, and other small stones . . .	48	0	0
An image of a King, holding in his right hand a flower, with sapphires and emeralds in the middle of the crown, and a great garnet in the breast, and otherwise set with pearls and small stones	56	4	1
Two other gold images of Kings, set with garnets, emeralds, rubies, and sapphires .	3	6	8
Five gold angels.	30	0	0
Image of the Virgin and Child, set with rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and garnets .	200	0	0
Gold image of a King, holding a feretory in his hand, set with precious stones . .	103	0	0
Image of a King, holding in one hand a cameo with two heads, in the other a sceptre, set with rubies, onyxes, and pearls	100	0	0
Image of St. Peter, holding in one hand a church, in the other the keys, and trampling upon Nero, with a large sapphire in the breast	100	0	0
"A most fair sapphire," weighing 52 dwts. .	100	0	0
One great cameo, in a gold case, with a gold chain	200	0	0
Another cameo, with a head	80	0	0
	£1,106	10	9

In all, there were fifty-five cameos, of which the subjects are sometimes named, and prove them to have been antiques.

SOME OF THE PRIVATE JEWELS OF HENRY III., BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO THE SHRINE.

(See p. 88.)

(Rymer's Fœdera. De Regis Henrici Morte, A.D. 1272.)

Here follows a list of Henry's private jewels at his death (A.D. 1272), which had been carried for safety into France,

and put in custody of Queen Marguerite, and afterwards pledged for his relief to merchants in France, but now restored.

"We have received the said jewels from William, Archbishop of York, Richard De Middleton (Lord Chancellor), &c. :—

	£	s.	d.
One great crown, very precious, not valued ('non appreciata')	—	—	—
Three other gold crowns, with divers precious stones, valued at	366	13	4
One imperial cope (capellum), or pall, with divers precious stones (500 marks) . . .	333	6	8
Four golden garlands ('serta')	100	0	0
Three gold 'Pettina,' with precious stones .	16	6	8
Forty-five golden clasps ('firmacula'), with stones	205	14	4
Four rods ('baculi'), containing 106 rings, 'annuli cum rubettis et balesiis' . . .	243	0	0
Rod or stick ('baculus') containing twenty rings, with sapphires	53	13	4
Two 'baculi,' containing thirty-eight rings, 'cum sumaragdi'	61	0	0
One 'baculus,' containing twelve rings with topazes, and one ring 'cum peradota' . .	10	0	0
One 'baculus,' containing seventeen rings, with different stones, of which one ring without the stone was valued at 60*s*. . .	51	0	0
Seventy-six Zonæ (girdles)	1,411	14	8
Two gold peacocks, with divers precious stones; 'de novo thesauro nostro' . .	60	0	0
One clasp or brooch ('firmaculum') 'cum duobus *amantibus* (*sic*) de eodem thesauro nostro,' fifty marks	33	6	8
Fifteen 'firmacula,' with divers precious stones	118	0	0
Five gold garlands 'de opere Parisiensi' .	27	13	4
Total	£3,091	9	0

"Teste Rege apud Westmonasterium 20 die Februarii, A.D. 1272."

EXTRACTS FROM THE WILL OF HENRY III.

(See pp. 87, 88.)

Sepulturam corpori meo eligo apud ecclesiam beati Edwardi Westmonasterii, eo non obstante, quod prius eligeram sepulturam apud novum Templum Londoniæ. * * *

Et fabricam ecclesiæ beati Edwardi Westmonasterii lego et committo præfato Edwardo primogenito meo perficiendum: ad feretrum vero ipsius Edwardi beati perficiendum lego quingentas marcas argenti, percipiendas de jocalibus meis per manus prædictorum, reginæ, et executorum meorum. * * *

Crucem autem, quam dedit mihi Comitissa Cancise, cum vestimento capellæ meæ albo, et cum imagine Beatæ Virginis argenteâ, parvo tabernaculo lego predictæ ecclesiæ beati Edwardi Westmonasterii; et aliam crucem auream, et vestimentum capellæ meæ, cum lapidibus preciosis et aliis pertinentibus ad capellam et imaginem Beatæ Virginis auream lego prædicto Edwardo primogenito, et hæredi meo.—*Nichols' Royal Wills*, p. 16.

V.—APPENDIX TO "THE FUNERAL OF ELEANOR."

A LIST OF THE PRELATES AND NOBLES, WHO SIGNED THE LETTER TO EDWARD I. ANNOUNCING THE DEATH OF HENRY III.

(See p. 98.)

W. Archbishop of York.
L. Roffense (Rochester).
N. Wynton (Winchester).
G. Wygorn (Worcester).
R. Coventriæ and Lichfield.
W. Exon (Exeter).
R. Prior of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem.
E. de Allein, Earl of Cornwall.
Gilbert de Clare, Duke of Gloucester and Hereford.
John, Duke of Warenn.
Bohun, Duke of Hertford and Essex.

Rogerus de Mortuo Mari.
Thomas de Clare.
John, son of John.
William de Monte Canis.
John de St. John.

It would appear as if the last five had signed this document, as members of the House of Commons, allegiance being thus tendered by the Clergy, Barons, and Commons of England.

THE PASSAGE OF ELEANOR'S BODY THROUGH DUNSTABLE.

(See p. 102.)

(Chronicon vel annales de Dunstaple, A.D. 1290*).*

Eodem anno quinto Kalendas Decembris obiit Elianora Regina Angliæ et Consors Regis, Hyspana genere, quæ plura et optima maneria adquisivit. Corpus ipsius per nos transiit, et unâ nocte quievit, et dati sunt nobis duo panni pretiosi, scilicet "Baudekyns." De cerâ habuimus quater-viginti libras et amplius. Tandem corpus ejus decimo-sexto Kalendas Januarii apud Westmonasterium in sepulcro Henrici Regis est humatum. Et cùm corpus dictæ Reginæ transiret de Dunstaple, in medio *fori* substitit Feretrum, donec Cancellarius Regis, et Magnates, qui tunc aderant ibidem, locum congruum designâssent, ubi postea sumptibus Regiis crucem erigerent, magnitudinis admirandæ. Priore nostro tunc præsente, et aquam benedictam aspergente.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE CONVENTS OF THE FRIARS MINOR.

(See p. 110, note 5.)

(Hook's Eccl. Biog., Fox's Monks and Monasteries, Stow, &c.)

Francis, the founder of this order, was born at Assisi in Umbria, A.D. 1182. He was the son of Peter Bernadone, a silk merchant. By the fear of death, when labouring under a severe

disease, he was led to renounce the world; and hearing St. Matt. x. 9, 10, read in church, he conceived that voluntary and absolute poverty was the essence of the Gospel. Worshipping in a dilapidated country church, a voice seemed to urge upon him its restoration, which he cheerfully performed, and then undertook that of a neighbouring church. He next devoted himself to the care of lepers, and soon attracted followers, associating with himself Bernard of Quintavalle, Peter of Catania, and Egidius, who, joining him in his cell at Portiuncula, laid the foundation of the Franciscan order.

Pope Innocent III., seeing how useful to the interest of his church such a body might be made, ordained Francis deacon, and gave a verbal assent to the rules of the new fraternity. After many missionary labours, in various lands, his disciples had increased to five thousand, and Pope Honorius III. gave them more extended patronage. Francis then sailed to Palestine, and trying in vain to dissuade the Christians during the sixth crusade from enforcing their religion at the point of the sword, boldly threw himself into the Saracen camp, avowing his mission to announce to the pagan soldiers the truths of the Gospel. He offered, as a test of his divine apostleship, to walk into a fiery furnace with the Saracen priests, that the Soldan might judge, on whose side the truth lay; but, as the priests declined the trial, and the Soldan feared his enthusiasm might convert some of his army, having privately asked for the benefit of his prayers, he sent him back to the Christians. This wonderful enthusiast died A.D. 1226.

A.D. 1224, nine Franciscans came to England, and landed at Dover; five remained at Canterbury, and four came to London, where they lodged with the preaching friars in Holborn, for fifteen days, and then hired a house in Cornhill, of John Trevers, one of the Sheriffs of London. There they built little cells, in which they lived; but shortly afterwards, the devotion of the citizens and the number of their followers so rapidly increased, that they were removed to St. Nicholas' shambles, where John Ewin, a mercer, gave them a house, and became a lay brother amongst them. About the year 1225, William Joyner built their choir; Henry Walles the body of the

church; Walter Potter, an Alderman, the chapter-house; Gregory Rokesley their dormitory. Bartholomew of the Castle made the refectory; Peter de Keliland the infirmary; and Bevis Bond king of heralds, their study.

Margaret, the second Queen of Edward I., began the choir of their new church in 1306, to which she gave 2000 marks in her lifetime, and bequeathed 100 more by her will. To the nave, John Britaine, Earl of Richmond, contributed 300*l.*, and several rich jewels; Mary, Countess of Pembroke, 70*l.*; Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, twenty great beams out of his forest at Tunbridge, and 20*l.*; Lady Eleanor Spencer, and Lady Elizabeth de Burgh, sisters of Gilbert de Clare, gave sums of money, as also did many other citizens. Isabella, Queen of Edward II., gave 70*l.*; and Philippa, Queen of Edward III., 62*l.* The building was completed in twenty-one years.[1] The stained windows were the gift of various persons: the Countess of Norfolk (Lady Mary Segrave) presented them with the stalls in the choir, at a cost of 350 marks, in the year 1380. Richard Whittington (1429) built the library, one hundred and twenty-nine feet long, and thirty-one broad, all ceiled with wainscot, having twenty-eight desks, and eight double settles of wainscot; and three years later it was furnished with books principally by the same munificent citizen, at a cost of 556*l.* 10*s.*, while William Tailor, tailor to Henry III., supplied them with a water-course and conduit head.

The church was three hundred feet long, eighty-nine broad, and sixty-four high. It was consecrated in 1325, and surrendered to Henry VIII. on the 12th of November, 1538, after which it was used for a time as a storehouse for goods taken from the French, but on the 3d of January, 1546, it was reopened, on which day the Bishop of Rochester preached at St. Paul's Cross, and proclaimed the King's gift of the church, &c. to the city for the relief of the poor. This gift was by royal patent, and included St. Bartholemew's Spittle, the church of the Grey Friars, St. Nicholas in the shambles, and St. Ewin's in Newgate Market

[1] This account is interesting as a specimen of the mode, in which many of our churches were built.

to be made all one parish, of which the Friars' was to become the mother church.

On the 13th of January, 1546, an agreement was made between the King, the Lord Mayor, and the commonalty, by which the Grey Friars' church, "with all the edifices and ground, the fratry, library, dortor, and chapter-house, the great cloister and the lesser, tenements, gardens, and vacant grounds, lead, stone, iron, &c., the hospital of St. Bartholomew in West Smithfield, the church of the same, the lead, bells, and ornaments of the same hospital, with all the messuages, tenements and appurtenances, together with the parishes of St. Nicholas and St. Ewin, and so much of St. Sepulchre's parish as is within Newgate, were made one parish church in the Grey Friars' church, and called Christ church." A vicar of the parish, a visitor of Newgate, and five other priests (all to be helping in divine service, ministering the sacraments and sacramentals) were appointed with proportionate stipends, as well as two clerks and a sexton.

In the year 1552 began the repairing of the Grey Friars' house for poor fatherless children, four hundred of whom were admitted in November of that year; and in the afternoon of Christmas Day, as the Lord Mayor and Aldermen rode to St. Paul's, three hundred and forty of these children, in a dress of russet cotton, lined the street "from St. Lawrence-lane-end in Cheape towards Paule's;" "and in Easter next they were in blue at the Spittle, and so have continued ever since." Thus from the four Franciscan friars, who built little cells for themselves in Cornhill in Henry the Third's reign, by slow degrees grew Christ's Hospital, with its massive pile of buildings and its eighteen acres of land in the centre of the metropolis, in the reign of Edward VI.

The aristocratic patronage of the Grey Friars may be gathered from the monuments of those who were buried there:—Margaret, daughter of Philip of France, and second wife of Edward I.; Isabella, wife of Edward II., and Joanna, their daughter, wife of David Bruce, King of Scotland; William, Lord Fitzwarren, and Isabel, his wife, Queen of the Isle of Man; Isabel, daughter of Edward III.; Beatrice, daughter of Henry III.; besides two dukes, five earls and countesses, two bishops, forty-five knights,

and an innumerable quantity of esquires and distinguished citizens. Nine tombs of alabaster and marble in the choir, fenced with iron, and one in the nave, in addition to a hundred and forty "gravestones of marble," were all pulled down and sold for 50*l.* by Sir Martin Bowes, goldsmith and alderman of London.

VI.—APPENDIX TO "EDWARD III. AND HIS QUEEN PHILIPPA."

JOHN WICLIFFE AT OXFORD.

(See p. 121, note 3.)

Considerable obscurity hangs over Wicliffe's connexion with this University. Balliol, Merton, and Queen's Colleges have all claimed him as a member of their Society; and beyond doubt there seems to have been a person of the same or a similar name at each of these Colleges, during a space of time ranging from 1356 to 1380, which would be twenty-four years of the Reformer's life. "It is asserted by Bishop Barlow,[1] and repeated by all modern biographers, that he entered Oxford as a commoner of Queen's College. It has been lately added, that a list of the original members is extant, bearing the date of 1340, and that the name of John Wickliffe appears upon it.[2] No such list, however, can be discovered; and commoners were then confined to the unendowed Halls of the University."[3]

The Rev. W. W. Shirley, in an Appendix to the *Fasciculi Zizaniorum Magistri Johannis Wiclif cum tritico*, published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, has almost exhausted the evidence on the subject, though he has been unable entirely to solve the difficulties with which it is surrounded. The result of his labours may thus be summed up:—

A. John Wicliffe (allowing for the variations in mediæval orthography) was, in the year

1360, December 27th, *procurator* (*i.e.* probably, Bursar) of Balliol College, and therefore a Fellow of some little

[1] *Leland, Scriptores Britannici*, ed. Hall, p. 378, note.

[2] *Le Bas, Life of Wiclif*, p. 92; *John de Wycliffe, D.D.*, a monograph by Robert Vaughan, D.D., p. 26.

[3] *Shirley's Fasciculi*, &c., p. xii.

standing. He is styled in a document "in pyxide Mickle Benton," "Mag. Joh. de Wicklif, *procurator* magistri et scholarium."[1]

1361. The same man was elected to the Mastership of Balliol College, which post he resigned during his year of grace.

1361, May 16th, he was presented by his College to the Rectory of Fillingham, in Lincolnshire, which came into possession of that body about A.D. 1349.

1368. He applied for leave of absence from Fillingham for two years, that he might "*go and study in Oxford.*"

1363-4. His controversy with Cunningham was published.

1369. His Treatise, "De Mandatis," was published.

1370. His Treatise, "De Statu Innocentiæ," was published.

1371-3. "De Dominio Civili."

1374. July 26, he was appointed on an embassy to the Pope, which was concluded September 1st, 1375.

1375. He was presented by Edward III. to the living of Lutterworth.

1384. December 31st, he died at Lutterworth.

N.B. All these facts undoubtedly belong to the Reformer.[2]

B. John Wyclyve, or Whyteclyve

1356. Was seneschal of Merton College, and therefore a Fellow of considerable standing.

1361. July, the same man[3] was appointed by Archbishop Islep to the Vicarage of Mayfield.

1380. December, he exchanged that living for Horsted Kaynes.

1383. November, he died at Horsted Kaynes.

[1] This record has not before been published, and the author is indebted for the information, as well as for almost all contained in this Appendix, to the Rev. W. W. Shirley, M.A. of Wadham College, Oxford.

[2] It is true there is no tradition, either oral or written, at Fillingham, of the Reformer ever having been there, and the Registers do not go farther back than 1680 (for which information the author is indebted to his friend, the Rev. W. J. Jenkins); but he can be distinctly traced by deeds from Balliol to Fillingham, from Fillingham to Ludgershall, and from Ludgershall to Lutterworth.

[3] It is concluded that the Vicar of Mayfield was the Fellow of Merton, because Archbishop Islep had himself been a Fellow of that College. It could not have been the Fellow of Balliol, as *he* was in that very year instituted to Fillingham where he remained; and Mayfield was given "cum onere residendi in eâ."

N.B.—We have two men of the same, or a similar name, resident in Oxford at the same time; one was Fellow of Balliol, the other Fellow of Merton College. The one died at Lutterworth, in 1384; the other died at Horsted Kaynes, in 1383.

Beyond this point we are involved in perplexities.

C. A John Wyclyve was appointed by Archbishop Islep,
1365. December 9th, to the Wardenship of Canterbury Hall, which had recently been founded by that prelate.
1366. Islep died, and was succeeded in the Primacy by Simon Langham.
1367. March 30th, Langham cancelled Wyclyve's appointment, and nominated another Warden in his place. Wyclyve appealed to the Pope, who referred the matter to Cardinal Adrian.
1369. Adrian confirmed his ejection from the Wardenship.
1370. The decision of Adrian was published.
1372. A Royal injunction confirmed and enforced this sentence.

N.B.—All these facts seem evidently to refer to the Vicar of Mayfield, and Fellow of Merton. Archbishop Islep had himself been Fellow of Merton; he was the patron of Mayfield, and Founder of Canterbury Hall. Parker says, Islep *intended* to annex the Vicarage of Mayfield to the Wardenship of his Hall, while Godwin[1] (Bishop of Llandaff and Hereford, in Queen Elizabeth's reign) says he actually *did attach* it; and the modern "Liber Regis" says, the patronage of Mayfield did belong to Canterbury Hall. The "onus residendi" at Mayfield, could at once be set aside, when he was appointed to Canterbury Hall, the Archbishop being patron of both pieces of preferment.[2] We have,

[1] Godwin, though living more than two centuries later, is a very good authority, as he was an intimate friend of that careful antiquary Camden, whom he accompanied on an antiquarian tour; and while the latter busied himself with the material relics, Godwin turned his thoughts to the former inhabitants, and on his return, published a catalogue of the Bishops of England, since the first planting of Christianity in the island, with a history of their lives and memorable actions.

[2] As a slight piece of presumptive evidence, it may be mentioned, that Islep had an Archiepiscopal Palace at Mayfield, where he was fond of residing, and in which he died. This at least affords a presumption, that he was on terms of more close intimacy with the Vicar than merely that of a patron with a nominee, and renders the probability greater that he appointed his friend and neighbour to preside over his new Hall.

too, no evidence of such connexion between Islep and the Reformer. Besides this, there is no mention whatever made by the Reformer of his connexion in any way with Canterbury Hall; whereas there are many places, where one might naturally look for such an allusion; and, what is more (with the exceptions mentioned below), there is no such assertion made by his enemies, who would gladly have cast it in his teeth, had there been such a handle for them.

On the other hand, Wodeford (who could, however, only have been a mere boy when the dispute about Canterbury Hall was closed) says in his *Quæstiones*,—a course of theological lectures, delivered before the Grey Friars, in London,—that the Warden of Canterbury Hall became a Reformer, because of his ejection from that office;[1] though the author of the *Fasciculi*,—Thomas Netter, Confessor to Henry V.,[2]—says that he broke out into heresy, when he was made D.D., and first began his divinity lectures in Oxford, which Mr. Shirley proves was in the year 1363, or nine years before the ejection of the Warden. This latter statement is borne out by Walden (who was a disciple of Wodeford, and must have known his account of the Reformer's conversion, and disbelieved it). Walden twice attributes Wicliffe's bias towards reform to disappointment at not obtaining the Bishopric of Worcester, the vacancy to which see was filled in March, 1364; it was not again vacant until October, 1368.

Again a chronicle, attributed to a contemporary writer, and printed in the Archæologia, xxii. p. 253, asserts that "he was justly depryved by the Archbishopp of Canterburye, from a certayne benefice that he unjustly was incumbent upon, within the cytye of Oxforde." Also an anonymous chronicler, quoted by Leland, says, "Wiclif studuit in collegio Cantuar; et indutus russetâ veste longâ nudis pedibus incedebat." But the former chronicle, we find, was actually written in the sixteenth century,

[1] "Priusquam per religiosos possessionatos prælatos expulsus fuerat de aulâ monachorum Cantvariæ nihil contra possessionatos attentavit quod esset alicujus ponderis; . . . . ita quod doctrinæ suæ malæ et infestæ contra religiosos et possessionatos et mendicantes generatæ fuerunt ex putrefactionibus et melancholiis."

[2] See p. 159.

and the latter only proves that the story was current a century after the Reformer's death.

Thus we may fairly remove from the Reformer's biography all connexion with Canterbury Hall.

But a more difficult set of facts awaits us.

D.—John Wyclif, or Wyclive, was resident at Queen's College, where he hired a set of rooms, usually let to strangers. The following entries occur on the Bursar's rolls :—

1363. October 8th to October 19th, 1364.—*Custos domorum.* In clavis ix^{d}. Item, calce xii^{d}., in feno iij^{d}. Item, ad thacker iij^{s}. iiij^{d}. Item in stramine v^{s}. iiij^{d}. ob. Item, duobus operariis circa cameram Wyclif, per quatuor dies iij^{s}. Item eisdem per tres dies et dimidium ij^{s}. et vii^{d}.

1365. In a receipt roll headed ab. xi. die mensis Julii, anno 1365 usque. . . . . Item de duobus annis de camera Wyclive xl^{s}.

N.B.—Here the name of Wyclif ceases from the rolls for the space of eight years.

1374 to 1375.—In the "compotus" of Robert Blakedon, Henry Wytfeld, Nicholas Heford, and William Middelworth, from Sept. 30th, 1374, to Sept. 29th, 1375, occur the following entries :—

Custos domorum.—Item pro stramine ad cooperiendam latrinam Wyclif ii^{s}. Item mulieri trahenti idem iiij^{d}. Item de xv^{d}. solutis cooperienti latrinam Wyclif. Item de i^{d}. ob. pro nouschyn ad eundem. Item pro lateribus et clavis ad idem opus vi^{d}. Item de x^{d}. solutis uni tegulatori super latrinam Wyclif.

Pensiones.—Item pro camera Magistri Johannis Wyclyf xx^{s}.

1380. In the "Indentura de receptis," from August 2d, to some date effaced, but later than the next feast of St. Agatha (February 5th), we find as follows :—

Pensiones.—Item pro pensione Wyclif xx^{s}.

Mr. Shirley, though with considerable doubt, apportions these facts to the Reformer, and Rector of Fillingham. He gives his idea of Wyclif's movements, as follows :—

From 1361 (autumn) to 1363 (autumn).—Resident at Fillingham.

1363 to 1365. Resident two years in Oxford.

1365 to 1368. Again resident in Fillingham.

1368 to 1382. Resident part of the year in Oxford, and part on his living, with a break in 1374-5, during his embassy to the Pope.

But we must consider the evidence on this point. It appears to be decided that the Wyclif of Queen's College was not there "in statu pupillari," but only hired a vacant set of rooms, and was in fact a mere lodger; and, therefore, the Rector of Fillingham, having obtained two years' leave of absence, to study in Oxford, may have taken up his temporary abode at that college; but we at once inquire, if he was formerly a Fellow, and so recently Master, of Balliol, why did he not reside at his own college, which would be more natural?[1] Again, the Rector of Fillingham applied for leave of absence in the year 1368, whereas the tenant of rooms at Queen's was there from 1363 to 1365, while there is no evidence from the bursar's rolls, that he was resident in Queen's during the two years commencing 1368.

The Reformer was appointed one of an embassy to the Pope, July 26th, 1374, but would not, in all probability, start before August, and the Papal rescript concluding the affair, is dated Sept. 1st, 1375. The Queen's rolls, however, seem to afford evidence that their John Wyclif was in residence there at the time.[2]

Besides this, there is strong affirmative evidence that the Warden of Canterbury Hall was identical with the Queen's man, although there are strong *primâ facie* grounds, as stated above, for supposing him to be the same with the Vicar of Mayfield.

The entries at Queen's cease in the very year (1365) that Whyteclyve was appointed to Canterbury Hall, and do not recommence until two years after his ejection from that post was enforced by the Royal command. They conclude, too, only

[1] It may be said that the college was then very poor, and there would probably be no accommodation there.

[2] It must be admitted, there is only presumptive evidence of this, as the one year's rent of the room might be from Sept. 1373 to 1374, and not from Sept. 1374 to 1375. It would be well to establish this fact, if possible.

two months after the Vicar of Mayfield exchanged that living for Horsted Kaynes. If the Vicarage of Mayfield was really attached to the Wardenship of Canterbury Hall, when Wyclif was ejected from the latter, may he not have been involved in a dispute about the former; and, while that was in abeyance, have taken up his abode at Queen's College with two of his three "consortes" in the matter of Canterbury Hall—William Middelworth, and William Selby, who were ejected with him from that hall, and who, we know, were afterwards living at Queen's? And may he not have settled the difficulty about Mayfield by an exchange, and then have quitted Oxford for his rectory, at the time when the entries at Queen's College cease?

One fact alone seems to connect this man with the Reformer, viz.: John de Treviza, and Nicholas Hereford, known friends of the Reformer, are said to have been Fellows of Queen's at that time. But Treviza's name appears for the last time, among the Fellows, in the year 1373-4, when he left the College in debt. During that year it is doubtful, whether either of the Wicliffes was in Oxford. Hereford's name occurs continuously from 1369 to 1375, during only one year of which have we evidence of Wicliffe's residence there; and, at that time, the Reformer was engaged on his embassy to the Pope.[1] The supposition, therefore, that the Reformer was attracted to Queen's by his two friends, has very slender proof.

Again, it has been urged, that the Reformer's publications dovetail in with the residence at Queen's College. His works, principally the substance of oral teaching in controversy, appear to have been compiled for two courses of his divinity lectures. They were apparently published as follows:—

1363-4. Controversy with Cuningham.
1368. "De Dominio divino."
1369. "De Mandatis."
1370. "De Statu Innocentiæ."
1371-3. "De Dominio civili."

[1] Mr. Shirley does not consider there is satisfactory evidence of the Reformer's residence in Oxford during the years 1374–1378; to which the Author ventures to add, that there is the same deficiency regarding the time from 1370 to 1373.

1379. This course is resumed by the publication of the "De Veritate S. Scripturæ," and continued till 1382.[1]

This evidence is, however, very inconclusive, and rather leads to the opposite side; for if these lectures were composed at the times stated above, and *in Oxford*, we have no evidence that a Wyclif was at Queen's from 1365 to Sept. 1373, during which time most of these tracts were written; but we do know, that the Reformer obtained two years' leave of absence from Fillingham in 1368, to study in Oxford. These two years would take in two, if not three, of his discourses.

All, therefore, that belongs to the Fellow of Balliol and Rector of Fillingham, must be given indubitably to the Reformer; but lacking more conclusive proof, we must reject the facts belonging to Canterbury Hall and Queen's College, and, provisionally at least, assign them to the Vicar of Mayfield.[2]

VII.—APPENDIX TO "THE CORONATION OF RICHARD II."

LEGEND OF THE AMPULLA AND THE HOLY OIL.

(See p. 135.)

(From the Chronicle of Walsingham, "The Worthy Monk of St. Alban's.")

THOMAS à BECKET received this holy oil from the Blessed Virgin during his exile, when she assured him, that whatever kings of England should be anointed with it, they would become merciful rulers and distinguished champions of the Church. This oil, preserved in a golden eagle (the ampulla) and stone jar, was long lost, but it was at last miraculously brought to light. While Henry, the first Duke of Lancaster, was waging war in foreign parts, the aforesaid eagle and jar were delivered to him by a holy man, to whom the place of its concealment was

[1] These dates, and the suppositions involved in them, are kindly supplied by the Rev. W. W. Shirley.

[2] Of course this is said subject to correction; and the Author will be glad of any assistance in determining the question. Now that it is mooted, many who have had better opportunities of judging of the matter, will probably be able to produce facts or documents which may turn the scale the other way.

divinely revealed. He gave it to the most noble Prince Edward, commonly called the Black Prince, who deposited it in the Tower of London. It was enclosed in a box, secured with more than ordinary care; but the box itself, by some accident, was put astray, so that the holy oil could not be used at the coronation of Richard II. In the year of grace 1399, Richard II. having made an inquisition into the treasures bequeathed to him by his ancestors, found the eagle and jar, together with a manuscript in the handwriting of "St. Thomas of Canterbury," containing a prophetic description of all the advantages and blessings that the kings of England would derive from being anointed with this holy oil. He was so struck with the enumeration, that he wished the ceremony of his coronation to be repeated, and applied to the Archbishop of Canterbury (William Courtenay) for that purpose. The prelate obstinately refused, declaring that unction was a sacrament which, like the sacrament of Baptism, could not be administered a second time.

Richard took the eagle and jar with him, when he made his unfortunate voyage to Ireland, and on his return resigned them to the custody of the Archbishop of Canterbury, at Chester, saying, "It is manifestly the will of God, that I should not be anointed with this holy oil; that solemn sacrament is reserved for some more favoured monarch." The Archbishop kept this treasure until the usurpation of Henry IV., who was the first English monarch anointed with it.

The ampulla was said by some not to have been destroyed with the other regalia at the time of the Commonwealth, but to have been only renovated for the coronation of Charles II.; but it is hardly probable that it should have escaped, especially as *all* the regalia are said by the best authorities to have perished (see note [1], p. 189); the ampulla is mentioned amongst the regalia destroyed (Appendix, p. 229); and again is enumerated among those made for the coronation of Charles II. (see note [1], p. 189).

The legend of the French ampulla is more curious still. It is said to have been brought from heaven by a dove to St. Remy, when he was performing the ceremony of the coronation of Clovis. Hincmar, in his life of St. Remy, thus narrates the legend:—

"Behold a dove, fairer than snow, suddenly brought down

a phial in his mouth, full of holy oil. All that were present were delighted with the fragrancy of it; and when the Archbishop had received it, the dove vanished."

This oil was said never to be diminished by use; and up to the time of the French Revolution, was put forth as a standing miracle.

A CATALOGUE OF THE NOBLES, WHO SWORE ALLEGIANCE TO RICHARD II. AT HIS CORONATION, IN THE ORDER OF PRECEDENCE.

John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster,
Edmund, Earl of Cambridge, afterwards Duke of York,
} sons of Edward III.

*John, Earl of Richmond.

Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March (heir presumptive), son of Philippa, daughter of Lionel, son of Edward III.

Richard, Earl of Arundel, put to death for high treason.

Thomas de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick.

William de Ufford, Earl of Suffolk.

Hugh, Earl of Stafford.

William de Monte Acuto, Earl of Salisbury.

Henry de Percy, Earl of Northumberland.

Thomas de Roos de Hamelak.

Ralph Basset de Drayton.

John de Nevill.

Adomarus de Sancto Amando (St. Amant).

Reginald Greye de Ruthyn.

Jacobus Audele de Helegh (Audeley).

William de Zouche de Harryngworth.

Robert de Wylughby.

Roger de Scales.

Roger le Straunge de Kuskinge.

John Lovell.

John la Warre.

* It is rather remarkable, that the name of Thomas of Woodstock, youngest son of Edward III., is omitted from the list.

Walter Fitzwalter.
William de Bardolf.
John Montague.
Gilbert Talbot.
John de Buttecourt.
Henry de Grey de Wilton.
John de Welynton.
Philip Darcy.
Thomas de Berkeley.
Michael de la Pole.
Hugh la Zouche de Foulbourne.
Ralph de Croumwell.
William Botreux.
Richard Seymour de Somerset.
Ralph Baro de Greystock.
William de Furnival.
Archibald de Grelly, Capitaneus de la Bouche.
Smebrondus de Curton.

VIII.—APPENDIX TO THE "CONCLUDING CHAPTER."

GIFTS OF HENRY V. TO THE ABBEY.

(See p. 178.)

(*Extracts from "Elmhami Liber Metricus de Henrico quinto."*)

De Anulo, quem Rex Ricardus Secundus dederit Sancto Edwardo, per Regem Henricum quintum restituto.

Huc regale prius ablatum tempore munus
Reddidit iste pius. Donum fuit anulus unus
(Gemma rubens inerat ad marcas mille valoris),
Quem Richard dederat Edward, signo sub honoris.

Et marcas totidem dedit ecclesiæ reparandæ
Rex, annale quidem munus bonitatis amandæ,
In quâ Regalis cunctis claret sua sedes,
Postea sponsalis tumbæque suæ patet ædes.

Quid dicam tandem brevis hujus carmine metri?
Rex cervum grandem dedit huc ad vincula Petri,
Hunc proprio tractu, reliquorum cæde relictâ,
Veloci jactu transfoderat ipse sagittâ.

INVENTORY OF THE REGALIA AT THE TIME OF THEIR DESTRUCTION.

(See p. 189, note 1.)

	£.	s.	d.
King Alfred's crowne of gould wyerworke, sett with slight stones, and two little bells, 79½ oz., at 3*l.* per oz.	238	10	0
The Imperiall crowne of massy gould, 7lbs. 6oz. (Edward the Confessor's)	1,110	0	0
The Queen's crowne of massy gold, 3lbs. 10oz. . .	338	3	4
A small crowne, found in an iron chest, formerly in the Lord Cottington's charge (that of Edward VI.), of the which the gold was valued at	73	16	8
The diamonds, rubies, &c., of the same	355	0	0
Queen Edith's crowne, formerly thought to be of massy gould, but upon triall found to be of silver gilt, enriched with garnetts, foule pearle, saphires, and some odd stones, 50½ oz. . . .	16	0	0
Two sceptres, weighing 18 oz.	60	0	0
Two sceptres, one sett with pearles, and stones, the upper end gould, the lower end silver. The other silver-gilt, with a dove, formerly thought to be of gould	65	16	10½
A long rodd of silver-gilt, 1lb. 5oz.	4	10	8
One staff of black and white ivory, with a dove on the top, with binding and foote of gould . .	4	10	0
A large staff, with a dove on y^e^ top, formerly thought to be all gould; but upon triall found to be, the lower part wood within, and silver-gilt without, weighing in all 27oz., valued at .	35	0	0

One small staff, with a floure de luce on the topp, formerly thought to be all of gould, but found upon triall to be iron within, and silver-gilt without	2	10	0
A dove of gould, sett with stones and pearles, 8½ ounces, in a box sett with studds of silver-gilt. (This no doubt was the ampulla.) . . .	26	0	0
One common taffaty robe, very old, valued at .	0	10	0
One robe, laced with gould lace, valued at . . .	0	10	0
One silver-cullered silk robe, very old, and worth nothing	0	0	0
One robe of crimson taffaty sarcenet, valued at .	0	5	0
One paire of buskins, cloth of silver, and silver stockings, very old, and valued at	0	2	6
One paire of shoes of cloth of gold, valued at .	0	2	0
One paire of gloves, embroidered with gould, valued at	0	1	0
Three swords, with scabbards of cloth of gould, valued at	3	0	0
One old comb of horne (the Confessor's), worth nothing	0	0	0
	£2,334	8	0½

A LIST OF THE ABBOTS OF WESTMINSTER.

See p. 123, note 1.

1. Siluard.
2. Ardbrutius.
3. Alfwin.
4. Alfgar.
5. Aldymer.
6. Alfuod.
7. Alfric.
8. St. Wulsin, or Wilsius.
9. Alfwin.

10. Wolnoth.

11. Edwin (tem. Confessor, and William I.).

12. Geffry.

13. Vitalis.

14. Gislebert.

15. Herebert.

16. Gervase of Blois, the avaricious abbot, who applied in vain for Edward's canonization.

17. Laurence, who obtained the canonization of Edward.

18. Walter (1176), the first mitred abbot.

19. William Poffard, elected 1191.

20. Ralph Papillon, deposed 1214.

21. William Humes, died 1223.

22. Richard Barkyng, from 12th Kal. Oct. 1223, to Kal. Dec. 1246. He gave to the abbey, in honour of St. Edward, *duo coremia*, for the use of the choir, on which were wrought the life and actions of our Saviour and the holy St. Edward. In his time Henry III. granted (by letters patent, dated April 22d, 1246) to God, and the Blessed Edward of Westminster, and to the fabric of the church, 2,691*l.*, and willed that "the money be paid to his new Exchequer, at Westminster, and to the Archdeacon of Westminster, and Edward of Westminster, his Treasurers of the same."

23. Richard Crookesley, from March 25th, 1247, to July 21st, 1258.

24. Philip Lewesham, who died before December 1st, 1258.

25. Richard Warre, from December 1258, to December 2d, 1283.

26. Walter Wenlock, 1283, to December 5th, 1307, who buried Edward I. October 28th, 1307.

27. Richard Kedington, or Kydyngton, from February 23d, 1307, to April 21st, 1315.

28. William Curtlington, or Curthington, from June 11th, 1315, to September 13th, 1333.

29. Thomas Henley, from September 30th, 1333, to November 4th, 1344. This abbot went to study at the University for seven years, having obtained the royal license to be absent.

30. Simon Burcheston, from November 15th, 1344, to Sep-

tember 16th, 1349. This abbot also, by the King's leave, studied three years *in the schools.*

31. Simon Langham, from September 16th, 1349, to 1361. This abbot rose from the poorest station in life to the highest human honours to which a subject could attain. He was first a monk, then prior, next abbot of Westminster; afterwards he was designated Bishop of Lincoln, but before his consecration to that see he was translated to Ely. He was then made Lord Treasurer, and, soon after, Lord Chancellor of England, and (in 1366) Archbishop of Canterbury. By Pope Urban VI. he was made a Cardinal of the Holy See; and by Pope Gregory XI. Bishop Cardinal of Præneste. He paid all the debts of the abbey, amounting to 2,200 marks (*i.e.* 26,400*l.* of our money). He gave 500*l.* towards the completion of the building; 830*l.* for books; 470*l.* in vestments, copes, &c.; and left by his will, all his plate, valued at 2,700*l.*, and money to the amount of 3,954*l.* as well as 1,000 marks, for four monks to say mass continually for his soul's health. His gifts and bequests to the abbey cannot have fallen short of 60,000*l.* of the present value of money. He lived during the reign of Edward III. and obtained from that king (1362) the head of St. Benedict, and the sacred vestments of St. Peter, as a gift to the relics of the abbey. While soliciting permission to return from Avignon to Westminster, that he might carry out some architectural designs with regard to that abbey, he died suddenly of paralysis. He was buried in a Carthusian church, near the place of his decease; but, three years after, his remains were, with great state and solemnity, removed to St. Benet's chapel, in Westminster Abbey, where his tomb still remains, with his effigy upon it, and the arms of England, of the monastery of St. Peter, and the sees of Canterbury and Ely, engraved in tablets around it.

32. Nicholas Littlington, from 1361 to 1386. He built the granary (which is now the dormitory of the King's school); he rebuilt the Jerusalem chamber, and the water-mill of the abbey, and drew up the form of service used at the coronation of our sovereigns, presenting the Liber Regalis, marked with his initials, to the abbey. He lived at the commencement of the reign of Richard II.

33. William Colchester, from 1386—six weeks. Knight, however, in "The Land we live in," says, his abbacy lasted during the reigns of Richard II., Henry IV., and Henry V.

34. Richard Harounden, of whom nothing is known.

35. George Flaccet—nothing known.

36. John Estney, died 1438.

37. Edmund Kirton, died 1466.

38. Thomas Milling, died 1493.

39. John Islip.

40. William Benson, 1538, who resigned his abbey to Henry VIII.

41. John Feckenham, 1556, was the last abbot, installed in the reign of Queen Mary, and deposed by Elizabeth, 1560. He interceded with Mary so pertinaciously for her sister's release from prison, as to displease her,—a kindly office, which gained from Elizabeth the offer of the Archbishopric of Canterbury, on condition that he conformed to the Protestant religion. The condition, however, was one with which Feckenham could not comply, and he therefore declined the Archbishopric. He was committed to the Tower, in the year 1560; and after three years' imprisonment there, he was placed in the custody of Dr. Horn, Bishop of Winchester; but, in consequence of some conspiracies against Elizabeth, all the leading Papists were placed in confinement, and Feckenham was consigned to Wisbeach castle, in the Isle of Ely, where he died, A.D. 1583.

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